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THE  
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH  
POPULAR BALLADS

EDITED BY  
FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

v. 3<sup>2</sup>

(PART VI)



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## ADVERTISEMENT

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MR MACMATH has helped me in many ways in the preparation of this Sixth Part, and, as before, has been prodigal of time and pains. I am under particular obligations to Mr ROBERT BRUCE ARMSTRONG, of Edinburgh, for his communications concerning the ballad-folk of the Scottish border, and to Dr WILHELM WOLLNER, of the University of Leipsic, and Mr GEORGE LYMAN KITTREDGE, my colleague in Harvard College, for contributions (indicated by the initials of their names) which will be found in the Additions and Corrections. Dr WOLLNER will continue his services. Mr JOHN KARŁOWICZ, of Warsaw, purposes to review in 'Wista' all the English ballads which have Polish affinities, and Professor ALEXANDER VESSELOFSKY has allowed me to hope for his assistance; so that there is a gratifying prospect that the points of contact between the English and the Slavic popular ballads will in the end be amply brought out. Thanks are due and are proffered, for favors of various kinds, to Lieutenant-Colonel LUMSDEN, of London, Lieutenant-Colonel PRIDEAUX, of Calcutta, Professor SKEAT, Miss ISABEL FLORENCE HAPGOOD, Professor VINOGRADOV, of Moscow, Professor GEORGE STEPHENS, Mr AXEL OLRIK, of Copenhagen (to whom the completion of SVEND GRUNDTVIG's great work has been entrusted), Mr JAMES BARCLAY MURDOCH, of Glasgow, Dr F. J. FURNIVALL, Professor C. R. LANMAN, Mr P. Z. ROUND, and Mr W. W. NEWELL.

F. J. C.

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## QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION

A. a. 'Queen Eleanor's Confession,' a broadside, London, Printed for C. Bates, at the Sun and Bible in Gilt-spur-street, near Pye-corner, Bagford Ballads, II, No 26, British Museum (1685?). b. Another broadside, Printed for C. Bates in Pye-corner, Bagford Ballads, I, No 33 (1685?). c. Another copy, Printed for C. Bates, in Pye-corner, reprinted in Utterson's Little Book of Ballads, p. 22. d. A Collection of Old Ballads, 1723, I, 18.

B. Skene MS., p. 39.

C. 'Queen Eleanor's Confession,' Buchan's Gleanings, p. 77.

D. 'The Queen of England,' Ayton, Ballads of Scotland, 1859, I, 196.

E. 'Queen Eleanor's Confession,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 247.

F. 'Earl Marshall,' Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 1.

GIVEN in Percy's Reliques, 1765, II, 145, "from an old printed copy," with some changes by the editor, of which the more important are in stanzas 2-4. F, "recovered from recitation" by Motherwell, repeats Percy's changes in 2, 3, 10<sup>4</sup>, and there is reason to question whether this and the other recited versions are anything more than traditional variations of printed copies. The ballad seems first to have got into print in the latter part of the seventeenth century, but was no doubt circulating orally some time before that, for it is in the truly popular tone. The fact that *two* friars hear the confession would militate against a much earlier date. In E there might appear to be some consciousness of this irregularity; for the Queen sends for a single friar, and the King says he will be "a prelate old" and sit in a dark corner; but none the less does the King take an active part in the shrift.\*

There is a Newcastle copy, "Printed and sold by Robert Marchbank, in the Custom-house-Entry," among the Douce ballads in the Bodleian Library, 3, fol. 80, and in the Rox-

burghe collection, British Museum, III, 634. This is dated in the Museum catalogue 1720?

Eleanor of Aquitaine was married to Henry II of England in 1152, a few weeks after her divorce from Louis VII of France, she being then about thirty and Henry nineteen years of age. "It is needless to observe," says Percy, "that the following ballad is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second."

In Peele's play of Edward I, 1593, the story of this ballad is transferred from Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine to Edward Longshanks and that model of women and wives, Eleanor of Castile, together with other slanders which might less ridiculously have been invented of Henry II's Eleanor.† Edward's brother Edmund plays the part of the Earl Marshall. The Queen dies; the King bewails his loss in terms of imbecile affection, and orders crosses to be reared at all the stages of the funeral convoy. Peele's Works, ed. Dyce, I, 184 ff.

There are several sets of tales in which a

\* The threat implied in E 3<sup>4</sup> has no motive; and the phrase "haly spark" in 5<sup>4</sup> is an unadvised anticipation.

† Found also in the ballad, A Warning-Piece to England against Pride and Wickedness: Being the Fall of Queen

Eleanor, Wife to Edward the First, King of England, who, for her Pride, by God's Judgments, sunk into the Ground at Charing-Cross and rose at Queen-Hithe. A Collection of Old Ballads, I, 97.

husband takes a shrift-father's place and hears his wife's confession. 1. A fabliau "Du chevalier qui fist sa fame confesse," Barbazan et Méon, III, 229; Montaignon, *Recueil Général*, I, 178, No 16; Legrand, *Fabliaux*, etc., 1829, IV, 132, with circumstances added by Legrand. 2. *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, 1432, No 78; *Scala Celi*, 1480, fol. 49;\* *Mensa Philosophica*, cited by Manni, *Istoria del Decamerone*, p. 476; Doni, *Novelle*, Lucca, 1852, Nov. xiii; Malespini, *Ducento Novelle*, No 92, Venice, 1609, I, 248; Kirchhof, *Wendunmuth*, No 245, Oesterley, II, 535; *La Fontaine*, "Le Mari Confesseur," *Contes*, I, No 4. 3. Boccaccio, VII, 5.

In 1, 2, the husband discovers himself after the confession; in 3 he is recognized by the wife before she begins her shrift, which she frames to suit her purposes. In all these, the wife, on being reproached with the infidelity which she had revealed, tells the husband that she knew all the while that he was the confessor, and gives an ingenious turn to her

apparently compromising disclosures which satisfies him of her innocence. All these tales have the cynical Oriental character, and, to a healthy taste, are far surpassed by the innocuous humor of the English ballad.

Oesterley, in his notes to Kirchhof, V, 103, cites a number of German story-books in which the tale may, in some form, be found; also Hans Sachs, 4, 3, 7b.† In *Bandello*, *Parte Prima*, No 9, a husband, not disguising himself, prevails upon a priest to let him overhear his wife's confession, and afterwards kills her.

Svend Grundtvig informed me that he had six copies of an evidently recent (and very bad) translation of Percy's ballad, taken down from recitation in different parts of Denmark. In one of these Queen Eleanor is exchanged for a Queen of Norway. Percy's ballad is also translated by Bodmer, II, 40; Ursinus, p. 59; Talvj, *Charakteristik*, p. 513; Döring, p. 373; Knortz, *L. u. R. Alt-Englands*, No 51.

## A

a. A broadside, London, Printed for C. Bates, at the Sun & Bible in Giltspur-street, near Pye-corner, Bagford Ballads, II, No 26, 1685? b. A broadside, Printed for C. Bates, in Pye-corner, Bagford Ballads, I, No 33, 1685? c. Another copy of b, reprinted in Utterson's *Little Book of Ballads*, p. 22. d. A Collection of Old Ballads, 1723, I, 18.

1 QUEEN ELENOR was a sick woman,  
And afraid that she should dye;  
Then she sent for two fryars of France,  
For to speak with them speedily.

2 The King calld down his nobles all,  
By one, by two, and by three,  
And sent away for Earl Martial,  
For to speak with him speedily.

3 When that he came before the King,  
He fell on his bended knee;

'A boon, a boon! our gracious king,  
That you sent so hastily.'

4 'I'll pawn my living and my lands,  
My septer and my crown,  
That whatever Queen Elenor says,  
I will not write it down.

5 'Do you put on one fryar's coat,  
And I'll put on another,  
And we will to Queen Elenor go,  
One fryar like another.'

6 Thus both attired then they go;  
When they came to Whitehall,  
The bells they did ring, and the quiristers sing,  
And the torches did light them all.

7 When that they came before the Queen,  
They fell on their bended knee:

\* There attributed to Jacques de Vitry, but not found in his *Exempla*. Professor Crane informs me that, though the *Scala Celi* cites Jacques de Vitry sixty-two times, only fourteen of such *exempla* occur among J. de V.'s.

† The story does not occur in Doni's *Marmi*, iii, 27, as has been said. What is there found is somewhat after the fashion of 'The Baffled Knight,' No 112.

- 'A boon, a boon! our gracious queen,  
That you sent so hastily.'
- 8 'Are you two fryars of France?' she said,  
'Which I suppose you be;  
But if you are two English fryars,  
Then hanged shall you be.'
- 9 'We are two fryars of France,' they said,  
'As you suppose we be;  
We have not been at any mass  
Since we came from the sea.'
- 10 'The first vile thing that ere I did  
I will to you unfold;  
Earl Martial had my maidenhead,  
Underneath this cloath of gold.'
- 11 'That is a vile sin,' then said the king,  
'God may forgive it thee!'  
'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,  
With a heavy heart then spoke he.
- 12 'The next vile thing that ere I did  
To you I'll not deny;  
I made a box of poyson strong,  
To poyson King Henry.'
- 13 'That is a vile sin,' then said the King,  
'God may forgive it thee!'  
'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,  
'And I wish it so may be.'
- 14 'The next vile thing that ere I did  
To you I will discover;
- I poysoned Fair Rosamond,  
All in fair Woodstock bower.'
- 15 'That is a vile sin,' then said the King,  
'God may forgive it thee!'  
'Amen! Amen!' quoth Earl Martial,  
'And I wish it so may be.'
- 16 'Do you see yonders little boy,  
A tossing of that ball?  
That is Earl Martial[s] eldest son,  
And I love him the best of all.
- 17 'Do you see yonders little boy,  
A catching of the ball?  
That is King Henry's son,' she said,  
'And I love him the worst of all.
- 18 'His head is like unto a bull,  
His nose is like a boar;'  
'No matter for that,' King Henry said,  
'I love him the better therefore.'
- 19 The King pulld of his fryar's coat,  
And appeard all in red;  
She shriekd and she cry'd, she wrong her  
hands,  
And said she was betrayd.
- 20 The King lookd over his left shoulder,  
And a grim look looked he,  
And said, Earl Martial, but for my oath,  
Then hanged shouldst thou be.

## B

Skene MS., p. 39.

- 1 OUR queen's sick, an very sick,  
She's sick an like to die;  
She has sent for the friars of France,  
To speak wi her speedilie.
- 2 'I'll put on a friar's robe,  
An ye'll put on anither,  
An we'll go to Madam the Queen,  
Like friars bath thegither.'
- 3 'God forbid,' said Earl Marishall,  
'That ever the like shud be,
- That I beguile Madam the Queen!  
I wad be hangit hie.'
- 4 The King pat on a friar's robe,  
Earl Marishall on anither;  
They're on to the Queen,  
Like friars baith thegither.
- 5 'Gin ye be the friars of France,  
As I trust well ye be —  
But an ye be ony ither men,  
Ye sall be hangit hie.'
- 6 The King he turnd him roun,  
An by his troth sware he,

- We hae na sung messe  
Sin we came frae the sea.
- 7 'The first sin ever I did,  
An a very great sin 't was tee,  
I gae my maidenhead to Earl Marishall,  
Under the greenwood tree.'
- 8 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,  
But pardond it may be ;'  
'Wi mendiment,' said Earl Marishall,  
But a heavy heart had he.
- 9 'The next sin ever I did,  
An a very great sin 't was tee,  
I poisoned Lady Rosamond,  
An the King's darling was she.'
- 10 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,  
But pardond it may be ;'  
'Wi mendiment,' said King Henry,  
But a heavy heart had he.
- 11 'The next sin ever I did,  
An a very great sin 't was tee,  
I keepit poison in my bosom seven years,  
'To poison him King Henrie.'
- 12 'That was a sin, an a very great sin,  
But pardond it may be ;'  
'Wi mendiment,' said King Henry,  
But a heavy heart had he.
- 13 'O see na ye yon bonny boys,  
As they play at the ba ?  
An see na ye Lord Marishal's son ?  
I lee him best of a'.
- 14 'But see na ye King Henry's son ?  
He 's headit like a bull, and backit like a boar,  
I like him warst awa :'  
'And by my sooth,' says him King Henry,  
'I like him best o the twa.'
- 15 The King he turned him roun,  
Pat on the coat o goud,  
The Queen turnd the King to behold.
- 16 . . . . .  
'Gin I hadna sworn by the crown and sceptre  
roun,  
Earl Marishal sud been gart die.'

## C

Buchan's Gleanings, p. 77.

- 1 THE Queen 's faen sick, and very, very sick,  
Sick, and going to die,  
And she 's sent for twa friars of France,  
To speak with her speedilie.
- 2 The King he said to the Earl Marischal,  
To the Earl Marischal said he,  
The Queen she wants twa friars frae France,  
To speak with her presentlie.
- 3 Will ye put on a friar's coat,  
And I 'll put on another,  
And we 'll go in before the Queen,  
Like friars both together.
- 4 'But O forhid,' said the Earl Marischal,  
'That I this deed should dee !  
For if I beguile Eleanor our queen,  
She will gar hang me hie.'
- 5 The King he turned him round about,  
An angry man was he ;  
He 's sworn by his sceptre and his sword  
Earl Marischal should not die.
- 6 The King has put on a friar's coat,  
Earl Marischal on another,  
And they went in before the Queen,  
Like friars both together.
- 7 'O, if ye be twa friars of France,  
Ye 're dearly welcome to me ;  
But if ye be twa London friars,  
I will gar hang you hie.'
- 8 'Twa friars of France, twa friars of France,  
Twa friars of France are we,  
And we vow we never spoke to a man  
Till we spake to Your Majesty.'
- 9 'The first great sin that eer I did,  
And I 'll tell you it presentlie,

- Earl Marischal got my maidenhead,  
When coming oer the sea.'
- 10 'That was a sin, and a very great sin,  
But pardoned it may be ;'  
'All that with amendment,' said Earl Marischal,  
But a quacking heart had he.
- 11 'The next great sin that eer I did,  
I'll tell you it presentlie ;  
I carried a box seven years in my breast,  
To poison King Henrie.'
- 12 'O that was a sin, and a very great sin,  
But pardoned it may be ;'  
'All that with amendment,' said Earl Marischal,  
But a quacking heart had he.
- 13 'The next great sin that eer I did,  
I'll tell you it presentlie ;  
I poisoned the Lady Rosamond,  
And a very good woman was she.
- 14 'See ye not yon twa bonny boys,  
As they play at the ba ?  
The eldest of them is Marischal's son,  
And I love him best of a' ;  
The youngest of them is Henrie's son,  
And I love him none at a'
- 15 'For he is headed like a bull, a bull,  
He is backed like a boar ;'  
'Then by my sooth,' King Henrie said,  
'I love him the better therefor.'
- 16 The King has cast off his friar's coat,  
Put on a coat of gold ;  
The Queen she's turned her face about,  
She could not 's face behold.
- 17 The King then said to Earl Marischal,  
To the Earl Marischal said he,  
Were it not for my sceptre and sword,  
Earl Marischall, ye should die.

## D

Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, 2d edition, I, 196, from the recitation of a lady residing in Kirkcaldy ; learned of her mother.

- 1 THE queen of England she has fallen sick,  
Sore sick, and like to die ;  
And she has sent for twa French priests,  
To bear her companie.
- 2 The King he has got word o this,  
And an angry man was he ;  
And he is on to the Earl-a-Marshall,  
As fast as he can gae.
- 3 'Now you 'll put on a priest's robe,  
And I 'll put on anither,  
And we will on unto the Queen,  
Like twa French priests thegither.'
- 4 'No indeed !' said the Earl-a-Marshall,  
'That winna I do for thee,  
Except ye swear by your sceptre and crown  
Ye 'll do me nae injurie.'
- 5 The King has sworn by his sceptre and crown  
He 'll do him nae injurie,  
And they are on unto the Queen,  
As fast as they can gae.
- 6 'O, if that ye be twa French priests,  
Ye 're welcome unto me ;  
But if ye be twa Scottish lords,  
High hanged ye shall be.
- 7 'The first sin that I did sin,  
And that to you I 'll tell,  
I slept wi the Earl-a-Marshall,  
Beneath a silken bell.
- 8 'And wasna that a sin, and a very great sin ?  
And I pray ye pardon me ;'  
'Amen, and amen !' said the Earl-a-Marshall,  
And a wearied man was he.
- 9 'The neist sin that I did sin,  
And that to you I 'll tell,  
I kept the poison seven years in my bosom,  
To poison the King himsel.

- 10 'And wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
And I pray ye pardon me ;'  
'Amen, and amen!' said the Earl-a-Marshall,  
And a wearied man was he.
- 11 'O see ye there my seven sons,  
A' playing at the ba?  
There's but ane o them the King's himsel,  
And I like him warst of a'.
- 12 'He's high-backed, and low-breasted,  
And he is bald withal ;'  
'And by my deed,' and says the King,  
'I like him best mysel !
- 13 'O wae betide ye, Earl-a-Marshall,  
And an ill death may ye die !  
For if I hadna sworn by my sceptre and crown,  
High hanged ye should be.'

## E

Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 247.

- 1 THE Queen fell sick, and very, very sick,  
She was sick, and like to dee,  
And she sent for a friar oure frae France,  
Her confessor to be.
- 2 King Henry, when he heard o that,  
An angry man was he,  
And he sent to the Earl Marshall,  
Attendance for to gie.
- 3 'The Queen is sick,' King Henry cried,  
'And wants to be beshriven ;  
She has sent for a friar oure frae France ;  
By the rude, he were better in heaven !
- 4 'But tak you now a friar's guise,  
The voice and gesture feign,  
And when she has the pardon crav'd,  
Respond to her, Amen !
- 5 'And I will be a prelate old,  
And sit in a corner dark,  
To hear the adventures of my spouse,  
My spouse, and her haly spark.'
- 6 'My liege, my liege, how can I betray  
My mistress and my queen ?  
O swear by the rude that no damage  
From this shall be gotten or gien !'
- 7 'I swear by the rude,' quoth King Henry,  
'No damage shall be gotten or gien ;  
Come, let us spare no cure nor care  
For the conscience o the Queen.'
- 8 'O fathers, O fathers, I'm very, very sick,  
I'm sick, and like to dee ;  
Some ghostly comfort to my poor soul  
O tell if ye can gie !'
- 9 'Confess, confess,' Earl Marshall cried,  
'And you shall pardoned be ;'  
'Confess, confess,' the King replied,  
'And we shall comfort gie.'
- 10 'Oh, how shall I tell the sorry, sorry tale !  
How can the tale be told !  
I playd the harlot wi the Earl Marshall,  
Beneath yon cloth of gold.
- 11 'Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin ?  
But I hope it will pardoned be ;'  
'Amen ! Amen !' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
And a very feart heart had he.
- 12 'O down i the forest, in a bower,  
Beyond yon dark oak-tree,  
I drew a penknife frae my pocket  
To kill King Henerie.
- 13 'Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin ?  
But I hope it will pardoned be ;'  
'Amen ! Amen !' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
And a very feart heart had he.
- 14 'O do you see yon pretty little boy,  
That's playing at the ba ?  
He is the Earl Marshall's only son,  
And I loved him best of a'.
- 15 'Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin ?  
But I hope it will pardoned be ;'  
'Amen ! Amen !' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
And a very feart heart had he.

\* \* \* \* \*

- 16 'And do you see yon pretty little girl,  
That's a' beclad in green?  
She's a friar's daughter, oure in France,  
And I hoped to see her a queen.
- 17 'Oh, wasna that a sin, and a very great sin?  
But I hope it will pardoned be;'  
'Amen! Amen!' quoth the Earl Marshall,  
And a feart heart still had he.
- 18 'O do you see yon other little boy,  
That's playing at the ba?
- He is King Henry's only son,  
And I like him warst of a'.
- 19 'He's headed like a buck,' she said,  
'And backed like a bear;'  
'Amen!' quoth the King, in the King's ain  
voice,  
'He shall be my only heir.'
- 20 The King lookd over his left shoulder,  
An angry man was he:  
'An it werna for the oath I sware,  
Earl Marshall, thou shouldst dee.'

## F

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 1; from recitation.

- 1 QUEENE ELEANOR was a sick woman,  
And sick just like to die,  
And she has sent for two fryars of France,  
To come to her speedilie.  
And she has sent, etc.
- 2 The King called downe his nobles all,  
By one, by two, by three:  
'Earl Marshall, I'll go shrive the Queene,  
And thou shalt wend with mee.'
- 3 'A boone, a boone!' quoth Earl Marshall,  
And fell on his bended knee,  
'That whatsoever the Queene may say,  
No harm thereof may bee.'
- 4 'O you'll put on a gray-friar's gowne,  
And I'll put on another,  
And we will away to fair London town,  
Like friars both together.'
- 5 'O no, O no, my liege, my king,  
Such things can never bee;  
For if the Queene hears word of this,  
Hanged she'll cause me to bee.'
- 6 'I swear by the sun, I swear by the moon,  
And by the stars so hie,  
And by my sceptre and my crowne,  
The Earl Marshall shall not die.'
- 7 The King's put on a gray-friar's gowne,  
The Earl Marshall's put on another,  
And they are away to fair London towne,  
Like fryars both together.
- 8 When that they came to fair London towne,  
And came into Whitehall,  
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,  
And the torches did light them all.
- 9 And when they came before the Queene,  
They kneeled down on their knee:  
'What matter, what matter, our gracious  
queene,  
You've sent so speedilie?'
- 10 'O, if you are two fryars of France,  
It's you that I wished to see;  
But if you are two English lords,  
You shall hang on the gallowes-tree.'
- 11 'O we are not two English lords,  
But two fryars of France we bee,  
And we sang the Song of Solomon,  
As we came over the sea.'
- 12 'Oh, the first vile sin I did commit  
Tell it I will to thee;  
I fell in love with the Earl Marshall,  
As he brought me over the sea.'
- 13 'Oh, that was a great sin,' quoth the King,  
'But pardond it must bee;'  
'Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,  
With a heave heart spake hee.
- 14 'Oh, the next sin that I did commit  
I will to you unfolde;

- Earl Marshall had my virgin dower,  
Beneath this cloth of golde.'
- 15 'Oh, that was a vile sin,' said the King,  
'May God forgive it thee!'  
'Amen! Amen!' groaned the Earl Marshall,  
And a very frightened man was hee.
- 16 'Oh, the next sin that I did commit  
Tell it I will to thee;  
I poisoned a lady of noble blood,  
For the sake of King Henrie.'
- 17 'Oh, that was a great sin,' said the King,  
'But pardoned it shall bee;'  
'Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,  
And still a frightened man was he.
- 18 'Oh, the next sin that ever I did  
Tell it I will to thee;  
I have kept strong poison this seven long years,  
To poison King Henrie.'
- 19 'Oh, that was a great sin,' said the King,  
'But pardoned it must bee;'  
'Amen! Amen!' said the Earl Marshall,  
And still a frightened man was hee.
- 20 'O don't you see two little boys,  
Playing at the football?  
O yonder is the Earl Marshall's son,  
And I like him best of all.
- 21 'O don't you see yon other little boy,  
Playing at the football?  
O that one is King Henrie's son,  
And I like him worst of all.
- 22 'His head is like a black bull's head,  
His feet are like a bear;'  
'What matter! what matter!' cried the King,  
'He's my son, and my only heir.'
- 23 The King plucked off his fryar's gowne,  
And stood in his scarlet so red;  
The Queen she turned herself in bed,  
And cryed that she was betrayde.
- 24 The King lookt oer his left shoulder,  
And a grim look looked he;  
'Earl Marshall,' he said, 'but for my oath,  
Thou hadst swung on the gallows-tree.'

A. a. Queen Eleanor's Confession: Shewing how King Henry, with the Earl Martial, in Fryars Habits, came to her, instead of two Fryars from France, which she sent for. To a pleasant New Tune. *Both a and b are dated in the Museum Catalogue 1670? "C. Bates, at Sun & Bible, near St. Sepulchre's Church, in Pye Corner, 1685." Chappell.*

10<sup>1</sup>. thta etc. 14<sup>2</sup>. discover. 17<sup>1</sup>. younders.

b. *Title the same, except* came to see her.

16<sup>3</sup>. Martial's. 17<sup>1</sup>. see then yonders.

20<sup>1</sup>. his let.

c. *Title as in a.* 4<sup>3</sup>. whatsoever. 8<sup>4</sup>. you shall.

16<sup>2</sup>. catcling of the. 16<sup>3</sup>. Marshal's.

17<sup>1</sup>. see then yonders.

d. Queen Eleanor's Confession to the Two supposed Fryars of France.

1<sup>4</sup>. To speak with her. 2<sup>2</sup>. and *wanting*.

2<sup>4</sup>. For *wanting*.

4<sup>1</sup>. I'll pawn my lands the King then cry'd.

4<sup>3</sup>. whatsoever. 5<sup>1</sup>. on a.

5<sup>4</sup>. Like fryar and his brother.

6<sup>3</sup>. they *wanting*. 7<sup>4</sup>. you. 8<sup>2</sup>. As I.

10<sup>4</sup>. Beneath this. 11<sup>1</sup>, 13<sup>1</sup>, 15<sup>1</sup>. That's.

11<sup>4</sup>. then *wanting*.

16<sup>2</sup>. of the. 16<sup>3</sup>. Marshal's.

16<sup>4</sup>, 17<sup>4</sup>. And *wanting*. 18<sup>3</sup>. Henry cry'd.

19<sup>3</sup>. shriekd, she cry'd, and wrung.

20<sup>4</sup>. Or hanged.

E. 14<sup>4</sup>. loved; love in *Kinloch's annotated copy*.

F. 10<sup>4</sup>, 11<sup>1</sup>, 20<sup>1</sup>, 21<sup>1</sup>. Oh.



## 157

## GUDE WALLACE

- A. 'On an honourable Achievement of Sir William Wallace, near Falkirk,' a chap-book of Four New Songs and a Prophecy, 1745? Johnson's Museum, ed. 1853, D. Laing's additions, IV, 458\*; Maidment's Scottish Ballads and Songs, 1859, p. 83.
- B. 'Sir William Wallace,' communicated to Percy by Robert Lambe, of Norham, probably in 1768.
- C. 'Gude Wallace,' Johnson's Museum, p. 498, No 484, communicated by Robert Burns.
- D. 'Gude Wallace,' communicated to Robert Chambers by Elliot Anderson, 1827.
- E. 'Willie Wallace,' communicated to James Telfer by A. Fisher.
- F. 'Willie Wallace,' Buchan's Gleanings, p. 114.
- G. 'Sir William Wallace,' Alexander Laing's Thistle of Scotland, p. 100; Motherwell's MS., p. 487.
- H. 'Wallace and his Leman,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 226.

C is reprinted by Finlay, I, 103. It is made the basis of a long ballad by Jamieson, II, 166, and serves as a thread for Cunningham's 'Gude Wallace,' Scottish Songs, I, 262.\* F is repeated by Motherwell, Minstrelsy, p. 364, and by Aytoun, I, 54. A copy in the Laing MSS, University of Edinburgh, Div. II, 358, is C.

Blind Harry's Wallace (of about 1460, earlier than 1488) is clearly the source of this ballad. A-F are derived from vv 1080-1119 of the Fifth Book. Here Wallace, on his way to a hostelry with a comrade, met a woman, who counselled them to pass by, if Scots, for southrons were there, drinking and talking of Wallace; twenty are there, making great din, but no man of fence. "Wallace went in and bad Benedicite." The captain said, Thou art a Scot, the devil thy nation quell. Wallace drew, and ran the captain through; "fifteen he straik and fifteen has he slayn;" his comrade killed the other five.

The story of A-E is sufficiently represented

\* Cunningham, in his loose way, talks of several fragments which he had endeavored to combine, but can spare room for only one couplet:

Though lame of a leg and blind of an ee,  
You're as like William Wallace as ever I did see.

But this is the William of 'The Knight and the Shepherd's Daughter,' No 110.

by that of A. Wallace comes upon a woman washing, and asks her for tidings. There are fifteen Englishmen at the hostelry seeking Wallace. Had he money he would go thither. She tells him out twenty shillings (for which he takes off both hat and hood, and thanks her reverently). He bows himself over a staff and enters the hostelry, saying, Good ben be here (in C, he bad Benedicite, in the words of Blind Harry). The captain asks the crooked carl where he was born, and the carl answers that he is a Scot. The captain offers the carl twenty shillings for a sight of Wallace. The carl wants no better bode, or offer.† He strikes the captain such a blow over the jaws that he will never eat more, and sticks the rest. Then he bids the goodwife get him food, for he has eaten nothing for two days. Ere the meal is ready, fifteen other Englishmen light at the door. These he soon disposes of, sticking five, trampling five in the gutter, and hanging five in the wood.

F makes Wallace change clothes with a

† A 15, B 12, D 12, are somewhat corrupted. In F 14 Wallace says he never had a better bode. In E 10 Wallace's reply is, Pay down, for if your answer be not good you shall have the downfall of Robin Hood; and in G 30, Tell down, and ye shall see William Wallace with the downcome of Robin Hood; that is, I suppose, you shall be knocked down as if by Robin Hood.

beggar, and ask charity at the inn. He kills his thirty men between eight and four, and then returning to the North-Inch (a common lying along the Tay, near Perth) finds the maid who was washing her lillie hands in st. 3 still "washing tenderlie." He pulls out twenty of the fifty pounds which he got from the captain, and hands them over to the maid for the good luck of her half-crown.

G has the change of clothes with the beggar, found in F, and prefixes to the story of the other versions another adventure of Wallace, taken from the Fourth Book of Blind Harry, vv 704-87. Wallace's enemies have seen him leaving his mistress's house. They seize her, threaten to burn her unless she 'tells,' and promise to marry her to a knight if she will help to bring the rebel down. Wallace returns, and she seeks to detain him, but he says he must go back to his men. Hereupon she falls to weeping, and ends with confessing her treason. He asks her if she repents; she says that to mend the miss she would burn on a hill, and is forgiven. Wallace puts on her gown and curches, hiding his sword under his weed, tells the armed men who are watching for him that Wallace is locked in, and makes good speed out of the gate. Two men follow him, for he seems to be a stalwart quean; Wallace turns on them and kills them. This is Blind

Harry's story, and it will be observed to be followed closely in the ballad, with the addition of a pitcher in each hand to complete the female disguise, and two more southrons to follow and be killed. The first half of this version is plainly a late piece of work, very possibly of this century, much later than the other, which itself need not be very old. But the portions of Blind Harry's poem out of which these ballads were made were perhaps themselves composed from older ballads, and the restitution of the lyrical form may have given us something not altogether unlike what was sung in the fifteenth, or even the fourteenth, century. The fragment H is, as far as it goes, a repetition of G.

Bower (1444-49) says that after the battle of Roslyn, 1298, Wallace took ship and went to France, distinguishing himself by his valor against pirates on the sea and against the English on the continent, as ballads both in France and Scotland testify.\* A fragment of a ballad relating to Wallace is preserved in Constable's MS. Cantus: Leyden's Complaynt of Scotland, p. 226.

Wallace parted his men in three  
And sundrie gaites are gone.

G is translated by Arndt, Blütenlese, p. 198; F by Knortz, Schottische Balladen, p. 69, No 22.

### A

A chap-book of Four New Songs and a Prophecy, 1745? The Scots Musical Museum, 1853, D. Laing's additions, IV, 458\*; Maidment, Scottish Ballads and Songs, 1859, p. 83.

- 1 'HAD we a king,' said Wallace then,  
'That our kind Scots might live by their  
own!

But betwixt me and the English blood  
I think there is an ill seed sown.'

- 2 Wallace him over a river lap,  
He lookd low down to a linn;

He was war of a gay lady  
Was even at the well washing.

- 3 'Well mot ye fare, fair madam,' he said,  
'And ay well mot ye fare and see!  
Have ye any tidings me to tell,  
I pray you 'll show them unto me.'

- 4 'I have no tidings you to tell,  
Nor yet no tidings you to ken;  
But into that hostler's house  
There's fifteen of your Englishmen.

\* Post enim conflictum de Roslyn, Wallace, ascensa navi, Frauciam petit, ubi quanta probitate refulsit, tam super mare a piratis quam in Francia ab Anglis perpressus est dis-

crimina, et viriliter se habuit, nonnulla carmina, tam in ipsa Francia quam Scotia, attestantur. Scotichronicon, Goodall, II, 176, note.

- 5 'And they are seeking Wallace there,  
For they 've ordained him to be slain :'  
'O God forbid!' said Wallace then,  
'For he 's oer good a kind Scotsman.
- 6 'But had I money me upon,  
And evn this day, as I have none,  
Then would I to that hostler's house,  
And evn as fast as I could gang.'
- 7 She put her hand in her pocket,  
She told him twenty shillings oer her knee ;  
Then he took off both hat and hood,  
And thankd the lady most reverently.
- 8 'If eer I come this way again,  
Well paid [your] money it shall be ;'  
Then he took off both hat and hood,  
And he thankd the lady most reverently.
- 9 He leand him twofold oer a staff,  
So did he threefold oer a tree,  
And he 's away to the hostler's house,  
Even as fast as he might dree.
- 10 When he came to the hostler's house,  
He said, Good-ben be here ! quoth he :  
An English captain, being deep load,  
He asked him right cankerdly,
- 11 Where was you born, thou crooked carle,  
And in what place, and what country ?  
'T is I was born in fair Scotland,  
A crooked carle although I be.'
- 12 The English captain swore by th' rood,  
'We are Scotsmen as well as thee,  
And we are seeking Wallace ; then  
To have him merry we should be.'
- 13 'The man,' said Wallace, 'ye 're looking for,  
I seed him within these days three ;
- And he has slain an English captain,  
And ay the fearder the rest may be.'
- 14 'I 'd give twenty shillings,' said the captain,  
'To such a crooked carle as thee,  
If you would take me to the place  
Where that I might proud Wallace see.'
- 15 'Hold out your hand,' said Wallace then,  
'And show your money and be free,  
For tho you 'd bid an hundred pound,  
I never bade a better bode' [, said he].
- 16 He ströck the captain oer the chafts,  
Till that he never chewed more ;  
He stickd the rest about the board,  
And left them all a sprawling there.
- 17 'Rise up, goodwife,' said Wallace then,  
'And give me something for to eat ;  
For it 's near two days to an end  
Since I tasted one bit of meat.'
- 18 His board was scarce well covered,  
Nor yet his dine well scantily dight,  
Till fifteen other Englishmen  
Down all about the door did light.
- 19 'Come out, come out,' said they, 'Wallace !'  
then,  
'For the day is come that ye must die ;'  
And they thought so little of his might,  
But ay the fearder they might be.
- 20 The wife ran but, the gudeman ran ben,  
It put them all into a fever ;  
Then five he sticked where they stood,  
And five he trampled in the gutter.
- 21 And five he chased to yon green wood,  
He hanged them all out-oer a grain ;  
And gainst the morn at twelve o'clock,  
He dined with his kind Scottish men.

## B

Communicated to Percy by R. Lambe, of Norham, apparently in 1768.

- 1 'I WISH we had a king,' says Wallace,  
'That Scotland might not want a head ;

In England and in Scotland baith,  
I 'm sure that some have sowed ill seed.'

- 2 Wallace he oer the water did luke,  
And he loked law down by a glen,

- And he was aware of a gay lady,  
As she was at the well washing.
- 3 'Weel may ye save, fair lady!' he says,  
'Far better may ye save and see!  
If ye have ony tidings to tell,  
I pray cum tell them a' to me.'
- 4 'I have no tidings you to tell,  
And as few tidings do I ken;  
But up and to yon ostler-house  
Are just gane fifteen gentlemen.
- 5 'They now are seeking Gude Wallace,  
And ay they're damning him to hang';  
'Oh God forbid,' says Wallace then,  
'I'm sure he is a true Scotsman.
- 6 'Had I but ae penny in my pocket,  
Or in my company ae baubee,  
I woud up to yon ostler-house,  
A' these big gentlemen to see.'
- 7 She pat her hand into her pocket,  
She powd out twenty shillings and three:  
'If eer I live to come this way,  
Weel payed shall your money be.'
- 8 He leaned him twafold oer a staff,  
Sae did he twafold oer a tree,  
And he's gane up to the ostler-house,  
A' these fine gentlemen to see.
- 9 When he cam up among them a',  
He bad his benison be there;  
The captain, being weel huke-learn'd,  
Did answer him in domineer.
- 10 'Where was ye born, ye cruked earl,  
Or in what town, or what countree?'  
'O I was born in fair Scotland,  
A cruked earl although I be.'
- 11 The captain sware by the root of his sword,  
Saying, I'm a Scotsman as weel as thee;  
Here's twenty shillings of English mouey  
To such a cruked earl as thee,  
If thou'll tell me of that Wallace;  
He's ay the creature I want to see.
- 12 'O hawd your hand,' says Wallace then,  
'I'm feard your money be not gude;  
If't were as muckle and ten times mair,  
It should not bide anither bode.'
- 13 He's taen the captain along the chaps,  
A wat he never chawed mair;  
The rest he sticked about the table,  
And left them a' a sprawling there.
- 14 'Gude wife,' he said, 'for my benison,  
Get up and get my dinner dight;  
For it is twa days till an end  
Syne I did taste ane bit of meat.'
- 15 Dinner was not weel made ready,  
Nor yet upon the table set,  
When fifteen other Englishmen  
Alighted all about the yate.
- 16 'Come out, come out now, Wallace,' they say,  
'For this is the day ye are to dee;  
Ye trust sae mickle in God's might,  
And ay the less we do fear thee.'
- 17 The gude wife ran but, the gude man ran ben,  
They pat the house all in a swither;  
Five sune he sticked where he stude,  
And five he smitherd in a gutter.
- 18 Five he chae'd to the gude green-wood,  
And hanged them a' out-oor a pin;  
And at the morn at eight o'clock  
He din'd with his men at Lough-mabin.

## C

Johnson's Museum, p. 498, No 484, communicated by  
Robert Burns.

- 1 'O FOR my ain king,' quo Gude Wallace,  
'The rightfu king of fair Scotland!  
Between me and my sovereign blude  
I think I see some ill seed sawn.'
- 2 Wallace out over yon river he lap,  
And he has lighted low down on yon plain,  
And he was aware of a gay ladie,  
As she was at the well washing.
- 3 'What tydins, what tydins, fair lady?' he says.  
'What tydins hast thou to tell unto me?'

- What tydins, what tydins, fair lady?' he says,  
'What tydins hae ye in the south countrie?'
- 4 'Low down in yon wee ostler-house  
There is fyfteen Englishmen,  
And they are seekin for Gude Wallace,  
It's him to take and him to hang.'
- 5 'There's nocht in my purse,' quo Gude Wal-  
lace,  
'There's nocht, not even a bare pennie;  
But I will down to yon wee ostler-house,  
Thir fyfteen Englishmen to see.'
- 6 And when he cam to yon wee ostler-house  
He had bendicite be there;  
. . . . .
- 7 'Where was ye born, auld crookit carl?  
Where was ye born, in what countrie?'  
'I am a true Scot born and bred,  
And an auld crookit carl just sic as ye see.'
- 8 'I wad gie fyfteen shillings to onie crookit carl,  
To onie crookit carl just sic as ye,  
If ye will get me Gude Wallace;  
For he is the man I wad very fain see.'
- 9 He hit the proud captain along the chaff-  
blade,  
That never a bit o meal he ate mair;
- And he sticket the rest at the table where they  
sat,  
And he left them a' lyin sprawlin there.
- 10 'Get up, get up, gudewife,' he says,  
'And get to me some dinner in haste;  
For it will soon be three lang days  
Sin I a bit o meat did taste.'
- 11 The dinner was na weel readie,  
Nor was it on the table set,  
Till other fyfteen Englishmen  
Were a' lighted about the yett.
- 12 'Come out, come out now, Gude Wallace!  
This is the day that thou maun die:'  
'I lippen nae sae little to God,' he says,  
'Altho I be but ill wordie.'
- 13 The gudewife had an auld gudeman;  
By Gude Wallace he stiffly stood,  
Till ten o the fyfteen Englishmen  
Before the door lay in their blude.
- 14 The other five to the greenwood ran,  
And he handg these five upon a grain,  
And on the morn, wi his merry men a',  
He sat at dine in Lochmaben town.

## D

Communicated to Robert Chambers by Elliot Anderson,  
Galashiels, 21 April, 1827, in a letter preserved among Kin-  
loch's papers. Copied, with changes, in Kinloch MSS, I,  
177. Furnished me by Mr. Macmath.

- 1 'I WISH we had our king,' quo Gude Wallace,  
'An ilka true Scotsman had his nawn;  
For between us an the southron louns  
I doubt some ill seed has been sawn.'
- 2 Wallace he owre the water gaed,  
An looked low down by a glen,  
An there he saw a pretty, pretty maid,  
As she was at the well washin.
- 3 'O weel may ye wash, my bonny, bonny maid!  
An weel may ye saep, an me to see!
- If ye have ony tidins to tell,  
I pray you tell them unto me.'
- 4 'I have no tidins for to tell,  
Nor ony uncoss do I ken;  
But up into yon little alehouse  
An there sits fyfteen Englishmen.
- 5 'An ay they are speakin o Gude Wallace,  
An ay they are doomin him to hang:'  
'O forbid!' quo Gude Wallace,  
'He's owre truehearted a Scotsman.
- 6 'Had I but a penny in my pouch,  
As I have not a single bawbee,  
I would up into yon little alehouse,  
An ay thae southron blades to see.'

- 7 She's put her hand into her pouch,  
An counted him out pennies three;  
'If ever I live to come back this way,  
Weel paid the money it shall be.'
- 8 He's taen a staff into his hand,  
An leand himsel outowre a tree,  
An he's awa to yon little alehouse,  
An ay the southron louns to see.
- 9 When he gaed in to that little alehouse,  
He bad his bennison be there;  
The captain answered him [in] wrath,  
He answerd him with domineer.
- 10 'O whare was ye born, ye crooked auld carle?  
An how may this your dwellin be?'  
'Q I was born in fair Scotland,  
A crooked carle altho I be.'
- 11 'O I would een gie twenty shillins  
To ony sic crooked carle as thee  
That wad find me out Gude Wallace;  
For ay that traitor I lang to see.'
- 12 'Hand out your hand,' quo Gude Wallace,  
'I doubt your money be not gude;
- If ye'll gie ither twenty shillins,  
It neer shall bide ye anither bode.'
- 13 He's taen the captain outowre the jaws,  
Anither word spak he neer mair;  
An five he sticket whare they sat,  
The rest lay scamblin here an there.
- 14 'Get up, get up, gudewife,' he says,  
'An get some meat ready for me,  
For I hae fasted this three lang days;  
A wat right hungry I may be.'
- 15 The meat it wasna weel made ready,  
Nor as weel on the table set,  
Till there cam fyfteen Englishmen  
An lighted a' about the yett.
- 16 The gudewife ran but, the gudeman ran ben;  
It put them a' in sic a stoure  
That five he sticket whare they sat,  
An five lay sprawlin at the door.
- 17 An five are to the greenwood gane,  
An he's hangd them a' outowre a tree,  
An before the mornin twal o'clock  
He dined wi his men at Loch Marie.

## E

Communicated to James Telfer by A. Fisher, as written down from the mouth of a serving-man, who had learned it in the neighborhood of Lochmaben. Mr Robert White's papers.

- 1 WILLIE WALLACE the water lap,  
And lighted low down in a glen;  
There he came to a woman washing,  
And she had washers nine or ten.
- 2 'O weel may ye wash!' said Willie Wallace,  
'O weel may ye wash!' said fair Willie,  
'And gin ye have any tidings to tell,  
I pray ye tell them unto me.'
- 3 'I have nae tidings for to tell,  
And as few will I let ye ken;  
But down into yon hosteler-ha  
Lies fifteen English gentlemen.'
- 4 'O had I ae penny in my pocket,  
Or had I yet ane bare bawbee,  
I would go to yon hosteler-ha,  
All for these Englishmen to see.
- 5 'O wil ye len me ane penny,  
Or will ye len me a bare bawbee,  
I would go to yon hosteler-ha,  
All for these Englishmen to see.'
- 6 She's put her hand into her pocket,  
And she's gaen him out guineas three,  
And he's away to yon ostler-ha,  
All for these Englishmen to see.
- 7 Before he came to the hosteler-ha,  
He linkit his armour oer a tree;  
These Englishmen, being weel book-learned,  
They said to him, Great Dominie!
- 8 Where was ye born, ye crookit carle?  
Where was ye born, or in what countrie?  
'In merry Scotland I was born,  
A crookit carle altho I be.'

- 9 'Here 's fifteen shillings,' one of them said,  
 'Here 's other fifteen I 'll gie to thee,  
 If you will tell me where the traitor Willie  
 Wallace is,  
 Or where away thou thinks he 'll be.'
- 10 'Pay down, pay down your money,' he said,  
 'Pay down, pay down richt speedilie,  
 For if your answer be not good,  
 You shall have the downfall of Robin Hood,'  
 [said he].
- 11 He struck the captain on the jaw,  
 He swore that he would chow nae mair  
 cheese;  
 He 's killed all the rest with his good broad-  
 sword,  
 And left them wallowing on their knees.
- 12 'Go cover the table,' said Willie Wallace,  
 'Go cover the table, get me some meat,
- For it is three days and rather mair  
 Since I did either drink or eat.'
- 13 They had not the table weel covered,  
 Nor yet the candle weel gaen licht,  
 Till fifteen other Englishmen  
 They a' down at the door did licht.
- 14 'Come out, come out, Willie Wallace,' they  
 said.  
 'Come out, come out, and do not flee,  
 For we have sworn by our good broadswords  
 'That this is the nicht that you sall dee.'
- 15 He 's killed five with his good broadsword,  
 He 's drowned other five in the raging sea,  
 And he 's taen other five to the merry green-  
 wood,  
 And hanged them oer the highest tree.

## F

Buchan's Gleanings, p. 114; from a gypsy tinker, p. 199.

- 1 WALLACE in the high highlans,  
 Neither meat nor drink got he;  
 Said, Fa me life, or fa me death,  
 Now to some town I maun be.
- 2 He 's put on his short claiding,  
 And on his short claiding put he;  
 Says, Fa me life, or fa me death,  
 Now to Perth-town I maun be.
- 3 He staped oer the river Tay,  
 I wat he staped on dry land;  
 He was aware of a well-fared maid,  
 Was washing there her lilie hands.
- 4 'What news, what news, ye well-fared maid?  
 What news hae ye this day to me?'  
 'No news, no news, ye gentle knight,  
 No news hae I this day to thee,  
 But fifteen lords in the hostage-house  
 Waiting Wallace for to see.'
- 5 'If I had but in my pocket  
 The worth of one single pennie,  
 I would go to the hostage-house,  
 And there the gentlemen to see.'
- 6 She put her hand in her pocket,  
 And she has pulld out half-a-crown;  
 Says, Take ye that, ye belted knight,  
 'T will pay your way till ye come down.
- 7 As he went from the well-fared maid,  
 A beggar bold I wat met he,  
 Was coverd wi a clouted cloak,  
 And in his hand a trusty tree.
- 8 'What news, what news, ye silly auld man?  
 What news hae ye this day to gie?'  
 'No news, no news, ye belted knight,  
 No news hae I this day to thee,  
 But fifteen lords in the hostage-house  
 Waiting Wallace for to see.'
- 9 'Ye 'll lend me your clouted cloak,  
 That covers you frae head to shie,  
 And I 'll go to the hostage-house,  
 Asking there for some suppie.'
- 10 Now he 's gone to the West-muir wood,  
 And there he 's pulld a trusty tree;  
 And then he 's on to the hostage gone,  
 Asking there for charitie.
- 11 Down the stair the captain comes,  
 Aye the poor man for to see:

- 'If ye be a captain as good as ye look,  
Ye'll give a poor man some supplie;  
If ye be a captain as good as ye look,  
A guinea this day ye'll gie to me.'
- 12 'Where were ye born, ye crooked carle?  
Where were ye born, in what countrie?'  
'In fair Scotland I was born,  
Crooked carle that I be.'
- 13 'I would give you fifty pounds,  
Of gold and white monie,  
I would give you fifty pounds,  
If the traitor Wallace ye'd let me see.'
- 14 'Tell down your money,' said Willie Wallace,  
'Tell down your money, if it be good;  
I'm sure I have it in my power,  
And never had a better bode.'
- 15 'Tell down your money,' said Willie Wallace,  
'And let me see if it be fine;  
I'm sure I have it in my power  
To bring the traitor Wallace in.'
- 16 The money was told on the table,  
Silver bright of pounds fiftie;  
'Now here I stand,' said Willie Wallace,  
'And what hae ye to say to me?'
- 17 He slew the captain where he stood,  
The rest they did quack an roar;
- He slew the rest around the room,  
And askd if there were any more.
- 18 'Come, cover the table,' said Willie Wallace,  
'Come, cover the table now, make haste;  
For it will soon be three lang days  
Sin I a bit o meat did taste.'
- 19 The table was not well covered,  
Nor yet was he set down to dine,  
Till fifteen more of the English lords  
Surrounded the house where he was in.
- 20 The guidwife she ran but the floor,  
And aye the guidman he ran ben;  
From eight o'clock till four at noon  
He has kild full thirty men.
- 21 He put the house in sick a swither  
That five o them he sticket dead,  
Five o them he drownd in the river,  
And five hung in the West-muir wood.
- 22 Now he is on to the North-Inch gone,  
Where the maid was washing tenderlie;  
'Now by my sooth,' said Willie Wallace,  
'It's been a sair day's wark to me.'
- 23 He's put his hand in his pocket,  
And he has pulld out twenty pounds;  
Says, Take ye that, ye weel-fared maid,  
For the gude luck of your half-crown.

## G

The Thistle of Scotland, Alexander Laing, p. 100, from the repetition of an old gentlewoman in Aberdeenshire. Also Motherwell's MS., p. 487, communicated by Peter Buchan of Peterhead, "who had it from an old woman in that neighborhood."

- 1 Woud ye hear of William Wallace,  
An sek him as he goes,  
Into the lan of Lanark,  
Amang his mortel faes?
- 2 There was fyften English sogers  
Unto his ladie cam,  
Said, Gie us William Wallace,  
That we may have him slain.
- 3 Woud ye gie William Wallace,  
That we may have him slain,
- And ye's be wedded to a lord,  
The best in Christendeem.
- 4 'This verra nicht at seven,  
Brave Wallace will come in,  
And he'll come to my chamber-door,  
Without or dread or din.'
- 5 The fyften English sogers  
Around the house did wait,  
And four brave southron foragers  
Stood hie upon the gait.
- 6 That verra nicht at seven  
Brave Wallace he came in,  
And he came to his ladie's bouir,  
Withouten dread or din.



- 7 When she beheld him Wallace,  
She star'd him in the face;  
'Ohon, alas!' said that ladie,  
'This is a woful case.
- 8 'For I this nicht have sold you,  
This nicht you must be taen,  
And I 'm to be wedded to a lord,  
The best in Christendee'm.'
- 9 'Do you repent,' said Wallace,  
'The ill you 've dane to me?'  
'Ay, that I do,' said that ladie,  
'And will do till I die.
- 10 'Ay, that I do,' said that ladie,  
'And will do ever still,  
And for the ill I 've dane to you,  
Let me burn upon a hill.'
- 11 'Now God forfend,' says brave Wallace,  
'I shoud be so unkind;  
Whatever I am to Scotland's faes,  
I 'm aye a woman's friend.
- 12 'Will ye gie me your gown, your gown,  
Your gown but and your kirtle,  
Your petticoat of bonny brown,  
And belt about my middle?
- 13 'I 'll take a pitcher in ilka hand,  
And do me to the well;  
They 'll think I 'm one of your maidens,  
Or think it is yoursell.'
- 14 She has gien him her gown, her gown,  
Her petticoat and kirtle,  
Her broadest belt, wi silver clasp,  
To bind about his middle.
- 15 He 's taen a pitcher in ilka hand,  
And dane him to the well;  
They thought him one of her maidens,  
They kend it was nae hersell.
- 16 Said one of the southron foragers,  
See ye yon lusty dame?  
I woud nae gie muckle to thee, neebor,  
To bring her back agen.
- 17 Then all the southrons followd him,  
And sure they were but four;
- But he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slew them pair by pair.
- 18 He threw the pitchers frae his hands,  
And to the hills fled he,  
Until he cam to a fair may,  
Was washin on yon lea.
- 19 'What news, what news, ye weel-far'd may?  
What news hae ye to gie?'  
'Ill news, ill news,' the fair may said,  
'Ill news I hae to thee.
- 20 'There is fyften English sogers  
Into that thatched inn,  
Seeking Sir William Wallace;  
I fear that he is slain.'
- 21 'Have ye any money in your pocket?  
Pray lend it unto me,  
And when I come this way again,  
Repaid ye weel shall be.'
- 22 She['s] put her hand in her pocket,  
And taen out shillings three;  
He turnd him right and round about,  
And thankd the weel-far'd may.
- 23 He had not gone a long rig length,  
A rig length and a span,  
Until he met a bold beggar,  
As sturdy as coud gang.
- 24 'What news, what news, ye bold beggar?  
What news hae ye to gie?'  
'O heavy news,' the beggar said,  
'I hae to tell to thee.
- 25 'There is fyften English sogers,  
I heard them in yon inn,  
Vowing to kill him Wallace;  
I fear the chief is slain.'
- 26 'Will ye change apparell wi me, auld man?  
Change your apparell for mine?  
And when I come this way again,  
Ye 'll be my ain poor man.'
- 27 When he got on the beggar's coat,  
The pike-staff in his hand,  
He 's dane him down to yon tavern,  
Where they were drinking wine.

- 28 'What news, what news, ye staff-beggar?  
What news hae ye to gie?'  
'I hae nae news, I heard nae news,  
As few I'll hae frae thee.'
- 29 'I think your coat is ragged, auld man;  
But woud you wages win,  
And tell where William Wallace is,  
We'll lay gold in your hand.'
- 30 'Tell down, tell down your good red gold,  
Upon the table-head,  
And ye sall William Wallace see,  
Wi the down-come of Robin Hood.'
- 31 They had nae tauld the money down,  
And laid it on his knee,  
When candles, lamps, and candlesticks,  
He on the floor gard flee.
- 32 And he has drawn his trusty brand,  
And slew them one by one,  
Then sat down at the table-head,  
And called for some wine.
- 33 The goodwife she ran but, ran but,  
The goodman he ran ben,  
The verra bairns about the fire  
Were a' like to gang brain.
- 34 'Now if there be a Scotsman here,  
He'll come and drink wi me;  
But if there be an English loun,  
It is his time to flee.'
- 35 The goodman was an Englishman,  
And to the hills he ran;  
The goodwife was a Scots woman,  
And she came to his hand.

## H

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 226.

- 1 WALLACE wight, upon a night,  
Came riding oer the linn,  
And he is to his leman's bower,  
And tirdl at the pin.
- 2 'O sleep ye, wake ye, lady?' he said,  
'Ye'll rise, lat me come in.'  
'O wha's this at my bower-door,  
That knocks, and knows my name?'  
'My name is William Wallace,  
Ye may my errand ken.'
- 3 'The truth to you I will rehearse,  
The secret I'll unfold;  
Into your ennies' hands this night  
I fairly hae you sold.'
- 4 'If that be true ye tell to me,  
Do ye repent it sair?'  
'O that I do,' she said, 'dear Wallace,  
And will do evermair!'
- 5 'The English did surround my house,  
And forced me theretill;  
But for your sake, my dear Wallace,  
I coud burn on a hill.'
- 6 Then he gae her a loving kiss,  
The tear droppd frae his ee;  
Says, Fare ye well for evermair,  
Your face nae mair I'll see.
- 7 She dressd him in her ain claitthing,  
And frae her house he came;  
Which made the Englishmen admire,  
To see this stalwart dame.
- 8 He is to Saint Johnston gane,  
And there he playd him well;  
For there he saw a well-far'd may,  
Was washing at a well.
- 9 'What news, what news, ye well-far'd may?  
What news hae ye to me?  
What news, what news, ye well-far'd may,  
All from your north countrie?'
- 10 'See ye not yon tavern-house,  
That stands on yonder plain?  
This very day have landet in it  
Full fifteen Englishmen;
- 11 'In search of Wallace, our dear champion,  
Ordaining that he shoud dee.'  
'Then on my troth,' said Wallace wight,  
'These Englishmen I'se see.'

- A. 2<sup>s</sup>. was not war. F 3 has wasna aware.  
 B, C, have the obviously right reading.  
 5<sup>1</sup>. Wallace then. Maidment, there.  
 5<sup>4</sup>. Maidment, ouer good.  
 10<sup>1</sup>. Maidment, When come.  
 10<sup>2</sup>. quoth he be here.  
 12<sup>4</sup>. Maidment, should we.
- B. 8<sup>2</sup>. oer a stree. Stree is glossed by Lambe as stick, but this is impossible: the s was induced by the s in staff above.  
 10<sup>2</sup>, 12<sup>1</sup>. Oh.  
 11<sup>1</sup>. root of his sword simply from ignorance of the meaning of the rood, by which the captain swears in A 12; rood of his sword is hardly to be thought of.  
 12<sup>2</sup>. A word for A wat. See D 14<sup>4</sup>.  
 16<sup>8,4</sup>. Corrupted: the words should be Wallace's. Cf. C 12.
- C. 9<sup>2</sup>. meal: perhaps meat.  
 D. 1<sup>2</sup>. Var. (or gloss), his ain.  
 2<sup>1</sup>. went changed to gaed (for rhyme?).  
 9<sup>4</sup>. Var. with angry jeer.
- E. 2<sup>s</sup>. gin he. A. Fisher says that lines are wanting, and has supplied two after 7<sup>2</sup> (making a stanza of 7<sup>8,4</sup>, 8<sup>1,2</sup>, and leaving 8<sup>8,4</sup> as a half stanza) and two after 10<sup>2</sup> (leaving 10<sup>8,4</sup> as the second half of another stanza). The arrangement here adopted is in conformity with that of the other copies.
- F. 3<sup>s</sup>. wasna. 22<sup>1</sup>. Inch.  
 G. Buchan's variations. 2<sup>s</sup>. And for Said.  
 3<sup>4</sup>. Christdeene.  
 9<sup>2</sup>, 10<sup>2</sup>, 15<sup>2</sup>, 27<sup>s</sup>. done. 10<sup>4</sup>. on a.  
 12<sup>1</sup>. me wanting.  
 20<sup>2</sup>. I heard them in yon inn. 21<sup>1</sup>. you.  
 32<sup>2</sup>. ane by ane.

## 158

## HUGH SPENCER'S FEATS IN FRANCE

- A. 'Hugh Spencer,' Percy MS., p. 281; Hales and Furnivall, II, 290.
- B. 'Hugh Spencer,' Percy Papers, communicated by the Duchess Dowager of Portland.
- C. Dr Joseph Robertson's Journal of Excursions, No 4.

THE king of England, A, B, sends Hugh Spencer as ambassador to France, to know whether there is to be peace or war between the two lands. Spencer takes with him a hundred men-at-arms, A; twenty ships, B. The French king, Charles, A 30, declares for war, A, C; says that the last time peace was broken it was not along of him, B. The queen, Maude, B 9, is indignant that the king should parley with traitors, A, with English shepherds, B. She proposes to Spencer a joust with one of her knights. The Englishman has no jousting-horse. Three horses are brought out for him, all of which he rejects, A, B; in C, two. In A he calls for his old hack which he had brought over sea; in B, C, he accepts a fourth [third], a fiery-eyed black.

Spencer breaks his spear, a French shaft, upon his antagonist; three spears [two] are tied together to make something strong enough for him to wield. He unhorses the Frenchman, then rides through the French camp and kills some thirteen or fourteen score of King Charles's men, A. The king says he will have his head, A, with some provocation certainly; the queen says as much in B, though Spencer has only killed her champion in fair fight. Spencer has but four true brethren left, A 33; we are not told what had become of the rest of his hundred. With these, or, in B, with two, he makes a stand against the royal guard, and kills scores of them. The French king begs him to hold his hand, A 34, B 35. There shall never be war with England

while peace may be kept, A; he shall take back with him all the ships he brought, B.\*

Hugh is naturally turned into a Scotsman in the Scottish version, C. The shepherd's son that he is matched with, 7, 15, is explained by traditional comment to be the queen's cousin.

These feats of Hugh Spencer do not outstrip those of the Breton knight Les Aubrays, when dealing with the French, Luzel, I, 286-305, II, 564-581; nor is his *fanfaronnerie* much beyond that of Harry Fifth. The Breton knight was explicitly helped by St Anne, but then Spencer and Harry have God and St George to borrow.

Liebrecht well remarks, Göttinger Gelehrte Anzeigen, 1868, p. 1900, that Spencer's rejecting the three French horses and preferring his old hack is a characteristically traditional trait, and like what we read of Walter of Aquitania in the continuation of his story in the chronicle of the cloister of Novalesa. After Walter, in his old age, had entered this monastery, he was deputed to obtain redress for a serious depredation on the property of the brethren. Asking the people of the cloister whether they have a horse serviceable for fight in case of necessity, he is told that there are good strong cart-horses at his disposal. He has these brought out, mounts one and another, and condemns all. He then inquires whether the old steed which he had brought with him is still alive. It is, but very old, and only used to carry corn to the mill. "Let

me see him," says Walter, and, mounting, cries, "Oh, this horse has not forgotten what I taught him in my younger days." Grimm u. Schmeller, Lateinische Gedichte des X. u. XI. Jahrhunderts, p. 109. See 'Tom Potts,' II, 441.†

Of the many Hugh Spencers if we select the younger of the favorites of Edward II, his exploits, had they any foundation in reality, would necessarily fall between 1322, when Charles IV came to the French throne, and 1326, when the Spencers, father and son, ended their career. The French king says in B 8 that Spencer had sunk his ships and slain his men. Hugh Spencer the younger (both, according to Knyghton, col. 2539, but the father was a very old man) was engaged in piracy in 1321. The quarrel between Edward II and Charles IV, touching the English possessions in France, was temporarily arranged in 1325, but not through the mediation of the younger Spencer, who never was sent on an embassy to France. Another Sir Hugh Spencer was a commander in the Earl of Arundel's fleet in the operations against the French in Charles VI's time, 1387, and was taken prisoner in consequence of his ship grounding: Knyghton, col. 2693; Nicolas, History of the Royal Navy, II, 322f. No one of the three queens of Charles IV bore the name of Maude, which is assigned to the French queen in B, neither did the queen of Charles VI.

### A

Percy MS., p. 281; Ifales and Furnivall, II, 290.

- 1 THE court is kept att leene London,  
And euermore shall be itt;  
The King sent for a bold ambassador,  
And Sir Hugh Spencer that he hight.

\* "Thou hadst twenty ships hither, thou'st have twenty away," B 37. It would be more in the ballad-way were the second twenty doubled.

† In the London Athenæum, about twenty-five years ago, there was (I think) a story of an Englishman in Russia

- 2 'Come hither, Spencer,' saith our kinge,  
'And come thou hither vnto mee;  
I must make thee an embassadour  
Betwene the king of Ffrance and mee.

- 3 'Thou must comend me to the king of  
Ffrance,  
And tell him thus and now ffrom mee,

resembling Hugh Spencer's. I have wrongly noted the number as 1871, and have not recovered the story after much rummaging. This ballad is not very unlike Russian *bylinas*.

- I wold know whether there shold be peace in  
his land,  
Or open warr kept still must bee.
- 4 'Thou 'st haue thy shipp at thy comande,  
Thou 'st neither want for gold nor fee;  
Thou 'st haue a hundred armed men,  
All att thy bidding ffor to bee.'
- 5 The wind itt serued, and they sayled,  
And towards Ffrance thus they be gone;  
The wind did bring them safe to shore,  
And safelye landed euerye one.
- 6 The Ffrenchmen lay on the castle-wall,  
The English souldiers to behold:  
'You are welcome, traitors, out of England;  
The heads of you are bought and sold.'
- 7 With *that* spake proud Spencer:  
My leege, soe itt may not bee;  
I am sent an embassador  
Ffrom our English king to yee.
- 8 The *king* of England greetes you well,  
And hath sent this word by mee;  
He wold know whether there shold be peace in  
your land,  
Or open warres kept still must bee.
- 9 'Comend me to the English kinge,  
And tell this now ffrom mee;  
There shall neuer peace be kept in my land  
While open warres kept there may bee.'
- 10 With *that* came downe the queene of Ffrance,  
And an angry woman then was shee;  
Saies, Itt had beene as flitt now for a king  
To be in his chamber with his ladye,  
Then to be pleading with traitors out of Eng-  
land,  
Kneeling low vpon their knee.
- 11 But then bespake him proud Spencer,  
For noe man else durst speake but hee:  
You haue not wiped your mouth, madam,  
Since I heard you tell a lye.
- 12 'O hold thy tounge, Spencer!' shee said,  
'I doe not come to plead with thee;  
Darest thou ryde a course of warr  
With a knight *that* I shall put to thee?'
- 13 'But euer alacke!' then Spencer sayd,  
'I thinke I haue deserned Gods curse;  
Ffor I haue not any armour heere,  
Nor yett I haue noe iusting-horse.'
- 14 'Thy shankes,' quoth shee, 'beneath the knee  
Are very small about the shinne  
Ffor to doe any such honourable deeds  
As the Englishmen say thou has done.
- 15 'Thy shankes beene small about thy shoone,  
And soe the beene about thy knee;  
Thou art to slender euery way  
Any good iuster ffor to bee.'
- 16 'But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
'For one steed of the English countrie!'  
With *that* bespake and one Ffrench knight,  
This day thou 'st haue the choyce of three.
- 17 The first steed he ffeiched out,  
I-wis he was milke-white;  
The first ffoot Spencer in stirropp sett,  
His backe did from his belly tye.
- 18 The second steed *that* he ffeicht out,  
I-wis *that* hee was very browne;  
The second ffoot Spencer in stirropp sett,  
*That* horse and man and all fell downe.
- 19 The third steed *that* hee ffeichted out,  
I-wis *that* he was very blacke;  
The third floote Spencer into the stirropp  
sett,  
He leaped on to the geldings backe.
- 20 'But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
'For one good steed of the English coun-  
trye!  
Goe ffeitch me hither my old haeneye,  
*That* I brought with me hither beyond the  
sea.'
- 21 But when his hackney there was brought,  
Spencer a merry man there was hee;  
Saies, With the grace of God and St George of  
England,  
The ffeild this day shall goe with mee.
- 22 'I haue not fforgotten,' Spencer sayd,  
'Since there was ffeild foughten att Wal-  
singham,

- When the horsse did heare the trumpetts  
sound,  
He did beare ore both horsse and man.'
- 23 The day was sett, and together they mett,  
With great mirth and melodye,  
With minstrells playing, and trumpetts sound-  
inge,  
With drummes striking loud and hye.
- 24 The ffirst race that Spencer run,  
I-wis hee run itt wonderous sore;  
He [hitt] the knight vpon his brest,  
But his speare itt burst, and wold touch noe  
more.
- 25 'But euer alacke,' said Spencer then,  
'For one staffe of the English countrie!  
Without you 'le bind me three together,'  
Quoth hee, 'they 'le be to weake ffor mee.'
- 26 With *that* bespake him the Ffrench knight,  
Sayes, Bind him together the whole thirtye,  
For I haue more strenght in my to hands  
Then is in all Spencers bodye.
- 27 'But proue att *parting*,' Spencer sayes,  
'Ffrench knight, here I tell itt thee;  
For I will lay thee five to four  
The bigger man I proue to bee.'
- 28 But the day was sett, and together they mett,  
With great mirth and melodye,  
With minstrells playing, and trumpetts sound-  
inge,  
With drummes strieking loud and hye.
- 29 The second race *that* Spencer run,  
I-wis hee ridd itt in much pride,
- And he hitt the knight vpon the brest,  
And draue him ore his horsse beside.
- 30 But he run thorow the Ffrench campe;  
Such a race was neuer run before;  
He killed of *King* Charles his men  
Att hand of thirteene or fourteen score.
- 31 But he came backe againe to the K[ing],  
And kneeled him downe vpon his knee;  
Saies, A knight I haue slaine, and a steed I  
haue woone,  
The best *that* is in this countrie.
- 32 'But nay, by my faith,' then said the *King*,  
'Spencer, soe itt shall not bee;  
I 'le haue *that* traitors head of thine,  
To enter plea att my iollye.'
- 33 But Spencer looket him once about,  
He had true bretheren left but four;  
He killed ther of the *Kings* gard  
About twelve or thirteene score.
- 34 'But hold thy hands,' the *King* doth say,  
'Spencer, now I doe pray thee;  
And I will goe into litle England,  
Vnto *that* cruell kinge with thee.'
- 35 'Nay, by my faith,' Spencer sayd,  
'My leege, for soe itt shall not bee;  
For an you sett foot on English ground,  
You shall be hanged vpon a tree.'
- 36 'Why then, comend [me] to *that* Englishe  
kinge,  
And tell him thus now ffrom mee,  
*That* there shall neuer be open warres kept in  
my land  
Whilest peace kept *that* there may bee.'

## B

Percy Papers : communicated by the Duchess Dowager of  
Portland.

- 1 Our king lay at Westminster,  
as oft times he had done,  
And he sent for Hugh Spencer,  
to come to him anon.

- 2 Then in came Hugh Spencer,  
low kneeling on his knee:  
'What's the matter, my liege,  
you sent so speedily for me?'
- 3 'Why you must go ambassadour  
to France now, to see  
Whether peace shall be taken,  
aye, or open wars must be.'

- 4 'Who shall go with me ?'  
says Hugh Spencer, he :  
'That shall Hugh Willoughby  
and John of Atherly.'  
'O then,' says Hugh Spencer,  
'we 'll be a merry company.'
- 5 When they came before the French king,  
they kneeled low on the knee :  
'O rise up, and stand up,  
whose men soer you be.'
- 6 The first that made answer  
was Hugh Spencer, he :  
'We are English ambassadours,  
come hither to see  
Whether peace shall be taken,  
aye, or open wars must be.'
- 7 Then spoke the French king,  
and he spoke courteously :  
The last time peace was broken,  
it was neer along of me.
- 8 For you sunk my ships, slew my men,  
and thus did ye ;  
And the last time peace was broken,  
it was neer along of me.
- 9 Then in came Queen Maude,  
and full as ill was she :  
'A chamber of presence  
is better for thee,  
Then amongst English shepherds,  
low bending on the knee.'
- 10 The first that made answer  
was Hugh Spencer, he :  
'We are no English shepherds,  
Queen Maude, I tell thee,  
But we 're knights, and knights fellows,  
the worst man in our company.'
- 11 O then spoke Queen Maude,  
and full as ill was she :  
Thou shouldst be Hugh Spencer,  
thou talkest so boldly.
- 12 And if thou beest Hugh Spencer,  
as well thou seemst to be,  
I 've oft heard of thy justling,  
and some of it would fain see.
- 13 I have a steed in my stable  
that thou canst not ride ;  
I have a spear in my keeping  
that thou canst not guide ;  
And I have a knight in my realm  
that thou darest not abide.
- 14 Then Spencer asked Willoughby  
and John of Atherly  
Whether he should take this justling in  
hand,  
aye, or let it be.
- 15 O then spoke Hugh Willoughby  
and John of Atherly :  
If you won't take it [in] hand,  
why turn it unto we.
- 16 'It shall neer be said in England,'  
says Hugh Spencer, he,  
'That I refused a good justling  
and turned it to ye.
- 17 'Alas,' says Hugh Spencer,  
'full sore may I moan,  
I have nought here but an ambler,  
my good steed 's at home.'
- 18 Then spoke a French knight,  
and he spoke courteously :  
I have thirty steeds in my stables,  
the best of them take to thee.
- 19 'Gramercy,' says Spencer,  
'aye, and gramercy ;  
If eer thou comest to England,  
well rewarded shalt thou be.'
- 20 The first steed they brought him,  
he was a milk-white :  
'Take that away,' says Spencer,  
'for I do not him like.'
- 21 The next steed they brought him,  
he was a good dun :  
'Take that away,' says Spencer,  
'for he 's not for my turn.'
- 22 The next steed they brought him,  
he was a dapple-grey :  
'Take that away,' says Spencer,  
'for he is not used to the way.'

- 23 The next steed they brought him,  
he was a coal-black ;  
His eyes burnt in his head,  
as if fire were in flax ;  
' Come saddle me that horse,' says Spencer,  
' for I 'll have none but that.'
- 24 When that horse was saddled,  
and Spencer got on,  
With his spear at his foot,  
O he was portly man !
- 25 ' Now I am on that steede-back  
that I could not ride,  
That spear in my keeping  
that I could not guide,  
Come shew me that French knight  
that I dare not abide.'
- 26 ' It is a sign by thy sharp shin,  
ay, and thy cropped knee,  
That you are no fit match  
to juggle with me :'  
' Why it makes no matter,' says Spencer,  
' you hear no brags of me.'
- 27 The first time they rode together,  
now Sir Hugh and he,  
He turnd him in his saddle  
like an apple on a tree.
- 28 The next time they rode together,  
now Sir Hugh and he,  
He lit upon his breast-plate,  
and he broke his spear in three.
- 29 ' A spear now,' says Spencer,  
' a spear now get me :'  
' Thou shalt have one,' says Willoughby,  
' if in France one there be.'
- 30 ' O tye two together,  
and the stronger they 'l be,  
For the French is the better,  
and the better shall be :'
- ' Why it makes no matter,' says Spencer,  
' you hear no brags of me.'
- 31 The next time they rode together,  
now Sir Hugh and he,  
He threw him fifteen foot from his saddle,  
and he broke his back in three :  
' Now I have slain thy justler,  
Queen Maude, I tell thee.'
- 32 O then spoke Queen Maude,  
and full as ill was she :  
If thou 'st slain my justler,  
by the Kings laws thou 'st dye.
- 33 ' It shall neer be said in England,'  
says Hugh Spencer, he ;  
' It shall neer be said in England,'  
says Hugh Willoughby ;
- 34 ' It shall neer be said in England,'  
says John of Atherly,  
' That a queen of another nation  
eer had her will of we.'
- 35 They laid their heads together,  
and their backs to the wall ;  
There were four score of the Queen's guards,  
and they slew them all.
- 36 Then spoke the French king,  
and he spoke courteously :  
O hold thy hand, Spencer,  
I dearly pray thee.
- 37 Thou art sharp as thy spear,  
and as fierce as thy steed,  
And the stour of thy lilly-white hand  
makes my heart bleed.
- 38 Thou hadst twenty ships hither,  
thou 'st have twenty away ;  
Then hold thy hand, Spencer,  
I dearly thee pray.



## C

Dr Joseph Robertson's Journal of Excursions, No 4; taken down from a man in the parish of Leochel, Aberdeenshire, 12 February, 1829.

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas time  
The wind blew loud and cauld,  
And all the knichts of fair Scotland  
They drew them to sum hald.
- 2 Unless it was him young Sir Hugh,  
And he beet to sail the sea,  
Wi a letter between twa kings, to see an they  
wald lat down the wars,  
And live and lat them be.
- 3 On Friday shipped he, and lang  
Ere Wodensday at noon  
In fair France landed he,  
. . . . .
- 4 He fell down before the King,  
On his bare knees :  
'Gude mak ye safe and soun ;'  
'Fat news o your contrie ?' he says.
- 5 'The news o our countrie,' he says,  
'Is but news brought over the sea,  
To see an ye 'll lat down the wars,  
And live and lat them be.'
- 6 'Deed no,' he says ;  
'I'm but an auld man indeed,  
But I 'll no lat down the wars,  
And live and lat them be.'
- 7 It's out it spak the Queen hersel: I have a  
shepherd's sin  
Would fight an hour wi you ;  
'And by my seeth,' says young Sir Hugh,  
'That sight fain would I see.'
- 8 The firsten steed that he drew out,  
He was the penny-gray ;  
He wad hae ridden oer meel or mor  
A leve-lang summer's day.
- 9 O girths they brak, and great horse lap,  
But still sat he on he :  
'A girth, a girth,' says young Sir Hugh,  
'A girth for charity !'  
'O every girth that you shall have,  
Its gude lord shall hae three.'
- 10 The nexten steed that he drew out,  
He was the penny-brown ;  
He wad hae ridden oer meel or mor  
As ever the dew drap down.
- 11 O bridles brak, and great horse lap,  
But still sat he on he :  
'A bridle, a bridle,' says young Sir Hugh,  
'A bridle for charitie !'  
'O every bridle that you shall have,  
And its gude lord shall have three.'
- 12 The nexten steed that he drew out  
He was the raven-black ;  
His een was glancin in his head  
Like wild-fire in a slack ;  
'Get here a boy,' says young Sir Hugh,  
'Cast on the saddle on that.'
- 13 O brands there brak, and great horse lap,  
But still sat he on he :  
'A brand, a brand,' says young Sir Hugh,  
'A brand for charity !'  
'O every brand that you sall have,  
. And its gude lord sall have three.'
- 14 He gave him a dep unto the heart,  
And over the steed fell he :  
'I rather had gane you money,' she says,  
'And free lands too,  
That ye had foughten an hour wi him,  
And than had latten him be.'
- 15 'If ye hae ony mair shepherd's sins,' he says,  
'Or cooks i your kitchie,  
Or ony mair dogs to fell,  
Ye 'll bring them here to me ;  
And gin they be a true-hearted Scotsman,  
They 'll no be scorned by thee.'

A. 4<sup>s</sup>. 100. 5<sup>1s</sup>. They.

6<sup>1</sup>. walls? *There is a tag at the end of this word in the MS. Furnivall.*

16<sup>4</sup>. of 3. 17<sup>4</sup>. *MS.*, tylpe, with the l crossed at top. *Furnivall.*

18<sup>1s</sup>. 2<sup>a</sup>. 18<sup>2</sup>. *I should read berry-browne were it not for verry blacke in 19<sup>2</sup>.*

- 19<sup>a</sup>. 3<sup>a</sup>. 25<sup>a</sup>. 3.  
 26<sup>a</sup>. 30<sup>re</sup>. 27<sup>a</sup>. 5 to 4. 29<sup>a</sup>. 2<sup>a</sup>.  
 30<sup>a</sup>. 13 or 14.  
 32<sup>a</sup>. *No emendation of this unintelligible line occurs to me.*  
 33<sup>a</sup>. 4. 33<sup>a</sup>. therof.  
 33<sup>a</sup>. 2 or 3: cf. 30<sup>a</sup>, and observe the metre.

35<sup>a</sup>. for on: seitt or settt.  
 And for & always.

C. 14<sup>a</sup>. too: pronounced tee.

15. The shepherd's son was the Queen's own son: comment of the reciter. I do not understand the last two lines; indeed they are obviously corrupt.

## 159

### DURHAM FIELD

‘Durham ffeilde,’ Percy MS., p. 245; Hales and Furnivall, II, 190.

WHILE Edward Third was absent in France, and for the time engaged with the siege of Calais, David Bruce, the young king of Scotland, at the instance of Philip of Valois, but also because he “yearned to see fighting,” invaded England with a large army. Having taken by storm the Border castle of Liddel, he was advised by William of Douglas to turn back, which, it was represented by Douglas, he could do with credit after this success. Other lords said that Douglas had filled his bags, but theirs were toom, and that the way lay open to London, for there were no men left in England but souters, skimmers, and traders.\* The Scots moved on to Durham, and encamped in a park not far from the town, in a bad position. In the mean while a powerful force had been collected by the northern nobility and the English churchmen, without the knowledge of the Scots. William of Douglas, going out to forage, rode straight to the ground where his foes lay, and in the attempt to retreat lost five hundred of his men. King David drew up his army in three divisions: one under his own command, another under the Earl of Murray and William Douglas, the third under the Steward of Scot-

land and the Earl of March. The operations of the Scots were impeded by the ditches and fences that traversed the ground on which they stood, and their situation made them an almost helpless mark for the ten thousand archers of the English army. Murray’s men were completely routed by a charge of cavalry, and their leader killed. The English then fell upon the King’s division, which, after a desperate fight, was “vanquished utterly.” David, who had received two wounds from arrows, was taken prisoner by John Copland, “by force, not yolden,” after knocking out two of the Englishman’s teeth with a knife. Wyntoun’s Chronykil, ed. Laing, II, 470 ff; Scotichronicon, ed. Goodall, II, 339 ff. The battle was fought on the 17th of October, 1346.

According to the English chronicle of Lanercost, John of Douglas, ‘germanus domini Willelmi,’ fought with the Earl of Murray in the first Scottish division, and the Earl of Buchan was associated with King David in the command of the second. The English were also in three bodies. The leaders of the first were the Earl of Angus, ‘inter omnes Angliæ nobilis persona,’ Henry Percy, Ralph

\* Presbyteri, fratres et clerici, sutores et mechanici, Bower; agricolæ ac pastores, et capellani imbecilles et decrepiti, Nkyghton; miseri monachi, improbi presbyteri, por-

corum pastores, sutores et pelliparii, Chronicon de Lanercost; clericos et pastores, Walsingham, Hist. Angl.

Neville, and Henry Scrope; the Archbishop of York led the second; Mowbray, Rokeby, and John of Copland were in the third. Ed. Stevenson, pp. 349-51.

David, in the ballad, proposes to himself nothing less than the conquest of England and the distribution of the territory among his chief men. He is not a youth of twenty-two; William Douglas has served him four and thirty years. Still he will brook no advice, and kills his own squire for warning him of the danger of his enterprise. The Earl of Angus is to lead the van; but Angus, as we have seen, was engaged on the other side. The title of Angus might have deceived the minstrel, but it was hardly to be expected that Neville should be turned into a Scot as he is in st. 17. Angus, and also 'Vaughan,' that is Baughan, or Buchan,\* are to be in the king's coat-armor, sts 11, 13, imitating Blunt and the rest at Shrewsbury, and the five false Richmonds at Bosworth. James† Douglas offers to lead the van, 14; so does William Douglas in 21. An Englishman who does not know a Neville would surely not be very precise about a Douglas, and it must be conceded that the Douglasses have not always been kept perfectly distinct by historians. James Douglas, whoever he may be supposed to be, "went before;" that is, he plays the part which belongs historically to the Knight of Liddesdale, loses all his men, and returns, with an arrow in his thigh, to report that one Englishman is worth five Scots: 26-33.‡ But the Scots, even at that rate, have the advantage, for a herald, sent out to reconnoitre, tells their king that they are ten to one.

\* It is very doubtful whether there was an Earl of Buchan in 1346. Henry de Beaumont, according to the peerages, died in 1341. He was an Englishman, had fought against the Scots at Duplin, 1332, and was after that in the service of Edward III.

† 'Famous,' the MS. reading in 14, may probably be an error for James, which occurs so often in 28-33. William Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale, had a brother James, but this James had been killed in 1335. He had also a brother John, *Scotichronicon* and *Chronicon de Lanercoste*, and the latter, as has been mentioned, puts John in Murray's division. Knyghton, col. 2590, gives as among the prisoners dominus Willielmus Duglas et frater ejusdem Willielmi.

The commanders on the English side are the Bishop of Durham, Earl Percy, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Carlisle, and "Lord Fluwilliams." § The Bishop of Durham orders that no man shall fight before he has 'served his God,' and five hundred priests say mass in the field who afterwards take part in the fray. (The monks of Durham, Knyghton tells us, had made terms with the Scots, and were to pay a thousand pounds for ransom-money the next day; and so, when they saw the Scots yielding, they raised their voices in a *Te Deum*, which sounded to the clouds and quickened the courage of the English.) The king of Scots is wounded by an arrow through his nose, and, stepping aside to bleed, is taken prisoner by John of Copland, whom he first smites angrily. Copland sets the king on a palfrey and leads him to London. King Edward, newly arrived from France, asks him how he likes the shepherds, millers, and priests. There's not a yeoman in England, says David, but he is worth a Scottish knight. Aye, says King Edward, laughing, that is because you were fighting against the right. Shortly after this the Black Prince brings the king of France captive from the field of Poitiers. Says David to John, Welcome, brother, but I would I had gone to Rome! And I, would I had gone to Jerusalem! replies John. Thus ends the battle of Durham, fought, says the minstrel, on a morning of May, sts 27, 64, and within the same month as the battles of Crécy and Poitiers. || Though Poitiers was fought ten years after Durham, the king of Scots and the king of France no doubt met in London, for John was taken thither in April,

‡ When William Douglas, in the *Chronicle of Lanercost*, tells the king that the English are at hand, and David replies, there is nothing in England but monks, priests, swineherds, etc., Douglas says, 'aliter invenietis; sunt varii validi viri.'

§ Froissart says that the English force was in four battalions: the first commanded by the Bishop of Durham and Lord Percy; the second by the Archbishop of York and Lord Neville; the third by the Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Mowbray; the fourth by Edward Balliol and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

|| Crécy, 26 August, 1346; Durham, 17 October, 1346; Poitiers, 19 September, 1356.

1357, and David was not released from his captivity until the following November.

Stanza 18 affords us an upper limit for a date. Lord Hambleton is said to be of the king's kin full nigh. James Hamilton, the

first lord, married the princess Mary, sister of James III, in 1474, and his descendants were the next heirs to the throne after the Stewarts, whose line was for a time but barely kept up.

1 LORDINGES, listen, and hold you still ;  
Hearken to me a litle ;  
I shall you tell of the fairest battell  
*That euer in England befell.*

2 For as it befell in Edward the Thirds dayes,  
In England, where he ware the crowne,  
Then all the cheefe chinalry of England  
They busked and made them bowne.

3 They chosen all the best archers  
*That in England might be found,*  
And all was to fight with the *king* of Ffrance,  
Within a litle stounde.

4 And when our *king* was ouer the water,  
And on the salt sea gone,  
Then tydings into Scotland came  
*That all England was gone.*

5 Bowes and arrowes they were all forth,  
At home was not left a man  
But shepards and millers both,  
And preists with shauen crownes.

6 Then the *king* of Scotts in a study stood,  
As he was a man of great might ;  
He sware he wold hold his parliament in leene  
London,  
If he cold ryde there right.

7 Then bespake a *squier*, of Scotland borne,  
And sayd, My leege, apace,  
Before you come to leene London,  
Full sore you 'le rue *that* race.

8 Ther beene bold yeomen in merry England,  
Husbandmen stiffe and strong ;  
Sharpe swords they done weare,  
Bearen bowes and arrowes longe.

9 The *King* was angrye at that word ;  
A long sword out hee drew,

And there befor his royall companye  
His owne squier hee slew.

10 Hard hansell had the Scottes *that* day,  
*That* wrought them woe enough,  
For then durst not a Scott speake a word  
Ffor hanging att a bough.

11 'The Earle of Anguish, where art thou ?  
In my coate-armor thou shalt bee,  
And thou shalt lead the forward  
Thorow the English countrie.

12 'Take thee Yorke,' then sayd the *King*,  
'In stead wheras it doth stand ;  
I 'le make thy eldest sonne after thee  
Heyre of all Northumberland.

13 'The Earle of Vaughan, where be yee ?  
In my coate-armor thou shalt bee ;  
The high Peak and Darbyshire  
I giue it thee to thy fee.'

14 Then came in famous Douglas,  
Saies, What shall my meede bee ?  
And I 'le lead the vawward, lord,  
Thorow the English countrie.

15 'Take thee Worster,' sayd the *King*,  
'Tuxburye, Killingworth, Burton vpon  
Trent ;  
Doe thou not say another day  
But I haue giuen thee lands and rent.

16 'Sir Richard of Edenborrow, where are yee ?  
A wise man in this warr !  
I 'le giue thee Bristow and the shire  
*The time that* wee come there.

17 'My lord Nevill, where beene yee ?  
You must in this warres bee ;  
I 'le giue thee Shrewsburye,' saies the *King*,  
'And Couentrye faire and free.

- 18 'My lord of Hambleton, where art thou?  
Thou art of my kin full nye;  
I 'le giue thee Lincolne and Lincolnshire,  
And *that's* enoughe for thee.'
- 19 By then came in William Douglas,  
As breeme as any bore;  
He kneeled him downe vpon his knees,  
In his hart he sighed sore.
- 20 Saies, I haue serued you, my louelye leege,  
This thirty winters and four,  
And in the Marches betweene England and  
Scotland  
I haue beene wounded and beaten sore.
- 21 For all the good service *that* I haue done,  
What shall my meed bee?  
And I will lead the vanward  
Thorrow the English cuntrye.
- 22 'Aske on, Douglas,' said the king,  
'And granted it shall bee:'  
'Why then, I aske litle London,' saies William  
Douglas,  
'Gotten gif *that* it bee.'
- 23 The King was wrath, and rose away,  
Saies, Nay, *that* cannot bee!  
For *that* I will keepe for my cheefe chamber,  
Gotten if it bee.
- 24 But take thee North Wales and Weschaster,  
The cuntrye all round about,  
And rewarded thou shalt bee,  
Of *that* take thou noe doubt.
- 25 Fieue score *knights* he made on a day,  
And dubbd them with his hands;  
Rewarded them right worthilye  
With the townes in merry England.
- 26 And when the fresh *knights* they were made,  
To battell the buske them bowne;  
Iames Douglas went before,  
And he thought to haue wonnen him shoone.
- 27 But the were mett in a morning of May  
With the comminaltye of litle England;  
But there scaped neuer a man away,  
Through the might of Christes hand.
- 28 But all onely Iames Douglas;  
In Durham in the ffeild  
An arrow stroke him in the thy;e;  
Fast flinge[s he] towards the King.
- 29 The King looked toward litle Durham,  
Saies, All things is not well!  
For Iames Dowglas beares an arrow in his  
thy;e,  
The head of it is of steele.
- 30 'How now Iames?' then said the King,  
'How now, how may this bee?  
And where beene all thy merrymen  
That thou tooke hence with thee?'
- 31 'But cease, my king,' saies Iames Douglas,  
'Aliue is not left a man!'  
'Now by my faith,' saies the king of Scottes,  
'*That* gate was euill gone.
- 32 'But I 'le reuenge thy quarrell well,  
And of *that* thou may be faine;  
For one Scott will beate fieu Englishmen,  
If the meeten them on the plaine.'
- 33 'Now hold *your* tounge,' saies Iames Douglas,  
'For in faith *that* is not soe;  
For one English man is worth fieu Scotts,  
When they meeten together thee.
- 34 'For they are as egar men to fight  
As a fauleon vpon a pray;  
Alas! if euer the winne the vanward,  
There scapes noe man away.'
- 35 'O peace thy talking,' said the King,  
'They bee but English knaues,  
But shepards and millers both,  
And preists with their staues.'
- 36 The King sent forth one of his heralds of  
arnes  
To vew the Englishmen:  
'Be of good cheere,' the herald said,  
'For against one wee bee ten.'
- 37 'Who leades those ladds?' said the king of  
Scottes,  
'Thou herald, tell thou mee:'  
The herald said, The Bishopp of Durham  
Is captaine of *that* companye.
- 38 'For the Bishopp hath spred the King's banner,  
And to battell he buskes him bowne:'

- 'I sweare by St. Andrewes bones,' saies the  
King,  
'I le rapp *that* preist on the crowne.'
- 39 The *King* looked towards litle Durham,  
And *that* hee well beheld,  
*That* the Earle Percy was well armed,  
With his battell-axe entred the feild.
- 40 The *King* looket againe towards litle Durham,  
Four aneyents there see hee;  
There were to standards, six in a valley,  
He cold not see them with his eye.
- 41 My Lord of Yorke was one of them,  
My Lord of Carlile was the other,  
And my Lord Ffluwilliams,  
The one came with the other.
- 42 The Bischopp of Durham commanded his men,  
And shortlye he them bade,  
*That neuer* a man shold goe to the feild to fight  
Till he had serued his God.
- 43 Ffive hundred preists said masse *that* day  
In Durham in the feild,  
And afterwards, as I hard say,  
They bare both speare and sheeld.
- 44 The Bischopp of Durham orders himselfe to  
fight,  
With his battell-axe in his hand;  
He said, This day now I will fight  
As long as I can stand!
- 45 'And soe will I,' sayd my Lord of Carlile,  
'In this faire morning gay;'  
'And soe will I,' said my Lord Ffluwilliams,  
'For Mary, *that* myld may.'
- 46 Our English archers bent their bowes  
Shortlye and anon;  
They shott *ouer* the Scottish oast  
And seantlye toucht a man.
- 47 'Hold downe *your* hands,' sayd the Bischopp  
of Durham,  
'My archers good and true: '  
The second shoote *that* the shott,  
Full sore the Scottes itt rue.
- 48 The Bischopp of Durham spoke on hye,  
*That* both parties might heare:
- 'Be of good cheere, my merrymen all,  
The Scotts flyen, and changen there cheere.'
- 49 But as the sadden, soe the didden,  
They fell on heapes hye;  
Our Englishmen laid on with their bowes,  
As fast as they might dree.
- 50 The *king* of Scotts in a studye stood  
Amongst his companye;  
An arrow stoke him thorow the nose,  
And thorow his armorye.
- 51 The *King* went to a marsh-side  
And light beside his steede;  
He leaned him downe on his sword-hilts,  
To let his nose bleede.
- 52 There followed him a yeaman of merry Eng-  
land,  
His name was Iohn of Coplande:  
'Yeeld thee, traytor!' saies Coplande then,  
'Thy life lyes in my hand.'
- 53 'How shold I yeeld me,' sayes the *King*,  
'And thou art noe gentleman? '  
'Noe, by my troth,' sayes Copland there,  
'I am but a poore yeaman.
- 54 'What art thou better then I, Sir *King*?  
Tell me if that thou can!  
What art thou better then I, Sir *King*,  
Now we be but man to man? '
- 55 The *King* smote angerly at Copland then,  
Angerly in that stonde;  
And then Copland was a bold yeaman,  
And bore the *King* to the ground.
- 56 He sett the *King* upon a palfrey,  
Himselfe upon a steede;  
He tooke him by the bridle-rayne,  
Towards London he can him lead.
- 57 And when to London *that* he came,  
The *King* from Ffrance was new come  
home,  
And there unto the *king* of Scottes  
He sayd these words anon.
- 58 'How like you my shepards and my millers?  
My priests with shaven crownes? '

'By my fayth, they are the sorest fighting  
men

*That ever I mett on the ground.*

59 'There was never a yeaman in merry England  
But he was worth a Scottish knight :'

'I, by my troth,' said King Edward, and  
laughe,

'For you fought all against the right.'

60 But now the prince of merry England,

Worthilye under his sheelde,

Hath taken the king of Ffrance,

At Poytiers in the ffeelde.

61 The prince did present his father with *that*  
food,

The louely king off Ffrance,

And fforward of his iourney he is gone :

God send us all good chance !

62 'You are welcome, brother !' said the king of

Scotts, to the king of Ffrance,

'For I am come hither to soone ;

Christ leeve *that* I had taken my way  
Unto the court of Roome !'

63 'And soe wold I,' said the king of Ffrance,

'When I came over the streame,

*That* I had taken my iourney

Unto Ierusalem !'

64 Thus ends the battell of ffaire Durham,

In one morning of May,

The battell of Cressey, and the battle of  
Potyers,

All within one monthes day.

65 Then was welthe and welfare in mery Eng-  
land,

Solaces, game, and glee,

And every man loved other well,

And the King loved good yeomanrye.

66 But God *that* made the grasse to growe,

And leaves on greenwoode tree,

Now save and keepe our noble king,

And maintaine good yeomanry !

And for & throughout.

1<sup>1</sup>. *Perhaps* lesten : yo. 1<sup>2</sup>. a litle spell ?

2<sup>1</sup>. 3<sup>4s</sup>. 8<sup>2</sup>. sharpes.

11<sup>2</sup>. forward *has a tag to the d.* *Furnivall.*

12<sup>1</sup>. thy for thee.

13<sup>1</sup>. in Earle the l is made over an e. *Furnivall.*

15<sup>2</sup>. Tuxburye doubtful in the MS.

20<sup>2</sup>. 30 : 4. 25. 5 score. 31<sup>1</sup>. Janes.

32<sup>2</sup>, 33<sup>2</sup>. 5. *After* 39. 2d part. 40<sup>2</sup>. 4.

40<sup>2</sup>. 6. 43<sup>1</sup>. 500. 44<sup>1</sup>. Durhan. 47<sup>2</sup>. 2d.

62<sup>1</sup>. brothers.

66. *Pencil note in Percy's late hand.*

This and 2 following leaves being unfortunately torn out, in sending the subsequent piece ['King Estmere'] to the press, the conclusion of the preceding ballad has been carefully transcribed ; and indeed the fragments of the other leaves ought to have been so.

## 160

## THE KNIGHT OF LIDDESDALE

Hume of Godscroft, *History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*, 1644, p. 77.

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WILLIAM DOUGLAS, the Knight of Liddesdale, who figures in the foregoing ballad, was assassinated in 1353, while hunting in Ettrick forest, by his kinsman and godson, Lord William Douglas.

According to the *Scotichronicon*, the motive was said to be revenge for Alexander Ramsay, one of the first men among the Scots, whom Liddesdale had assaulted while he was holding a court, wounded, carried off, and suffered to die by starving; and for Sir David Berkeley, whom Liddesdale was charged with procuring to be murdered in 1350, in return for the death of his brother, Sir John Douglas, brought to pass by Berkeley. (*Scotichronicon*, ed. Goodall, II, 348, 335, XIV, 8, XIII, 50, XIV, 7.)

Hume of Godscroft considers the motive assigned to be quite unnatural, and at best a pretence. A ballad known to him gave a different account. "The Lord of Liddesdale, being at his pastime, hunting in Attrick forest, is beset by William Earle of Douglas, and such as hee had ordained for that purpose, and there assailed, wounded, and slain, beside Galsewood, in the yeare 1353; upon a jealousie that the Earle had conceived of him with his lady, as the report goeth, for so sayes the old song." After citing the stanza which follows, Hume goes on to say: "The song also declareth how shee did write her love-letters to Liddisdale, to dissuade him from that hunting. It tells likewise the manner of the taking of his men, and his owne killing at Galsewood, and how hee was carried the first night to Lindin Kirk, a mile from Selkirk, and was buried within the Abbacie of Melrose."

"The sole basis for this statement of

Hume's," says Sir William Fraser, *The Douglas Book*, I, 223 f, 1885, "seems to be the anonymous Border ballad, part of which he quotes, to which he adds the tradition that the lady wrote to her lover to dissuade him from that hunting. Apart from the fact that this tradition is opposed to contemporary history, which states that Sir William was wholly unsuspecting of danger, the story told by Godscroft is otherwise erroneous. He assumes that Douglas was made earl in 1346, and that he was married to a daughter of the Earl of March, neither of which assumptions is true. Douglas was not created earl until 26th January, 1357-8, and there was therefore no 'Countess of Douglas' to wait for the Knight of Liddesdale. Douglas's only wife was Lady Margaret of Mar, who survived him. The exact date of their marriage has not been ascertained, but it is certain that Douglas had no countess of the family of March in 1353, while it is doubtful if at that date he was married at all. Popular tradition is therefore at fault in assigning matrimonial jealousy as a motive for killing the Knight of Liddesdale."

"Some fragments of this ballad are still current, and will be found in the ensuing work," says Scott, *Minstrelsy*, I, 221, note, ed. 1833. It may be that Sir Walter became convinced that these fragments were not genuine; at any rate, they do not appear in his collection.

The Countesse of Douglas out of her boure  
she came,

And loudly there that she did call:

'It is for the Lord of Liddesdale

That I let all these teares downe fall.'



## 161

## THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

A. a. Cotton MS. Cleopatra, C. iv, leaf 24, of about 1550. b. Harleian MS. 293, leaf 52. Both in the British Museum.

C. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1833, I, 354.

D. Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I, xviii f., two stanzas.

B. a. Herd's MSS, I, 149, II, 30; Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 153. b. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1802, I, 31.

E. Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. lxxi, note 30, one stanza.

A a was first printed in the fourth edition of Percy's Reliques, 1794, I, 18, and A b in the first edition, 1765, I, 18.

By far the most circumstantial account of the battle of Otterburn is given by Froissart (Chroniques, Buchon, XI, 362 ff, chap. 115 ff), and his highly felicitous narrative may be briefly summarized as follows.

The quarrels of Richard II with his uncles and a consequent feud between the great northern families of Neville and Percy furnished the Scots an inviting opportunity for an invasion of England on a large scale. Under the pretext of a festive meeting, a preliminary conference of barons and knights was held at Aberdeen, and it was there agreed that they should muster, the middle of August, 1388, at a place on the border near Jedburgh, with such forces as they could command. In all this they took no counsel with the king, who was then past seventy, and was regarded as of no account for their purposes. The result was a larger gathering than had been seen for sixty years, quite twelve hundred lances and forty thousand ordinary fighting-men.

The Earl of Northumberland and his sons, the Seneschal of York, and the Captain of Berwick had heard of the intended meeting at Aberdeen, and had sent heralds and minstrels thither, to get further information.

These agents reported that all Scotland was astir, and that there was to be another parley in the forest of Jedburgh. The barons and knights of Northumberland made due preparations, and, the better to keep these secret, remained quiet in their houses, ready to sally as soon as they learned that the Scots were in motion. Feeling themselves incapable of coping with so large a body as had been collected, they decided upon a simultaneous counter-raid, and that from the east or from the west, according as the enemy should take the road from the west or the east. Of this plan of the English the Scots obtained knowledge from a spy whom they had captured, and to foil it they divided their army, directing the main body towards Carlisle, under command of Archibald Douglas, of the Earl of Fife, son of the king, and many other nobles, while a detachment of three or four hundred picked men-at-arms, supported by two thousand stout fellows, partly archers, all well mounted,\* and commanded by James, Earl of Douglas, the Earl of March and Dunbar, and the Earl of Murray, were to strike for Newcastle, cross the river, and burn and ravage the bishopric of Durham.

The eastern division (with which alone we are concerned) carried out their program to the letter. They advanced at speed, stopping for nothing, and meeting with no resistance,

\* "Froissart describes a Scottish host of the same period as consisting of .iiii. M. of armes, knightis and squiers, mounted on good horses, and other .x. M. men of warre, armed after their gyse, right hardy and firse, mounted on

lytle hackeneys, the whiche were never tyed nor kept at hard meate, but letto go to pasture in the feldis and busshes." Happily cited by Scott, in illustration of C 16: Lord Berners' translation, cap. xvii, Pynson, 1523, fol. viii.

and the burning and pillaging had begun in Durham before the Earl of Northumberland knew of their arrival. Fire and smoke soon showed what was going on. The earl dispatched his sons Henry and Ralph Percy to Newcastle, where the whole country rallied, gentle and simple; he himself remaining at Alnwick, in the hope of being able to enclose the Scots, when they should take the way north, between two bodies of English. The Scots attained to the very gates of Durham; then, having burned every unfortified town between there and Newcastle, they turned northward, with a large booty, repassed the Tyne, and halted at Newcastle. There was skirmishing for two days before the city, and in the course of a long combat between Douglas and Henry Percy the Scot got possession of the Englishman's pennon. This he told Percy he would raise on the highest point of his castle at Dalkeith; Percy answered that he should never accomplish that vaunt, nor should he carry the pennon out of Northumberland. 'Come then to-night and win it back,' said Douglas; 'I will plant it before my tent.' It was then late, and the fighting ceased; but the Scots kept good guard, looking for Percy to come that very night for his pennon. Percy, however, was constrained to let that night pass.

The Scots broke up their camp early the next morning and withdrew homewards. Taking and burning the tower and town of Ponteland on their way, they moved on to Otterburn, thirty miles northwest from Newcastle, where there was a strong castle or tower, in marshy ground, which they assailed for a day without success. At the end of the day they held a council, and the greater part were in favor of making for Carlisle in the morning, to rejoin their countrymen. But the Earl of Douglas would not hear of this; Henry Percy had said that he would challenge his pennon; they would stay two or three days more and assault the castle, and see if Percy would be as good as his word. So the Scots encamped at their ease, making themselves huts of trees, and availing themselves of the marshes to fortify their position. At the entrance of the

marshes, which was on the Newcastle road, they put their servants and foragers, and they drove their cattle into the bogs.

Henry Percy was greatly vexed and mortified at the loss of his pennon, and in the evening he represented to the knights and squires of Northumberland how much it concerned his honor to make good what he had said to Douglas, that the pennon should never be carried out of England. But these gentlemen were all convinced that Douglas was backed by the whole power of Scotland, of which they had seen only the van, by forty thousand men who could handle them at their will; at any rate, it was better to lose a pennon than two or three hundred knights and squires, and expose the country to risk. As for the loss of the pennon, it was one of the chances of arms; Douglas had won it handsomely; another time Percy would get as much from him, or more.\* To this the Percys were fain to yield. Later there came scouts with information that Douglas was encamped at Otterburn, that the main army was not acting in conjunction with him, and that his forces, all told, did not exceed three thousand. Henry Percy was overjoyed at the news, and cried, To horse! by the faith I owe to God and my father, I will go seek my pennon, and the Scots shall be ousted before this night is over. The evening of that same day the Bishop of Durham was expected to arrive with a great many men, but Henry Percy would not wait. Six hundred lances and eight thousand foot were enough, he said, to serve the Scots, who had but three hundred lances and two thousand other folk. The English set forth as soon as they could get together, by the road which the Scots had taken, but were not able to move very fast by reason of their infantry.

Some of the Scots knights were supping, and more were asleep (for they had had hard work at the assault on the tower, and were meaning to be up betimes to renew the attack), when the English were upon the camp, crying, Percy! Percy! There was naturally

\* A consolation as old as wise. So Paris, for himself: *νίκη δ' ἐπαίεβεται ἄνδρας*, Iliad, vi, 339.

great alarm. The English made their attack at that part of the camp where, as before said, the servants and foragers were lodged. This was, however, strong, and the knights sent some of their men to hold it while they themselves were arming. Then the Scots formed, each under his own earl and captain. It was night, but the weather was fair and the moon shining. The Scots did not go straight for the English, but took their way along by the marshes and by a hill, according to a plan which they had previously arranged against the case that their camp should be attacked. The English made short work with the underlings, but, as they advanced, always found fresh people to keep up a skirmish. And now the Scots, having executed a flank movement, fell upon their assailants in a mass, from a quarter where nothing was looked for, shouting their battle-cries with one voice. The English were astounded, but closed up, and gave them Percy! for Douglas! Then began a fell battle. The English, being in excess and eager to win, beat back the Scots, who were at the point of being worsted. James Douglas, who was young, strong, and keen for glory, sent his banner to the front, with the cry, Douglas! Douglas! Henry and Ralph Percy, indignant against the earl for the loss of the pennon, turned in the direction of the cry, responding, Percy! Knights and squires had no thought but to fight as long as spears and axes would hold out. It was a hand-to-hand fight; the parties were so close together that the archers of neither could operate; neither side budged, but both stood firm. The Scots showed extraordinary valor, for the English were three to one; but be this said without disparagement of the English, who have always done their duty.

As has been said, the English were so strong that they were forcing their foes back, and this James Douglas saw. To regain the ground, he took a two-handed axe, plunged into the thickest, and opened a path before him; for there was none so well armed in helmet or plate as not to fear his strokes. So he made his way till he was hit by three spears, all at once, one in the shoulder, an-

other in the chest, another in the thigh, and borne to the ground. The English did not know that it was Earl Douglas that had fallen; they would have been so much elated that the day would have been theirs. Neither did the Scots; if they had, they would have given up in despair. Douglas could not raise himself from the ground, for he was wounded to the death. The crush about him was great, but his people had kept as close to him as they could. His cousin, Sir James Lindsay, reached the spot where he was lying, and with Lindsay Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, and other knights and squires. Near him, and severely wounded, they found his chaplain, William of North Berwick, who had kept up with his master the whole night, axe in hand; also Sir Robert Hart, with five wounds from lances and other weapons. Sir John Sinclair asked the earl, Cousin, how fares it with you? 'Indifferently,' said the earl; 'praised be God, few of my ancestors have died in their beds. Avenge me, for I count myself dead. Walter and John Sinclair, up with my banner, and cry, Douglas! and let neither friend nor foe know of my state.' The two Sinclairs and Sir John Lindsay did as they were bidden, raised the banner, and shouted, Douglas! They were far to the front, but others, who were behind, hearing the shout loudly repeated, charged the English with such valor as to drive them beyond the place where Douglas now lay dead, and came up with the banner which Sir John Lindsay was bearing, begirt and supported by good Scots knights and squires. The Earl of Murray came up too, and the Earl of March and Dunbar as well, and they all, as it were, took new life when they saw that they were together and that the English were giving ground. Once more was the combat renewed. The English had the disadvantage of the fatigue of a rapid march from Newcastle, by reason whereof their will was better than their wind, whereas the Scots were fresh; and the effects appeared in this last charge, in which the Scots drove the English so far back that they could not recover their lost ground. Sir Ralph Percy had already been taken prisoner. Like Doug-

las, he had advanced so far as to be surrounded, and being so badly wounded that his hose and boots were full of blood, he surrendered to Sir John Maxwell. Henry Percy, after a valorous fight with the Lord Montgomery, became prisoner to the Scottish knight.

It was a hard battle and well fought, but such are the turns of fortune that, although the English were the greater number, and all bold men and practised in arms, and although they attacked the enemy valiantly, and at first drove them back a good distance, the Scots in the end won the day. The losses of the English were put by their antagonists at 1040 prisoners, 1860 killed in the fight and the pursuit, and more than 1000 wounded; those of the Scots were about 100 killed and 200 captured.\* The Scots retired without molestation, taking the way to Melrose Abbey, where they caused the Earl of Douglas to be interred, and his obsequies to be reverently performed. Over his body a tomb of stone was built, and above this was raised the earl's banner.

Such is the story of the battle of Otterburn, fought on Wednesday, the 19th day of August,† in the year of grace 1388, as related by Froissart (with animated tributes to the hardihood and generosity of both parties) upon the authority of knights and squires

actually present, both English and Scots, and also French.

Wyntoun, ix, 840–54, 900f (Laing, III, 36f) says that the alarm was given the Scots by a young man that came right fast riding (cf. A 20, 21, B 4, C 17), and that many of the Scots were able to arm but imperfectly; among these Earl James, who was occupied with getting his men into order and was "reckless of his arming," and the Earl of Murray, who forgot his basnet (cf. C 20). Earl James was slain no man knew in what way. Bower, *Scotichronicon*, II, 405, agrees with Wyntoun. English chroniclers, Knyghton, col. 2728, Walsingham (Riley, II, 176 f), Malverne, the continuator of Higden (*Polychronicon*, Lumby, IX, 185), assert that Percy killed Douglas with his own hand, Knyghton adding that Percy also wounded the Earl of Murray to the point of death.

That a Scots ballad of Otterburn was popular in the sixteenth century appears from *The Complaynte of Scotlande*, 1549, where a line is cited, *The Perssee and the Mongumrye met*, p. 65, ed. Murray: cf. B 9<sup>i</sup>, C 30<sup>i</sup>.§ In the following century Hume of Godscroft writes: || *The Scots song made of Otterburn telleth the time, about Lammasse, and the occasion, to take preyes out of England; also the dividing of the armies betwixt the Earles of Fife and Douglas, and their severall journeys,*

\* Buchanan has these numbers, with the exception of 1840, for 1860, killed: ed. 1582, fol. 101. "That there was a memorable slaughter in this affair, a slaughter far beyond the usual proportion to the numbers engaged, cannot be doubted; nor was there ever bloodshed more useless for the practical ends of war. It all came of the capture of the Percy's pennon. The Scots might have got clear off with all their booty; the English forgot all the precautions of war when they made a midnight rush on a fortified camp without knowledge of the ground or the arrangements of their enemy. It was for these specialties that Froissart admired it so. He saw in it a fight for fighting's sake, a great passage at arms in which no bow was drawn, but each man fought hand to hand; in fact, about the greatest and bloodiest tournament he had to record. Hence his narrative is ever interrupted with bursts of admiration as his fancy contemplates the delightful scene raised before it." Burton, *History of Scotland*, II, 364, ed. 1873 (who, perhaps by an error of the press, makes the losses of the English in killed eight hundred and forty, in place of Buchanan's eighteen hundred and forty).

† Bower and Barry say St Oswald's day, Wednesday, the 5th, *Scotichronicon*, II, 405, 407; Knyghton also; the con-

tinuator of Higden's *Polychronicon*, August 12, Wednesday. The ballad, A 18<sup>i</sup>, gives the day as Wednesday. There was a full moon August 20, which makes the 19th of itself far more probable, and Froissart says the moon was shining. See White, *Battle of Otterburn*, p. 133.

‡ Walsingham writes in the vein of Froissart: "Erat ibidem cernere pulchrum spectaculum, duos tam preclaros juvenes manus conserere et pro gloria decertare." Walsingham says that the English were few. Malverne puts the Scots at 30,000, and here, as in the ballad A 35, the cronycle does not layne (indeed, the ballad is all but accurate), if the main body of the Scots be included, which was at first supposed to be supporting Douglas.

§ "The perssee and the mongumrye met, that day, that gentil day," which I suppose to be either a different reading from any that has come down, or a blending of a line from Otterburn with one from *The Hunting of the Cheviot*, A 24<sup>i</sup>; indicating in either case the present ballad only, for *The Huntis of Cheuet* had been cited before. Furnivall holds that the second line means another ballad: Captain Cox, p. clxx.

|| *The History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*, 1644, p. 104.

almost as in the authentick history. It be-  
ginneth thus :

It fell about the Lammas tide,  
When yeomen wonne their hay,  
The doughtie Douglas gan to ride,  
In England to take a prey.

Motherwell maintains that the ballad which passes as English is the Scots song altered to please the other party. His argument, however, is far from conclusive. "That The Battle of Otterbourne was thus dealt with by an English transcriber appears obvious, for it studiously omits dilating on Percy's capture, while it accurately details his combat with Douglas;" that is to say, the ballad as we have it is just what a real English ballad would have been, both as to what it enlarges on and what it slights. "Whereas it would appear that in the genuine Scottish version the capture of Percy formed a prominent incident, seeing it is the one by which the author of The Complaynt refers to the ballad [The Perssee and the Mongumrye met]:" from which Motherwell was at liberty to deduce that B and C represent the genuine Scottish version, several stanzas being given to the capture of Percy in these; but this he would not care to do, on account of the great inferiority of these forms. A Scotsman could alter an English ballad "to suit political feeling and flatter national vanity," as Motherwell says the Scots *did* with Chevy Chase. (See further on, p. 303.) There is no reason to doubt that a Scots ballad of Otterburn once existed, much better than the two inferior, and partly suspicious, things which were printed by Herd and Scott, and none to doubt that an English minstrel would deal freely with any Scots ballad which he could turn to his purpose; but then there is no evidence, positive or probable, that this particular ballad was "adapted" from the Scots song made of Otterburn; rather are we to infer that the few verses of B and C which repeat or resemble the text of A were bor-

rowed from A, and, as likely as not, Hume's first stanza too.\*

A, in the shape in which it has come down to us, must have a date long subsequent to the battle, as the grammatical forms show; still, what interested the borderers a hundred years or more after the event must have interested people of the time still more, and it would be against the nature of things that there should not have been a ballad as early as 1400. The ballad we have is likely to have been modernized from such a predecessor, but I am not aware that there is anything in the text to confirm such a supposition, unless one be pleased to make much of the Wednesday of the eighteenth stanza. The concluding stanza implies that Percy is dead, and he was killed at Shrewsbury, in 1403.

A. 3. Hoppertope hyll, says Percy, is a corruption for Ottercap Hill (now Ottercaps Hill) in the parish of Kirk Whelpington, Tynedale Ward, Northumberland. Rodclyffe Cragge (now Rothley Craggs) is a cliff near Rodeley, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpeth Ward, south-east of Ottercap; and Green Leyton, corruptly Green Lynton, is another small village, south-east of Rodeley, in the same parish. Reliques, 1794, I, 22.

8. Henry Percy seems to have been in his twenty-third year. As for his having been a march-man "all his days," he is said to have begun fighting ten years before, in 1378, and to have been appointed Governor of Berwick and Warden of the Marches in 1385: White, History of the Battle of Otterburn, p. 67 f. Walsingham calls both Percy and Douglas young men, and Froissart speaks at least twice of Douglas as young. Fraser, The Douglas Book, 1885, I, 292, says that Douglas was probably born in 1358. White, as above, p. 91, would make him somewhat older.

17. The chivalrous trait in this stanza, and that in the characteristic passage 36-44, are peculiar to this transcendently heroic ballad.

26, 27. The earldom of Menteith at the time of this battle, says Percy, following Douglas's Peerage, was possessed by Robert

\* For Motherwell's views, see his Minstrelsy, li, lii, and lxxi, note 30.

Stewart, Earl of Fife, third son of King Robert II; but the Earl of Fife was in command of the main body and not present. (As Douglas married a daughter of King Robert II, the Earl of Fife was not his uncle, but his brother-in-law.) The mention of Huntley, says Percy, shows that the ballad was not composed before 1449; for in that year Alexander, Lord of Gordon and Huntley, was created Earl of Huntley by King James II. The Earl of Buchan at that time was Alexander Stewart, fourth son of the king. *Reliques*, 1794, I, 36.

35<sup>2</sup>. 'The cronikle will not layne.' So in 'The Rose of England,' No 166, st. 224, 'The cronickles of this will not lye,' and also 17<sup>2</sup>; and in 'Flodden Field,' appendix, p. 360, st. 121<sup>4</sup>.

43, 49. It will be remembered that the archers had no part in this fight.

45, 46. "The ancient arms of Douglas are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza, and if the readings were, The crowned harte, and, Above stode starres thre, it would be minutely exact at this day. As for the Percy family, one of their ancient badges or cognizances was a white lyon statant, and the silver crescent continues to be used by them to this day. They also give three luces argent for one of their quarters." Percy, as above, p. 30.

48. So far as I know, St George does not appear as Our Lady's knight in any legendary, though he is so denominated or described elsewhere in popular tradition. So in the spell for night-mare, which would naturally be of considerable antiquity,

S. George, S. George, Our Ladies knight,  
He walkt by day, so did he by night, etc.:

Reginald Scot, *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, as reprinted by Nicholson, p. 68, ed. 1665, p. 48; and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, iv. 6, Dyce, VII, 388. In Nicholas Udall's

\* B 20. Ingen iomfru maa ieg loffue,  
luerchen lönlig eller aaben-bahre;  
det laffuer ieg iomfru Maria loffuet  
hindis tienere skall ieg verre.

† The burden is 'O kiennicheinn Maria' in the first, 'Hilf Maria' in the second; in both George declines the king's

'Roister Doister,' known to be as old as 1551, Matthew Merrygreek exclaims, "What then? saint George to borow, Our Ladie's knight!" Ed. W. D. Cooper, p. 77, Shakespeare Society, 1847. The Danish ballad of St George, 'St Jørgen og Dragen,' *Grundtvig*, No 103, II, 559 ff, the oldest version of which is from a 16th century MS., begins, "Knight St George, thou art my man" (*svend*); and in the second version, George, declining the princess whom he has rescued, says he has vowed to Mary to be her servant.\* In the corresponding Swedish ballad, of the same age as the Danish, George is called Mary's knight (Maria honom riddare gjorde, st. 2): Geijer and Afzelius, ed. Bergström, II, 402. This is also his relation in German ballads: Meinert, p. 254; Diefurth, I, 55, No 68.†

B. 1, 9, 14 nearly resemble A 1, 50, 68, and must have the same origin. In B 9 Douglas is changed to Montgomery; in 14 Douglas is wrongly said to have been buried on the field, instead of at Melrose Abbey, where his tomb is still to be seen.

7 is founded upon a tradition reported by Hume of Godscroft: "There are that say that he was not slain by the enemy, but by one of his owne men, a groome of his chamber, whom he had struck the day before with a truncheon in the ordering of the battell, because hee saw him make somewhat slowly to; and they name this man John Biekerton of Luffenesse, who left a part of his armour behinde unfastned, and when hee was in the greatest conflict, this servant of his came behinde his back and slew him thereat." Ed. 1644, p. 105.

11. The summons to surrender to a braken-bush is not in the style of fighting-men or fighting-days, and would justify Hotspur's contempt of metre-ballad-mongers.

12, 13. B agrees with Froissart in making a Montgomery to be the captor of Henry Percy, whereas A represents that Montgom-

daughter, and orders a church to be built 'mit Mariabeild,' or to himself and Mary. This, and perhaps the hint for St George's addiction to Mary altogether, is from the Golden Legend, where the king "in honorem beatæ Mariæ et beatæ Georgii ecclesiam miræ magnitudinis construxit": Grässe, p. 261.

ery was taken prisoner and exchanged for Percy. In *The Hunting of the Cheviot* Sir Hugh Montgomery kills Percy, and in return is shot by a Northumberland archer.

C. Scott does not give a distinct account of this version. He says that he had obtained two copies, since the publication of the earlier edition, "from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest, by which the story is brought out and completed in a manner much more correspondent to the true history." C is, in fact, a combination of four copies; the two from Ettrick Forest, B a, and the MS. copy used in B b to "correct" Herd.

8, it scarcely requires to be said, is spurious, modern in diction and in conception.

19. Perhaps derived from Hume of Godscroft rather than from tradition. When Douglas was dying, according to this historian,\* he made these last requests of certain of his kinsmen: "First, that yee keep my death close both from our owne folke and from the enemy; then, that ye suffer not my standard to be lost or cast downe; and last, that ye avenge my death, and bury me at Melrosse

with my father. If I could hope for these things," he added, "I should die with the greater contentment; for long since I heard a prophesie that a dead man should winne a field, and I hope in God it shall be I." Ed. 1614, p. 100.

22 must be derived from the English version. As the excellent editor of *The Ballad Minstrelsy of Scotland*, Glasgow, 1871, remarks, "no Scottish minstrel would ever have dreamt of inventing such a termination to the combat between these two redoubted heroes . . . as much at variance with history as it is repulsive to national feeling:" p. 431.

Genealogical matters, in this and the following ballad, are treated, not always to complete satisfaction, in Bishop Percy's notes, *Reliques*, 1794, I, 34 ff; Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1833, I, 351, 363 ff; White's *History of the Battle of Otterburn*, p. 67 ff; *The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire*, I, 66 f.

A is translated by Doenniges, p. 87; C by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, No 12, p. 74, and by Talvj, *Charakteristik*, p. 537.

## A

- a. Cotton MS. Cleopatra, C. iv, leaf 64, of about 1550.  
b. Harleian MS. 293, leaf 52.

1 Yt fell abowght the Lamasse tyde,  
Whan husbondes wynnes ther haye,  
The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym to ryde,  
In Ynglound to take a praye.

2 The yerlle of Fyffe, wyt/howghten stryffe,  
He bowynd hym over Sulway;  
The grete wolde ever to-gether ryde;  
That rayse they may rewe for aye.

3 Over Hoppertope hyll they cam in,  
And so down by Rodelyffe erage:  
Vpon Grene Lynton they lyghted downy,  
Styrande many a stage.

4 And boldly brente Northomberlond,  
And haryed many a towyn;  
They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,  
To batell that were not bowyn.

5 Than spake a berne vpon the bent,  
Of comforte that was not colde,  
And sayd, We hane brente Northomber-  
lond,  
We hane all welth in holde.

6 Now we hane haryed all Bamborowe schyre,  
All the welth in the worlde hane wee,  
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,  
So stylly and stalworthlye.

7 Vpon the morowe, when it was day,  
The standerds schone full bryght;

\* Following in part Buchanan, who, however, says nothing of Melrose, or of the prophecy, which is the point here. Illa vero a vobis postrema peto: primum, vt mortem meam et nostros et hostes coletis; deinde, ne vexillum meum de-

jectum sinatis; demum, vt meam eadem vleiscamini. Hæc si sperem ita fore, cætera aequo animo feram. Fol. 101, ed. 1582.

- To the Newe Castell the toke the waye,  
And thether they cam full ryght.
- 8 *Syr* Henry Perssy laye at the New Castell,  
I tell yow *wythow*ten drede;  
He had lyn a march-man all hys dayes,  
And kepte Barwyke vpon Twede.
- 9 To the Newe Castell when they cam,  
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,  
'*Syr* Hary Perssy, and thou hyste *within*,  
Com to the fylde, and fyght.
- 10 'For we haue brente Northomberlonde,  
Thy erytage good and ryght,  
And syne my lozeyng I haue take  
*Wyth* my brande dublyd many a knyght.'
- 11 *Syr* Harry Perssy cam to the walles,  
The Skottysch oste for to se,  
And sayd, And thou hast brente Northomber-  
lond,  
Full sore it rewyth me.
- 12 Yf thou hast haryed all Bamborowe schyre,  
Thow hast done me grete enyve;  
For the trespasse thow hast me done,  
The tone of vs schall dye.
- 13 'Where schall I byde the?' sayd the Dowglas,  
'Or where wylte thow com to me?'  
'At Otterborne, in the hygh way,  
[T]her mast thow well lopeed be.
- 14 '[T]he roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,  
[T]o make the game a[nd] glee;  
[T]he fawken and the fesaunt both,  
Among the holtes on hie.
- 15 'Ther mast thow haue thy welth at wyll,  
Well looged ther mast be;  
Yt schall not be long or I com the tyll,'  
Sayd *Syr* Harry Perssy.
- 16 'Ther schall I byde the,' sayd the Dowglas,  
'By the fayth of my bodye:'  
'Thether schall I com,' sayd *Syr* Harry Perssy,  
'My trowth I plyght to the.'
- 17 A pype of wyne he gaue them over the walles,  
For soth as I yow saye;  
Ther he mayd the Dowglasse drynke,  
And all hys ost that daye.
- 18 The Dowglas turnyd hym homeward agayne,  
For soth *withow*ghten naye;  
He toke hys lozeyng at Oterborne,  
Vpon a Wedynsday.
- 19 And ther he pyght hys standerd downyn,  
Hys gettyng more and lesse,  
And syne he warnyd hys men to goo  
To chose ther geldynges gresse.
- 20 A Skottyshe knyght hoked vpon the bent,  
A wache I dare well saye;  
So was he ware on the noble Perssy,  
In the dawning of the daye.
- 21 He prycked to hys pavyleon-dore,  
As faste as he myght ronue;  
'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
'For hys love that syttes in trone.
- 22 'Awaken, Dowglas,' cryed the knyght,  
'For thow maste waken *wyth* wyne;  
Yender haue I spyed the prowde Perssy,  
And seven standardes *wyth* hym.'
- 23 'Nay by my trowth,' the Dowglas sayed,  
'It ys but a fayned taylle;  
He durst not loke on my brede banner  
For all Ynglonde so haylle.
- 24 'Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,  
That stonde so fayre on Tyne?  
For all the men the Perssy had,  
He coude not garre me ones to dyne.'
- 25 He stepped owt at his pavelyon-dore,  
To loke and it were lesse:  
'Araye yow, lordynges, one and all,  
For here bygynnes no peysse.
- 26 'The yerle of Mentaye, thow arte my eme,  
The fowarde I gyve to the:  
The yerlle of Huntlay, cawte and kene,  
He schall be *wyth* the.
- 27 'The lorde of Bowghan, in armure bryght,  
On the other hand he schall be;  
Lord Jhonstoune and Lorde Maxwell,  
They to schall be *wyth* me.
- 28 'Swynton, fayre fylde vpon your pryde!  
To batell make yow bowen



- Syr Davy Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,  
Syr Jhon of Agurstone !*
- 29 The Perssy cam byfore hys oste,  
Wyth was ever a gentyll knyght;  
Vpon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,  
‘I wyll holde that I haue hyght.
- 30 ‘For thou haste brente Northomberlonde,  
And done me grete envye;  
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,  
The tone of vs schall dye.’
- 31 The Dowglas answerde hym agayne,  
Wyth grett wurdes vpon hye,  
And sayd, I haue twenty agaynst thy one,  
Byholde, and thou maste see.
- 32 Wyth that the Perssy was grevyd sore,  
For soth as I yow saye;  
He lyghted down vpon his foote,  
And schoote hys horsse clene awaye.
- 33 Euery man sawe that he dyd soo,  
That ryall was euer in rowght;  
Euery man schoote hys horsse hym froo,  
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.
- 34 Thus *Syr Hary Perssye* toke the fylde,  
For soth as I yow saye;  
Jhesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght  
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.
- 35 But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo,  
The cronykle wyll not layne;  
Forty thowsande of Skottes and fowre  
That day fowght them agayne.
- 36 But when the batell byganne to ioynе,  
In bast ther cam a knyght;  
The letters fayre furth hath he tayne,  
And thus he sayd full ryght:
- 37 ‘My lorde your father he gretes yow well,  
Wyth many a noble knyght;  
He desyres yow to byde  
That he may see thys fyght.
- 38 ‘The Baron of Grastoke ys com out of the  
west,  
Wyth hym a noble companye;  
All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,  
And the batell fayne wolde they see.’
- 39 ‘For Jhesus love,’ sayd Syr Hary Perssy,  
‘That dyed for yow and me,  
Wende to my lorde my father agayne,  
And saye thow sawe me not wyth yee.
- 40 ‘My growth ys plyght to yonne Skottysch  
knyght,  
It nedes me not to layne,  
That I schulde byde hym vpon thys bent,  
And I haue hys growth agayne.
- 41 ‘And if that I w[e]lynde of thys growende,  
For soth, onfowghten awaye,  
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght  
In hys londe another daye.
- 42 ‘Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,  
By Mary, that mykkel maye,  
Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd  
Wyth a Skotte another day.
- 43 ‘Wherefore schote, archars, for my sake,  
And let scharpe arowes flee;  
Mynstrells, playe vp for your waryson,  
And well quyt it schall bee.
- 44 ‘Euery man thynke on hys trewe-love,  
And marke hym to the Trenite;  
For to God I make myne awowe  
Thys day wyll I not flee.’
- 45 The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,  
Hys standerde stode on hye,  
That euery man myght full well knowe;  
By syde stode starres thre.
- 46 The whyte lyon on the Ynglyssh perte,  
For soth as I yow sayne,  
The lucettes and the cressawntes both;  
The Skottes favght them agayne.
- 47 Vpon Sent Androwe lowde can they crye,  
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,  
And syne merked them one owr Ynglysshe men,  
As I haue tolde yow ryght.
- 48 Sent George the bryght, owr ladies knyght,  
To name they were full fayne;  
Owr Ynglyssh men they cryde on hyght,  
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.
- 49 Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee,  
I tell yow in sertayne;

- Men of armes byganne to joyne,  
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.
- 50 The Perssy and the Dowglas mette,  
That ether of other was fayne;  
They swapped together whyll that the swette,  
Wyth swordes of fyne collayne :
- 51 Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnettes ranne,  
As the roke doth in the rayne;  
'Yelde the to me,' sayd the Dowglas,  
'Or elles thow schalt be slayne.
- 52 'For I see by thy bryght bassonet,  
Thow arte sum man of myght;  
And so I do by thy burnysshed brande;  
Thow arte an yerle, or elles a knyght.'
- 53 'By my good faythe,' sayd the noble Perssy,  
'Now haste thow rede full ryght;  
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,  
Whyll I may stonde and fyght.'
- 54 They swapped together whyll that they swette,  
Wyth swordes scharpe and long;  
Yeh on other so faste thee beette,  
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses down.
- 55 The Perssy was a man of strength,  
I tell yow in this stounde;  
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length  
That he felle to the growynde.
- 56 The sworde was scharpe, and sore can byte,  
I tell yow in sertayne;  
To the harte he cowde hym smyte,  
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.
- 57 The stonderdes stode styll on eke a syde,  
Wyth many a grevous grone;  
Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,  
And many a dowghty man was slayne.
- 58 Ther was no freke that ther wolde flye,  
But styffely in stowre can stond,  
Yehone hewing on other whyll they myght  
drye,  
Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.
- 59 Ther was slayne vpon the Skottis syde,  
For soth and sertenly,  
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,  
That day that he cowde dye.
- 60 The yerle of Mentaye he was slayne,  
Gryssely groned vpon the growynd;  
Syr Davy Skotte, Syr Water Stewarde,  
Syr Jhon of Agurstoune.
- 61 Syr Charlles Morrey in that place,  
That never a fote wold flee;  
Syr Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,  
Wyth the Dowglas dyd he dye.
- 62 Ther was slayne vpon the Skottis syde,  
For soth as I yow saye,  
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scottes  
Went but eghtene awaye.
- 63 Ther was slayne vpon the Ynglysshe syde,  
For soth and sertenlye,  
A gentell knyght, Syr Jhon Fehewe,  
Yt was the more pety.
- 64 Syr James Hardbotell ther was slayne,  
For hym ther hartes were sore;  
The gentyll Lovell ther was slayne,  
That the Perssys standerd bore.
- 65 Ther was slayne vpon the Ynglyssh perte,  
For soth as I yow saye,  
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men  
Fyve hondert cam awaye.
- 66 The other were slayne in the fylde;  
Cryste kepe ther sowles from wo!  
Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes  
Agaynst so many a foo.
- 67 Then on the morne they mayde them beerys  
Of byrch and haysell graye;  
Many a wydowe, wyth wepyng teyres,  
Ther makes they fette awaye.
- 68 Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,  
Bytwene the nyght and the day;  
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyffe,  
And the Perssy was lede awaye.
- 69 Then was ther a Scottyish prisoner tayne,  
Syr Hewe Montgomery was hys name;  
For soth as I yow saye,  
He borrowed the Perssy home agayne.
- 70 Now let vs all for the Perssy praye  
To Jhesu most of myght,  
To bryng hys sowle to the blyse of heven,  
For he was a gentyll knyght.

## B

a. Herd's MS., I, 149, II, 30; Herd's Scottish Songs, 1776, I, 153. b. Scott's Minstrelsy, I, 31, 1802, "corrected" from Herd, 1776, "by a MS. copy."

- 1 It fell and about the Lammas time,  
When husbandmen do win their hay,  
Earl Douglass is to the English woods,  
And a' with him to fetch a prey.
- 2 He has chosen the Lindsays light,  
With them the gallant Gordons gay,  
And the Earl of Fyfe, withouten strife,  
And Sir Hugh Montgomery upon a grey.
- 3 They have taken Northumberland,  
And sae hae they the north shire,  
And the Otter Dale, they hae burnt it hale,  
And set it a' into fire.
- 4 Out then spake a bouny boy,  
That servd ane o Earl Douglass kin;  
Methinks I see an English host,  
A-coming branken us upon.
- 5 'If this be true, my little boy,  
And it be troth that thou tells me,  
The bravest bower in Otterburn  
This day shall be thy morning-fee.
- 6 'But if it be fase, my little boy,  
But and a lie that thou tells me,  
On the highest tree that's in Otterburn  
With my ain hands I'll hing thee high.'
- 7 The boy's taen out his little penknife,  
That hanget low down by his gare,

And he gaed Earl Douglass a deadly wound,  
Alack! a deep wound and a sare.

- 8 Earl Douglas said to Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
Take thou the vanguard o the three,  
And bury me at yon braken-bush,  
That stands upon yon lilly lee.
- 9 Then Percy and Montgomery met,  
And weel a wot they warn a fain;  
They swaped swords, and they twa swat,  
And ay the blood ran down between.
- 10 'O yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,  
'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low';  
'Whom to shall I yield,' said Earl Percy,  
'Now that I see it maun be so?'
- 11 'O yield thee to yon braken-bush,  
That grows upon yon lilly lee;  
. . . . .
- 12 'I winna yield to a braken-bush,  
Nor yet will I unto a brier;  
But I would yield to Earl Douglass,  
Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he was here.'
- 13 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
He stuck his sword's point in the ground,  
And Sir Hugh Montgomery was a courteous  
knight,  
And he quickly broght him by the hand.
- 14 This deed was done at Otterburn,  
About the breaking of the day;  
Earl Douglass was buried at the braken-bush,  
And Percy led captive away.

## C

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1833, I, 345. B completed by two copies "obtained from the recitation of old persons residing at the head of Ettrick Forest."

- 1 It fell about the Lammas tide,  
When the muir-men win their hay,  
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride  
Into England, to drive a prey.
- 2 He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,  
With them the Lindesays, light and gay;

But the Jardines wald not with him ride,  
And they rue it to this day.

- 3 And he has burnd the dales of Tyne,  
And part of Bambrough shire,  
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,  
He left them all on fire.
- 4 And he marchd up to Newcastle,  
And rode it round about:  
'O wha's the lord of this castle?  
Or wha's the lady o't?'

- 5 But up spake prond Lord Percy then,  
And O but he spake hie!  
I am the lord of this castle,  
My wife's the lady gay.
- 6 'If thou'rt the lord of this castle,  
Sae weel it pleases me,  
For, ere I cross the Border fells,  
The tane of us shall die.'
- 7 He took a lang spear in his hand,  
Shod with the metal free,  
And for to meet the Douglas there  
He rode right furiously.
- 8 But O how pale his lady lookd,  
Frae aff the castle-wa,  
When down before the Scottish spear  
She saw prond Percy fa.
- 9 'Had we twa been upon the green,  
And never an eye to see,  
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;  
But your sword sall gae wi me.'
- 10 'But gae ye up to Otterbourne,  
And, wait there dayis three,  
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,  
A fause knight ca ye me.'
- 11 'The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;  
'Tis pleasant there to be;  
But there is nought at Otterbourne  
To feed my men and me.
- 12 'The deer rins wild on hill and dale,  
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;  
But there is neither bread nor kale  
To fend my men and me.
- 13 'Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,  
Where you shall welcome be;  
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,  
A fause lord I'll ca thee.'
- 14 'Thither will I come,' prond Percy said,  
'By the might of Our Ladye;'  
'There will I bide thee,' said the Douglas,  
'My troth I plight to thee.'
- 15 They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
Upon the bent sae brown;  
They lighted high on Otterbourne,  
And threw their pallions down.
- 16 And he that had a bonnie boy,  
Sent out his horse to grass;  
And he that had not a bonnie boy,  
His ain servant he was.
- 17 But up then spake a little page,  
Before the peep of dawn:  
'O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,  
For Percy's hard at hand.'
- 18 'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!  
Sae loud I hear ye lie:  
For Percy had not men yestreen  
To dight my men and me.
- 19 'But I have dreamd a dreary dream,  
Beyond the Isle of Sky;  
I saw a dead man win a fight,  
And I think that man was I.'
- 20 He belted on his guid braid sword,  
And to the field he ran,  
But he forgot the helmet good,  
That should have kept his brain.
- 21 When Percy wi the Douglas met,  
I wat he was fu fain;  
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,  
And the blood ran down like rain.
- 22 But Percy with his good broad sword,  
That could so sharply wound,  
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,  
Till he fell to the ground.
- 23 Then he calld on his little foot-page,  
And said, Run speedilie,  
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,  
Sir Hugh Montgomery.
- 24 'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,  
'What recks the death of ane!  
Last night I dreamd a dreary dream,  
And I ken the day's thy ain.
- 25 'My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;  
Take thou the vanguard of the three,  
And hide me by the braken-bush,  
That grows on yonder lily lee.
- 26 'O bury me by the braken-bush,  
Beneath the blooming brier;  
Let never living mortal ken  
That ere a kindly Scot lies here.'

27 He lifted up that noble lord,  
Wi the saut tear in his ee ;  
He hid him in the braken-bush,  
That his merrie men might not see.

28 The moon was clear, the day drew near,  
The spears in flinders flew,  
But mony a gallant Englishman  
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

29 The Gordons good, in English blood  
They steepd their hose and shoon ;  
The Lindsays flew like fire about,  
Till all the fray was done.

30 The Percy and Montgomery met,  
That either of other were fain ;  
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,  
And aye the blood ran down between.

31 ' Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy,' he said,  
' Or else I vow I 'll lay thee low ! '

' To whom must I yield,' quoth Earl Percy,  
' Now that I see it must be so ? '

32 ' Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,  
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me ;  
But yield thee to the braken-bush,  
That grows upon yon lilye lee.'

33 ' I will not yield to a braken-bush,  
Nor yet will I yield to a brier ;  
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,  
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were  
here.'

34 As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,  
He struck his sword's point in the gronde ;  
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,  
And quickly took him by the honde.

35 This deed was done at the Otterbourne,  
About the breaking of the day ;  
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken-bush,  
And the Percy led captive away.

## D

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I, xviii f ; from recitation.

1 THEN out an spak a little wee boy,  
And he was near o Percy's kin :  
Methinks I see the English host  
A coming branking us upon.

## E

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. lxxi, note 30 ; from a recited copy.

' O YIELD thee to yon braken-bush,  
That grows upon yon lilly lie ;

2 Wi nine waggons scaling wide,  
And seven banners bearing high ;  
It wad do any living gude  
To see their bonny colours fly.

For there lies aneth yon braken-bush  
What aft has conquered mae than thee.'

A. a. 3<sup>d</sup>. many a styrande.

"The reading of the MS. is, I suspect, right; for stage, or staig, in Scotland means a young horse unshorn of its masculine attributes, and the obvious intention of the poet is merely to describe that the Scottish alighted from many a prancing steed, in order to prepare for action." *Motherwell, Minstrelsy, p. lxxi, note 30,*

*who would read accordingly, [Off] many a styrande stage. The fourth line, as amended by Motherwell, would be a superfluity, whereas Percy's reading, here adopted, adds a pleasing incident, the rousing of the deer as the troopers passed their haunts.*

20<sup>1</sup>. beste, corrected to bent.

22<sup>1</sup>. repeated at the top of fol. 65 back.

- 31<sup>a</sup>. the one; b, thy one. 34<sup>a</sup>. soth soth.  
 41<sup>a</sup>. b, weynde. 46<sup>a</sup>. cressawittes.  
 50<sup>a</sup>. schapped: cf. 54<sup>a</sup>.  
 60<sup>a</sup>. Syr James: cf. 28<sup>a</sup>. 64<sup>a</sup>. Covell.  
*Crossed final ll, in all, styll, Castell, schall, well, etc., has not been rendered lle.*
- b. A Songe made in R. 2. his tyme of the Battelle at Otterburne betweene the Lord Henry Percy, Earle of Northomberland, and the Earle Douglas of Scotland, An<sup>o</sup> 1388.  
*Either b is a transcript of a, or both are from the same source.*
- 3<sup>a</sup>. Redclyffe. 3<sup>a</sup>. Many a stirande.  
 4<sup>a</sup>. bound. 7<sup>a</sup>. they ranne.  
 11<sup>a</sup>. S<sup>r</sup> Henry came. 13<sup>a</sup>. wille.  
 14<sup>a</sup>. game and. 15<sup>a</sup>. maiste thou.  
 15<sup>a</sup>. Henrye.  
 20<sup>a</sup>. houered vpon the beste bent.  
 24<sup>a</sup>. gare me oute to. 28<sup>a</sup>. Aguiston.  
 31<sup>a</sup>. thy one. 35<sup>a</sup>. no more. 35<sup>a</sup>. cronicles.  
 37<sup>a</sup>. abyde. 39<sup>a</sup>. w<sup>th</sup> thie eye.  
 40<sup>a</sup>. yonde Skotes. 41<sup>a</sup>. Ffor yf I weynde.  
 44<sup>a</sup>. my avowe. 46<sup>a</sup>. I wanting.  
 49<sup>a</sup>. arrowes gan vpe to.  
 50<sup>a</sup>. schapped: swatte. 51<sup>a</sup>. from the.  
 54<sup>a</sup>. swotte. 57<sup>a</sup>. stonderes; elke syde.  
 59<sup>a</sup>. a wanting. 60<sup>a</sup>. S<sup>r</sup> James.  
 63<sup>a</sup>. Ffithzughe. 64<sup>a</sup>. Harbotle.  
 64<sup>a</sup>. Covelle. 66<sup>a</sup>. a wanting.  
 67<sup>a</sup>. the morowe. 70<sup>a</sup>. Percyes.  
*A pencil note on the first leaf of b (signed F. M., Sir F. Maiden) states that it is in Ralph Starkey's hand.*
- B. a. 2<sup>a</sup>. Fuipe in my transcript of Herd, I; Fyfe in II.
- 3<sup>a</sup>. hae is omitted in II and the printed copy.  
 3<sup>a</sup>. printed into a fire.  
 5<sup>a</sup>. bravest in my transcript of Herd, I; brawest, II; printed brawest.  
 7<sup>a</sup>. The second MS. has gae; printed gae.  
 8<sup>a</sup>. bring me in my transcript of Herd, I; bury in the second MS., and so printed.  
 12<sup>a</sup>. II, into.
- b. 1<sup>a</sup>. and wanting. 2<sup>a</sup>. Hugh the.  
 3<sup>a</sup>. have harried. 3<sup>a</sup>. they Bambroshire.  
 3<sup>a</sup>. And wanting. 3<sup>a</sup>. a' in a blaze o fire.  
 5<sup>a</sup>. true, thou little foot-page.  
 5<sup>a</sup>. If this be true thou tells to me.  
 5<sup>a</sup>. This day wanting; morning's.  
 6<sup>a</sup>. thou little. 6<sup>a</sup>. lie thou tells to.  
 6<sup>a</sup>. that's wanting. 6<sup>a</sup>. hang. 7<sup>a</sup>. boy has.  
 7<sup>a</sup>. hung right low. 7<sup>a</sup>. gave Lord.  
 7<sup>a</sup>. I wot a.  
 8<sup>a</sup>. Douglas to the Montgomery said.  
 8<sup>a</sup>. me by the. 8<sup>a</sup>. that grows.  
 9<sup>a</sup>. The Percy.  
 9<sup>a</sup>. That either of other were fain.  
 10<sup>a</sup>. Yield thee, O yield. 10<sup>a</sup>. it must.
- 11 Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,  
 Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;  
 But yield thee to the braken-bush,  
 That grows upon yon lilye lee.
- 12<sup>a</sup>. I will not. 12<sup>a</sup>. I to.  
 12<sup>a</sup>. Hugh the: he were.  
 13<sup>a</sup>. And the Montgomery.  
 13<sup>a</sup>. And quickly took him. 14<sup>a</sup>. the Percy.  
 C. 34<sup>a</sup>. In one copy: As soon as he knew it was Sir Hugh.

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## THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

A. MS. Ashmole, 48, 1550 or later, Bodleian Library, in Skeat's *Specimens of English Literature*, etc., third edition, 1880, p. 67.\*

B. a. 'Chevy Chase,' Percy MS., p. 188, Hales and Furnivall, II, 7. b. Pepys Ballads, I, 92, No 45, Magdalene College, Cambridge, broadside, London, printed for M. G. c. Douce Ballads, fol. 27<sup>b</sup>, Bod-

leian Library, and Roxburghe Ballads, III, 66, British Museum, broadside, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. d. Wood Ballads, 401, 48, Bodleian Library, broadside, printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson. e. Bagford Ballads, I, No 32, British Museum, broadside, printed by and for W. Onley. f. A Scottish copy, without printer, Harvard College Library.

A was first printed by Hearne in *Guillemi Neubrigensis Historia*, I, lxxxii ff, 1719; then by Percy, *Reliques*, I, 1, 1765, with a judicious preface. The whole manuscript, in which this piece is No 8, was edited by Thomas Wright for the Roxburghe Club in 1860: *Songs and Ballads*, with other short Poems, chiefly of the Reign of Philip and Mary.

B may probably be found in any of the larger sets of broadsides. It is included in such collections as Dryden's *Miscellanies*, II, 238, 1702; *Pills to purge Melancholy*, IV, 289, 1719; *Old Ballads*, I, 111, 1723; Percy's *Reliques*, I, 235, 1765. b has many readings of a, the copy in the Percy MS. There is a second Bagford copy, II, No 37, printed like a, for W. Onley. f, the Scottish copy, is probably of a date near 1700. Like the edition printed at Glasgow, 1747, it is, in the language of Percy, "remarkable for the wilful corruptions made in all the passages which concern the two nations": *Folio Manuscript*, Hales and Furnivall, II, 1, note, and *Reliques*, 1765, I, 234. The Scots are made fifteen hundred, the English twenty, in 6, 13, 53, 54; the speeches of King James and King Henry are interchanged in 58, 60; 62, 63, are dropped.

The 'Hunttis of Chevet' is among the "sangis of natural music of the antiquite" mentioned as sung by the "shepherds" in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, a book assigned to 1549. It was an old and a popular song at the middle of the sixteenth century. The copy in the Ashmolean manuscript is subscribed *Expliceth, quod Rychard Sheale*, upon which ground Sheale has been held to be the author,† and not, as Percy and Ritson assumed, simply the transcriber, of the ballad. Sheale describes himself as a minstrel living at Tamworth, whose business was to sing and talk, or to chant ballads and tell stories. He was the author of four pieces of verse in the same manuscript, one of which is of the date 1559 (No 56). This and another piece (No 46), in which he tells how he was robbed of above three score pound, give a sufficient idea of his dialect and style and a measure of his ability. This ballad was of course part of his stock as minstrel; the supposition that he was the author is preposterous in the extreme.

The song "which is commonly sung of the Hunting of Chiviot," says Hume of Godscroft, "seemeth indeed poetically and a meer fiction, perhaps to stirre up vertue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention, neither in the Scottish nor English chronicle": p. 104. To

\* I have not resorted to the MS. in this case, for the reason that I could not expect to get a transcript which would merit the confidence which must attach to one made by the hand of Professor Skeat.

† British Bibliographer, IV, 99 f; Wright, *Songs and Ballads*, p. viii; etc.

this the general replication may be made that the ballad can scarcely be a deliberate fiction. The singer is not a critical historian, but he supposes himself to be dealing with facts; he may be partial to his countrymen, but he has no doubt that he is treating of a real event; and the singer in this particular case thought he was describing the battle of Otterburn, the Hunting of the Cheviot being indifferently so called: st. 65. The agreement to meet, in A, st. 9, corresponds with the plight in Otterburn, st. 16; 17<sup>4</sup> corresponds to Otterburn 12<sup>4</sup>, 30<sup>4</sup>; 47, 56, 57, are the same as Otterburn 58, 61, 67; 31, 32, 66, are variants of Otterburn 51, 52, 68; Douglas's summons to Percy to yield, Percy's refusal, and Douglas's death, 33<sup>1</sup>, 35-37<sup>2</sup>, may be a variation of Otterburn, 51<sup>3</sup>, 55-56; Sir John of Agarstone is slain with Percy in 52, and with Douglas in Otterburn 60; Sir Hugh Montgomery appears in both.

The differences in the story of the two ballads, though not trivial, are still not so material as to forbid us to hold that both may be founded upon the same occurrence, the Hunting of the Cheviot being of course the later version,\* and following in part its own tradition, though repeating some portions of the older ballad. According to this older ballad, Douglas invades Northumberland in an act of public war; according to the later, Percy takes the initiative, by hunting in the Scottish hills without the leave and in open defiance of Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches. Such trespasses,† whether by the English or the Scots, were not less common, we may believe, than hostile incursions, and the one would as naturally as the other account for a bloody collision between the rival families of Percy and Douglas, to those who consulted "old men" instead of histories: cf. stanza 67. The older and the later ballad concur (and herein are in harmony with some chroniclers,

though not with the best) as to Percy's slaying Douglas. In the older ballad Percy is taken prisoner, an incident which history must record, but which is somewhat insipid, for which reason we might expect tradition to improve the tale by assigning a like fate to both of the heroic antagonists.

The singer all but startles us with his historical lore when he informs us in 63 that King Harry the Fourth "did the battle of Hombyllidown" to requite the death of Percy; for though the occasion of Homildon was really another incursion on the part of the Scots, and the same Percy was in command of the English who in the ballad meets his death at Otterburn, nevertheless the battle of Homildon was actually done fourteen years subsequent to that of Otterburn and falls in the reign of Henry Fourth. The free play of fancy in assigning the cause of Homildon must be allowed to offset the servility to an accurate chronology; and such an extenuation is required only in this instance.‡ Not only is the fourth Harry on the throne of England at the epoch of Otterburn, but Jamy is the Scottish king, although King James I was not crowned until 1424, the second year of Henry VI.

But here we may remember what is well said by Bishop Percy: "A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention." The only important inference from the mention of a King James is that the minstrel's date is not earlier than 1424.

The first, second, and fourth James were contemporary with a Henry during the whole of their reign, and the third during a part of his; with the others we need not concern ourselves. It has given satisfaction to some

\* The grammatical forms of the Hunting of the Cheviot are, however, older than those of the particular copy of Otterburn which has been preserved. The plural of the noun is very often in -is or -ys, as lordis, 23<sup>1</sup>; longis, 37<sup>1</sup>; handdis, 60<sup>1</sup>; sydis, 8<sup>2</sup>; bowys, 13<sup>2</sup>, 25<sup>1</sup>, 29<sup>1</sup>, etc., at least sixteen cases. We find, also, syde at 6<sup>2</sup>, and possibly should read fayllē at 9<sup>2</sup>. The plural in -is is rare in The Battle of

Otterburn: starris, 45<sup>1</sup>; swordis, 54<sup>2</sup>; Skottis, 59<sup>1</sup>, 62<sup>1</sup>. Probably we are to read swordis length in 55<sup>2</sup>.

† See the passage in the Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Monmouth, referred to in Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 235, and given at length in Hailes and Furnivall, II, 3 f.

‡ The minstrel was not too nice as to topography either: Otterburn is not in Cheviot.



who wish to reconcile the data of the ballad with history to find in a Scottish historiographer a record of a fight between a Percy and a Douglas in 1435 or 1436, at the very end of the reign of James I. Henry Percy of Northumberland, says Hector Boece, made a raid into Scotland with four thousand men (it is not known whether of his own motion or by royal authority), and was encountered by nearly an equal force under William Douglas, Earl of Angus, and others, at Piperden, the victory falling to the Scots, with about the same slaughter on both sides: *Scotorum Historia*, 1526, fol. cccxvi, back. This affair is mentioned by Bower, *Scotichronicon*, 1759, II, 500 f, but the leader of the English is not named,\* wherefore we may doubt whether it was a Percy. Very differently from Otterburn, this battle made but a slight impression on the chroniclers.

Sidney's words, though perhaps a hundred times requoted since they were cited by Addison, cannot be omitted here: "Certainly I must confesse my own barbarousnes. I never heard the olde song of Percy and Duglas that I found not my heart mooved more then with a trumpet; and yet is it sung but by some blinde crouder, with no rougher voyce then rude stile: which, being so evill apparelled in the dust and cobwebbes of that uncivil age, what would it worke trymmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar!"† Sidney's

commendation is fully justified by the quality of *The Battle of Otterburn*, but is merited in even a higher degree by *The Hunting of the Cheviot*, and for that reason (I know of no other) *The Hunting of the Cheviot* may be supposed to be the ballad he had in mind. The song of Percy and Douglas, then, was sung about the country by blind fiddlers about 1580 in a rude and ancient form, much older than the one that has come down to us; for that, if heard by Sidney, could not have seemed to him a song of an uncivil age, meaning the age of Percy and Douglas, two hundred years before his day. It would give no such impression even now, if chanted to an audience three hundred years later than Sidney.‡

B is a striking but by no means a solitary example of the impairment which an old ballad would suffer when written over for the broadside press. This very seriously enfeebled edition was in circulation throughout the seventeenth century, and much sung (says Chappell) despite its length.§ It is declared by Addison, in his appreciative and tasteful critique, *Spectator*, Nos 70, 74, 1711, to be the favorite ballad of the common people of England.|| Addison, who knew no other version, informs us that Ben Jonson used to say that he had rather have been the author of *Chevy Chase* than of all his works. The broadside copy may possibly have been the only one

\* Tytler, *History of Scotland*, III, 293, though citing only the *Scotichronicon*, says Sir Robert Ogile, and also Scott, I, 270; for reasons which do not appear.

† An Apologie for Poetrie, p. 46 of Arber's reprint of the first edition, 1595. For the date of the writing, 1581-85, see Arber, p. 7 f.

‡ The courtly poet deserves much of ballad-lovers for avowing his barbarousness (one doubts whether he seriously believed that the gorgeous Pindar could have improved upon the ballad), but what would he not have deserved if he had written the blind crouder's song down!

§ Popular Music, I, 198. *Chevy Chase* is entered in the Stationers' Registers, among a large parcel of ballads, in 1624, and clearly was no novelty: Arber, IV, 131. "Had it been printed even so early as Queen Elizabeth's reign," says Percy, "I think I should have met with some copy wherein the first line would have been, God prosper long our noble queen." "That it could not be much later than that time appears from the phrase *doleful dumps*, which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could

not fail to have been taken notice of had it been in the least exceptionable; see above, Book II, song v, ver. 2 [by Richard Edwards, 1596 ?]. Yet, in about half a century after, it was become burlesque. Vide *Hudibras*, Pt. I, c. 3, v. 95." *Reliques*, 1794, I, 268, note, 269.

The copy in the Percy MS., B a, though carelessly made, retains, where the broadsides do not, two of the readings of A: bade on the bent, 282; to the hard head haled he, 454.

|| Addison was not behind any of us in his regard for traditional songs and tales. No 70 begins: "When I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, tho they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures, and whatever falls in with it will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions."

known to Jonson also, but in all probability the traditional ballad was still sung in the streets in Jonson's youth, if not later.

Δ 3. By these "shyars thre" is probably meant three districts in Northumberland which still go by the name of *shires* and are all in the neighborhood of Cheviot. These are Islandshire, being the district so named from Holy Island; Norehamshire, so called from the town and castle of Noreham or Norham; and Bamboroughshire, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough castle and town. Percy's Reliques, 1794, I, 5, note.

15. Chyviat Chays, well remarks Mr Wheatley in his edition of the Reliques, I, 22, becomes Chevy Chase by the same process as that by which Teviotdale becomes Tivdale, and there is no sufficient occasion for the suggestion that Chevy Chase is a corruption of chevauchée, raid, made by Dr. E. B. Nicholson, Notes and Queries, Third Series, XII, 124, and adopted by Burton, History of Scotland, II, 366.

38 f. "That beautiful line *taking the dead man by the hand* will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behavior towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father" (Ingemuit miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit, etc., Æn. X, 823, etc.): Addison, in Spectator, No 70.

54<sup>34</sup>, and B 50<sup>34</sup>. Witherington's prowess was not without precedent, and, better still, was emulated in later days. Witness the battle of Ancrum Muir, 1545, or "Lilliard's Edge," as it is commonly called, from a woman that fought with great bravery there, to whose memory there was a monument erected on the field of battle with this inscription, as the traditional report goes:

\* A Description of the Parish of Melrose [by the Revd. Adam Milne], Edinburgh, 1743, p. 21. Scott cites the epitaph, with some slight variations (as "English louns"), Appendix to The Eve of St. John, Minstrelsy, IV, 199, ed. 1833. The monument was "all broken in pieces" in Milne's time; seems to have been renewed and again broken up (The Scotsman, November 12, 1873); but, judging from Murray's Handbook of Scotland, has again been restored.

Squire Meldrum's valor was inferior to nobody's, but as his fortune was happier than Witherington's and Lilliard's, a note may suffice for him. "Quhen his schankis wer schorne in sunder, vpon his knees he wrocht greit wonder:" Lindsay, ed. 1594, Cv. recto, v. 30 f. Hall, p. 358, v.

"Fair maiden Lilliard lies under this stane;  
Little was her stature, but great her fame;  
On the English lads she laid many thumps,  
And when her legs were off, she fought upon her stumps."\*

The giant Burlong also fought wonderfully on his stumps after Sir Triamour had smitten his legs off by the knee: Utterson's Popular Poetry, I, 67, 1492-94, cited by Motherwell; Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, II, 131. Sir Graysteel fights on one leg: Eger and Grine, Percy MS., I, 386 f, 1032, 1049. Nygosar, in Kyng Alisaunder, after both his armes have been cut off, bears two knights from their steeds "with his heved and with his cors": 2291-2312, Weber, I, 98 f. Still better, King Starkaðr, in the older Edda, fights after his head is off: Helgakviða Hundingsbana, ii, 27, Bugge, p. 196.†

"Sed, etiam si ceciderit, de genu pugnat," Seneca, De Providentia 2, 4 (cited in The Gentleman's Magazine, 1794, I, 306), is explained by Seneca himself, Epis. lxvi, 47: "qui, succisis poplitibus, in genua se excepti nec arma dimisit." "In certaminibus gladiatorum hoc sæpe accidisse et statuæ existentes docent, imprimis gladiator Borghesinus." Seneca Op. Phil., Bouillet, II, 12.

61<sup>1</sup>. "Lovely London," as Maginn remarks, Blackwood's Magazine, VII, 327, is like the Homeric Ἀγλαὸς Ἰππευδάς, Ἀπὸνρον Ἰππευδῆν, II, ii, 532, 591, etc. Leeve, or lovely, London, is of frequent occurrence: see No 158, 1<sup>1</sup>, No 168, appendix, 7<sup>5</sup>, No 174, 35<sup>1</sup>, etc. So "men of pleasant Tivydale," B 14<sup>1</sup>, wrongly in B a, f, "pleasant men of Tiuydale."

64<sup>3</sup>. Glendale is one of the six wards of Northumberland, and Homildon is in this ward, a mile northwest of Wooler.

1349 f. But really he was only "hackit on his hochis and theis," or as Pittscoatie says, Dalryell, p. 306, "his hochis war cutted and the knoppis of his elbowis war strikin aff," and by and by he is "haill and sound" again, according to the poet, and according to the chronicler he "leived fyftie yeires thairefter."

† As stanch as some of these was a Highlander at the battle of Gasklune, 1392, who, though nailed to the ground by a horseman's spear, held fast to his sword, writhed himself up, and with a last stroke cut his foe man above the foot to the bone, "through sterap-lethire and the bute, thre ply or foure": Wyntoun's Chronicle, B. ix, ch. 14, Laing, III, 59.

65<sup>2</sup>. That tear begane this spurn "is said to be a proverb, meaning that tear, or pull, brought about this kick": Skeat. Such a proverb is unlikely and should be vouched. There may be corruption, and perhaps we should read, as a lamentation, That ear (ever) begane this spurn! Or possibly, That tear is for That there, meaning simply there.

For genealogical illustrations may be consulted, with caution, Percy's Reliques, 1794, I, 34 ff, 282 ff. With respect to 53<sup>1</sup>, Professor Skeat notes: "Loumle, Lumley; always hitherto printed loule (and explained Lovel), though the MS. cannot be so read, the word being written loüle. 'My Lord Lumley' is mentioned in the ballad of Scottish Feilde,

Percy Fol. MS., I, 226, l. 270; and again in the ballad of Bosworth Feilde, *id.*, III, 245, l. 250."

A is translated by Herder, II, 213; by R. v. Bismarck, Deutsches Museum, 1858, I, 897; by Von Marées, p. 63; by Grundtvig, Engelske og skotske Folkeviser, p. 84, No 13. Into Latin by Dr. William Maginn, in Blackwood's Magazine, 1819-20, VI, 199, VII, 323.

B is translated by Bothe, p. 6; by Knortz, L. u. R. Alt-Englands, p. 24, No 7; by Loève-Veimars, p. 55; (in part) by Cantù, p. 802. Into Latin by Henry Bold, Dryden's Miscellanies, ed. 1702, II, 239; by Rev. John Anketell, Poems, etc., Dublin, 1793, p. 264.

### A

MS. Ashmole, 48, Bodleian Library, in Skeat's Specimens of English Literature, 1394-1579, ed. 1880, p. 67.

- 1 THE Persē owt off Northombarlonde,  
and avowe to God mayd he  
That he wold hunte in the mowntayns  
off Chyviat *with*in days thre,  
In the magger of doughtē Dogles,  
and all that euer with him be.

- 2 The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat  
he sayd he wold kyll, and cary them away:  
'Be my feth,' sayd the dougheti Douglas agayn,  
'I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may.'

- 3 The[n] the Persē owt off Banborowe cam,  
with him a myghtee meany,  
With fifteen hondriht archares bold off blood  
and bone;  
the wear chosen owt off shyars thre.

- 4 This begane on a Monday at morn,  
in Cheviat the hillys so he;  
The chyldre may rue that ys vn-born,  
it was the mor pittē.

- 5 The dryvars thorowe the woodēs went,  
for to reas the dear;  
Bomen byckarte vppone the bent  
with ther browd aros cleare.

- 6 Then the wyld thorowe the woodēs went,  
on *euery* sydē shear;  
Greahondes thorowe the grevis glent,  
for to kyll thear dear.

- 7 This begane in Chyviat the hyls abone,  
yerly on a Monnyn-day;  
Be that it drewe to the oware off none,  
a hondriht fat hartēs ded *ther* lay.

- 8 The blewe a mort vppone the bent,  
the semblyde on sydis shear;  
To the quyrry then the Persē went,  
to se the bryttlynge off the deare.

- 9 He sayd, It was the Douglas promys  
this day to met me hear;  
But I wyste he wolde faylle, verament;  
a great oth the Persē swear.

- 10 At the laste a squyar off Northomberlonde  
lokyde at his hand full ny;  
He was war a the doughetie Douglas com-  
mynge,  
with him a myghttē meany.

- 11 Both with spear, bylle, and brande,  
yt was a myghtti sight to se;  
Hardyar men, both off hart nor hande,  
wear not in Cristiantē.

- 12 The wear twenti hondrith spear-men good,  
withoute any feale;  
The wear borne along be the watter a Twyde,  
yth bowndes of Tividale.
- 13 'Leave of the brytlyng of the dear,' he sayd,  
'and to your boÿs lock ye tayk good hede;  
For neuer sithe ye wear on your mothars borne  
had ye neuer so mickle nede.'
- 14 The dougheti Dogglas on a stede,  
he rode alle his men beforne;  
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;  
a boldar barne was never born.
- 15 'Tell me whos men ye ar,' he says,  
'or whos men that ye be:  
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this Chyviat  
chays,  
in the spyt of myn and of me.'
- 16 The first mane that ever him an answeare mayd,  
yt was *the* good lord *Persë*:  
'We wyll not tell the whos men we ar,' he  
says,  
'nor whos men *that* we be;  
But we wyll hounte hear in this chays,  
in the spyt of thyne and of the.
- 17 '*The* fattiste hartes in all Chyviat  
we haue kyld, and east to carry them away:.'  
'Be my troth,' sayd *the* doughetë Dogglas  
agay[n],  
'*therfor* the ton of vs shall de this day.'
- 18 Then sayd the doughetë Doglas  
unto the lord *Persë*:  
'To kyll alle thes giltles men,  
alas, it wear great pittë!
- 19 'But, *Persë*, thowe art a lord of lande,  
I am a yerle callyd *wit*in my contrë;  
Let all our men vppone a *parti* stande,  
and do the battell off the and of me.'
- 20 'Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne,' sayd the  
lorde *Persë*,  
'who-so-euer *ther-to* says nay!  
Be my troth, doughetë Doglas,' he says,  
'thow shalt neuer se that day.
- 21 'Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,  
nor for no man of a woman born,  
But, and fortune be my chance,  
I dar met him, on man for on.'
- 22 Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,  
*Richard* Wytharyngton was him nam;  
'It shall neuer be told in Sothe-Ynglonde,' he  
says,  
'to Kyng Herry *the* Fourth for sham.
- 23 'I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,  
I am a poor squyar of lande;  
I wyll neuer se my captayne fyght on a fylde,  
and stande my selfe and loocke on,  
But whylle I may my weppone welde,  
I wyll not [fayle] both hart and hande.'
- 24 That day, *that* day, *that* dredfull day!  
*the* first fit here I fynde;  
And youe wyll here any mor a the hountynge  
a the Chyviat,  
yet ys *ther* mor behynde.
- 25 The Yngglyshe men hade ther bowys yebent,  
*ther* hartes wer good yenoughe;  
The first off arros that the shote off,  
seven skore spear-men the sloughe.
- 26 Yet byddys the yerle Doglas vppone *the* bent,  
a captayne good yenoughe,  
And that was sene verament,  
for he wrought hom both woo and wouche.
- 27 The Dogglas partyd his ost in thre,  
lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde;  
With suar spears off myghttë tre,  
the cum in on euery syde;
- 28 Thrughe our Yngglyshe archery  
gave many a wounde fulle wyde;  
Many a doughetë the garde to dy,  
which ganyde them no pryde.
- 29 The Ynglyshe men let ther boÿs be,  
and pulde owt brandes *that* wer brighte;  
It was a hevy syght to se  
bryght swordes on basnites lyght.
- 30 Thorowe ryche male and myneyeple,  
many sterne the strocke done streght;  
Many a freyke that was fulle fire,  
ther vndar foot dyd lyght.

- 31 At last the Douglas and the *Persë* met,  
lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne;  
The swapte togethar tyll the both swat,  
with swordes that wear of fyn myllan.
- 32 Thes worthë freckys for to fyght,  
*ther-to the* wear fulle fayne,  
Tylle the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprente,  
as euer dyd heal or ra[y]n.
- 33 'Yelde the, *Persë*,' sayde the Douglas,  
'and i feth I shalle the brynge  
Wher thowe shalte haue a yerls wagis  
of Jamy our Skottish kynge.
- 34 'Thoue shalte haue thy ransom fre,  
I hight the hear this thinge;  
For the manfullste man yet art thowe  
that euer I conquestyd in filde fightynge.'
- 35 'Nay,' sayd the lord *Persë*,  
'I tolde it the beforne,  
That I wolde neuer yeldyde be  
to no man of a woman born.'
- 36 With that ther cam an arrowe hastely,  
forthe off a myghttë wane:  
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Douglas  
in at the brest-bane.
- 37 Thorowe lyvar and long's bathe  
the sharpe arrowe ys gane,  
*That* neuer after in all his lyffe-days  
he spayke no word's but ane:  
*That* was, Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys  
ye may,  
for my lyff-days ben gan.
- 38 The *Persë* leanyde on his brande,  
and sawe *the* Douglas de;  
He tooke the dede mane by the hande,  
and sayd, Wo ys me for the!
- 39 'To haue sayvde thy lyffe, I wolde haue *par-*  
*tyde with*  
my landes for years thre,  
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,  
was nat in all *the* north contrë.'
- 40 Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,  
was callyd *Ser Hewe the Monggomberry*;  
He sawe the Douglas to the deth was dyght,  
he spendyd a spear, a trusti tre.
- 41 He rod vppone a corsiare  
through a hondrith archery:  
He neuer stynttyde, nar neuer blane,  
tylle he cam to *the* good lord *Persë*.
- 42 He set vppone the lorde *Persë*  
a dynte that was full soare;  
With a suar spear of a myghttë tre  
clean thorow the body he *the Persë* ber,
- 43 A the tothar syde that a man myght se  
a large cloth-yard and mare:  
Towe better captayns wear nat in Cristiantë  
then *that* day slan wear *ther*.
- 44 An archar off Northomberlonde  
say slean was *the* lord *Persë*;  
He bar a bende bowe in his hand,  
was made off trusti tre.
- 45 An arow *that* a cloth-yarde was lang  
to the harde stele halyde he;  
A dynt *that* was both sad and soar  
he sat on *Ser Hewe the Monggomberry*.
- 46 *The* dynt yt was both sad and sar  
*that* he of Monggomberry sete;  
*The* swane-fethars *that* his arrowe bar  
with his hart-blood *the* wear wete.
- 47 Ther was neuer a freake wone foot wolde fle,  
but still in stour dyd stand,  
Heawyng on yche othar, whylle the myghte  
dre,  
with many a balfull brande.
- 48 This battell begane in Chyviat  
an owar befor the none,  
And when even-songe bell was rang,  
the battell was nat half done.
- 49 The tocke . . on ethar hande  
be the lyght off the mone;  
Many hade no strenght for to stande,  
in Chyviat *the* hillys abon.
- 50 Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde  
went away but seuenti and thre;  
Of twenti hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,  
but even five and fifti.
- 51 But all wear slayne Cheviat *with*in;  
*the* hade no streng[th]e to stand on hy;

- The chylde may rue that ys unborne,  
it was *the* mor pittē.
- 52 Thear was slayne, with the lord Persē,  
Ser Johan of Agerstone,  
Ser Rogar, the hinde Hartly,  
Ser Wyllyam, the bolde Hearone.
- 53 Ser Jorg, the worthē Loumle,  
a knyghte of great renowen,  
Ser Raff, the ryche Rugbe,  
with dyntes wear beaten dowene.
- 54 For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,  
*that euer* he slayne shulde be ;  
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,  
yet he knyled and fought on hys kny.
- 55 Ther was slayne, with *the* dougheti Douglas,  
Ser Hewe the Monggombyrri,  
Ser Dany Lwdale, *that* worthē was,  
his sistars son was he.
- 56 Ser Charls a Murrē in that place,  
*that* neuer a foot wolde fle ;  
Ser Hewe Maxwelle, a lorde he was,  
with *the* Douglas dyd he dey.
- 57 So on the morrowe the mayde them byears  
off birch and hasell so g[r]ay ;  
Many wedous, with wepyng tears,  
cam to fache *ther* makys away.
- 58 Tivydale may carpe off care,  
Northombarlond may mayk great mon,  
For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear  
on the March-parti shall neuer be non.
- 59 Word ys comen to Eddenburrowe,  
to Jamy *the* Skottishe kyng,  
That dougheti Douglas, lyff-tenant of the  
Marches,  
he lay slean Chyviot *with*in.
- 60 His handdēs dyd he weal and wryng,  
he sayd, Alas, and woe ys me !  
Such an othar captayn Skotland *with*in,  
he sayd, ye-feth shuld neuer be.
- 61 Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone,  
till the fourth Harry our kyng,  
*That* lord Persē, leyff-tenant of the Marchis,  
he lay slayne Chyviat *with*in.
- 62 'God haue merci on his solle,' sayde Kyng  
Harry,  
'good lord, yf thy will it be !  
I haue a hondriith captayns in Ynglonde,' he  
sayd,  
'as good as euer was he :  
But, Persē, and I brook my lyffe,  
thy deth well quyte shall be.'
- 63 As our noble kyng mayd his awowe,  
lyke a noble prince of renowen,  
For the deth of the lord Persē  
he dyde the battell of Hombyll-down ;
- 64 Wher syx and thrittē Skottishe knyghtes  
on a day wear beaten down ;  
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,  
over castille, towar, and town.
- 65 This was the hontyng off the Cheviat,  
that tear begane this spurn ;  
Old men that knowen the grownde well  
yenoughe  
call it *the* battell of Otterburn.
- 66 At Otterburn begane this spurne,  
vppone a Monnynday ;  
Ther was the doughtē Douglas slean,  
*the* Persē neuer went away.
- 67 Ther was neuer a tym on the Marche-partēs  
sen the Douglas and *the* Persē met,  
But yt ys meruele and the rede blude ronne  
not,  
as the reane doys in *the* stret.
- 68 Ihesue Crist our halys bete,  
and to the blys vs brynge !  
Thus was the hountyng of the Chivyat :  
God send vs alle good endyng !

## B

a. Percy MS., p. 188, Hales and Furnivall, II, 7. b. Pepys Ballads, I, 92, No 45, broadside printed for M. G. c. Douce Ballads, fol. 27<sup>r</sup>, and Roxburghe Ballads, III, 66, broadside printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. d. Wood's Ballads, 401, 48, broadside printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson. e. Bagford Ballads, I, No 32, broadside printed by and for W. Onley. f. A Scottish copy, without printer.

- 1 God prosper long our noble *king*,  
our liffes and saftyes all!  
A woefull hunting once there did  
in Cheuy Chase befall.
- 2 To drive the deere with hound and horne  
Erle Pearcy took the way:  
The child may rue *that* is vnborne  
the hunting of *that* day!
- 3 The stout Erle of Northumberland  
a vow to God did make  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
three sommers days to take,
- 4 The cheefest harts in Cheuy C[h]ase  
to kill and beare away:  
These tydings to Erle Douglas came  
in Scotland, where he lay.
- 5 Who sent Erle Pearcy present word  
he wold prevent his sport;  
The English erle, not fearing that,  
did to the woods resort,
- 6 With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
all chosen men of might,  
Who knew ffull well in time of neede  
to ayme their shafts arright.
- 7 The gallant greyhound[s] swiftly ran  
to chase the fallow deere;  
On Munday they began to hunt,  
ere daylight did appeare.
- 8 And long before high noone the had  
a hundred fat buckes slaine;  
Then hauing dined, the drouyers went  
to rouze the deare againe.
- 9 The bowmen mustered on the hills,  
well able to endure;  
Their backsids all with speciall care  
*that* day were guarded sure.
- 10 The hounds ran swiftly through the woods  
the nimble deere to take,  
*That* with their cryes the hills and dales  
an eccho shrill did make.
- 11 Lord Pearcy to the quarry went  
to veiw the tender deere;  
*Quoth* he, Erle Douglas *promised* once  
this day to meete me heere;
- 12 But if I thought he wold not come,  
noe longer wold I stay.  
With *that* a braue younge gentelman  
thus to the erle did say:
- 13 'Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,  
hys men in armour bright;  
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres  
all marching in our sight.
- 14 'All men of pleasant Tiuydale,  
fast by the riuer Tweede: '  
'O ceaze your sports!' Erle Pearcy said,  
'and take your bowes with speede.
- 15 'And now with me, my countrymen,  
your courage forth advance!  
For there was neuer champion yett,  
in Scotland nor in Ffrance,
- 16 '*That* euer did on horsbacke come,  
[but], and if my hap it were,  
I durst encounter man for man,  
with him to breake a spere.'
- 17 Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,  
most like a baron bold,  
Rode formost of his company,  
whose armor shone like gold.
- 18 'Shew me,' sayd hee, 'whose men you bee  
*that* hunt soe boldly heere,  
*That* without my consent doe chase  
and kill my fallow deere.'
- 19 The first man *that* did answer make  
was noble Pearcy hee,  
Who sayd, Wee list not to declare  
nor shew whose men wee bee;
- 20 'Yett wee will spend our deerest blood  
thy cheefest harts to slay.'

- Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,  
and thus in rage did say :
- 21 'Ere thus I will outbraued bee,  
one of vs tow shall dye;  
I know thee well, an erle thou art;  
Lord Pearcey, soe am I.
- 22 'But trust me, Pearceye, pittye it were,  
and great offence, to kill  
Then any of these our guiltlesse men,  
for they haue done none ill.
- 23 'Let thou and I the battell trye,  
and set our men aside :'  
'Accurst bee [he!]' Erle Pearcey sayd,  
'by whome it is denyed.'
- 24 Then stept a gallant squire forth —  
Witherington was his name —  
Who said, 'I wold not hane it told  
to Henery our king, for shame,
- 25 'That ere my captaine fought on foote,  
and I stand looking on.  
You bee two Erles,' quoth Witheringhton,  
and I a squier alone ;
- 26 'I'le doe the best *that* doe I may,  
while I haue power to stand ;  
While I haue power to weeld my sword,  
I'le fight with hart and hand.'
- 27 Our English archers bent their bowes ;  
their harts were good and trew ;  
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,  
full foure score Scotts the slew.
- 28 To drine the deere with hound and horne,  
Dauglas bade on the bent ;  
Two captaines moued with mickle might,  
their speres to shiuers went.
- 29 They closed full fast on euerye side,  
noe slacknes there was found,  
But many a gallant gentleman  
lay gasping on the ground.
- 30 O Christ ! it was great greeue to see  
how eche man chose his spere,  
And how the blood out of their brests  
did gush like water cleare.
- 31 At last these two stout erles did meet,  
like captaines of great might ;  
Like lyons woode they layd on lode ;  
the made a cruell fight.
- 32 The fought vntill they both did sweat,  
with swords of tempered steele,  
Till blood downe their cheekes like raine  
the trickling downe did feele.
- 33 'O yeeld thee, Pearceye !' Douglas sayd.  
'and in faith I will thee bringe  
Where thou shall high advanced bee  
by lames our Scottish king.
- 34 'Thy ransome I will freely giue,  
and this report of thee,  
Thou art the most couragious *knight*  
[that ever I did see.]'
- 35 'Noe, Douglas !' quoth Erle Percy then,  
'thy *profer* I doe scorne ;  
I will not yeelede to any Scott  
*that* eueryett was borne !'
- 36 With *that* there came an arrow keene,  
out of an English bow,  
Which stroke Erle Douglas on the brest  
a deepe and deadlye blow.
- 37 Who *neuer* sayd more words then these :  
Fight on, my merry men all !  
For why, my life is att [an] end,  
lord Pearcey sees my fall.
- 38 Then leauing liffe, Erle Pearcey tooke  
the dead man by the hand ;  
Who said, 'Erle Dowglas, for thy life,  
wold I had lost my land !
- 39 'O Christ ! my verry hart doth bleed  
for sorrow for thy sake,  
For sure, a more redoubted *knight*  
mischance cold *neuer* take.'
- 40 A *knight* amongst the Scotts there was  
which saw Erle Douglas dye,  
Who streight in hart did vow revenge  
vpon the Lord Pearcey.
- 41 Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he called,  
who, with a spere full bright,



- Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
ran feirely through the fight,
- 42 And past the English archers all,  
without all dread or feare,  
And through Erle Percy's body then  
he thrust his hatfull speare.
- 43 With such a vehement force and might  
his body he did gore,  
The staff ran through the other side  
a large cloth-yard and more.
- 44 Thus did both those nobles dye,  
whose courage none cold staine;  
An English archer then perceiued  
the noble erle was slaine.
- 45 He had [a] good bow in his hand,  
made of a trusty tree;  
An arrow of a cloth-yard long  
to the hard head haled hee.
- 46 Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye  
his shaft full right he sett;  
The grey-goose-winge *that* was there-on  
in his harts bloode was wett.
- 47 This fight from breake of day did last  
till setting of the sun,  
For when the rung the evening-bell  
the battele scarce was done.
- 48 With stout Erle Percy there was slaine  
Sir Iohn of Egerton,  
Sir Robert Hareliffe and Sir William,  
Sir Iames, that bold barron.
- 49 And with Sir George and Sir Iames,  
both *knights* of good account,  
Good Sir Raphe Rebbye there was slaine,  
whose prowess did surmount.
- 50 For Witherington needs must I wayle  
as one in dolefull dumpes,  
For when his legs were smitten of,  
he fought vpon his stumpes.
- 51 And with Erle Dowglas there was slaine  
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,  
And Sir Charles Morrell, *that* from feelde  
one foote wold neuer flee;
- 52 Sir Roger Heuer of Hareliffe tow,  
his sisters sonne was hee;  
Sir David Lambwell, well esteemed,  
but saved he cold not bee.
- 53 And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,  
with Douglas he did dye;  
Of twenty hundred Scottish speeres,  
scarce fifty-fue did flye.
- 54 Of fifteen hundred Englishmen  
went home but fifty-three;  
The rest in Cheuy Chase were slaine,  
vnder the greenwoode tree.
- 55 Next day did many widdowes come  
their husbands to bewayle;  
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,  
but all wold not prewayne.
- 56 Theyr bodies, bathed in purple blood,  
the bore with them away;  
They kist them dead a thousand times  
ere the were cladd in clay.
- 57 The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,  
where Scottlands *king* did rayne,  
*That* braue Erle Douglas soddainlye  
was with an arrow slaine.
- 58 'O heauy newes!' *King* Iames can say;  
'Scotland may wittenesse bee  
I haue not any *captaine* more  
of such account as hee.'
- 59 Like tydings to *King* Henery came,  
within as short a space,  
*That* Pearcey of Northumberland  
was slaine in Cheuy Chase.
- 60 'Now God be with him!' said our *king*,  
'sith it will noe better bee;  
I trust I haue within my realme  
fue hundred as godd as hee.
- 61 'Yett shall not Scottis nor Scotland say  
but I will vengeance take,  
And be revenged on them all  
for braue Erle Percy's sake.'
- 62 This vow the *king* did well performe  
after on Humble-downe;

In one day fifty knights were slayne,  
with lords of great renowne.

- 63 And of the rest, of small account,  
did many hundreds dye :  
Thus endeth the hunting in Cheuy Chase,  
made by the Erle Pearcey.

64 God saue our king, and blesse this land  
with plentye, ioy, and peace,  
And grant henceforth *that* foule debate  
twixt noble men may ceaze !

A. *Without division of stanzas, and in long lines, in the MS., and so printed by Hearne, Wright, and Skeat.*

"The MS. is a mere scribble, and the spelling very unsatisfactory." Skeat.

1<sup>2</sup>. and A vowe : for avowe, see 63<sup>1</sup>.

1<sup>4</sup>. days iij. 3<sup>2</sup>. xv. C archardes. 3<sup>4</sup>. iij.

5<sup>1</sup>, 30<sup>1</sup>, 37<sup>1</sup>. throrowe. 7<sup>1</sup>. Ther : cf. 4<sup>1</sup>.

8<sup>1</sup>. mot. 10<sup>3</sup>. war ath the. 11<sup>1</sup>. brylly and.

12<sup>1</sup>. xx. C. 22<sup>4</sup>. Herry the iijj. .

24<sup>3</sup>. mor athe : athe chyviat.

27<sup>1</sup>. in iii. . 36<sup>1</sup>. A narrowe. 39<sup>2</sup>. years iij. .

43<sup>1</sup>. athe. 44<sup>1</sup>. A narchar. 45<sup>2</sup>. haylde.

48<sup>2</sup>. A nowar. 50<sup>1</sup>. xvC. 50<sup>2</sup>. vij<sup>3</sup>.

50<sup>3</sup>. xxC. 60<sup>3</sup>. A-mothar. 61<sup>2</sup>. the iijj. .

61<sup>3</sup>. cheyff tenante. 62<sup>3</sup>. a C. . 68<sup>1</sup>. ballys.

And for & always.

Expliceth quoth Rychard Sheale.

- B. a. 1<sup>3</sup>. there was. 3<sup>4</sup>. 3. 6<sup>1</sup>. 1500.  
8<sup>1</sup>. a 100. 9<sup>1</sup>. *that* they. 13<sup>3</sup>. 20.  
14<sup>1</sup>. pleasant men of. 25<sup>3</sup>. 2.  
27<sup>1</sup>. bend. 28<sup>3</sup>, 31<sup>1</sup>. 2. 31<sup>3</sup>. Lyons moods.  
36<sup>3</sup>. who seerke Erle.  
38<sup>3</sup>. thy sake ; *but compare A 41<sup>1</sup>. b, c, have*  
*life ; sake was caught from 39<sup>2</sup>.*  
41. 2<sup>3</sup> parte. 43<sup>3</sup>. *that* his body.  
48<sup>1</sup>. slaine. *There is a dot for the i, but*  
*nothing more in the MS. : Farnivall.*  
49<sup>3</sup>. & good.  
50<sup>2</sup>. in too full ; *perhaps* wofull. 53<sup>3</sup>. 20.  
53<sup>4</sup>. 55. 54<sup>1</sup>. 1500. 54<sup>2</sup>. 53.  
55<sup>3</sup>. They washt they. 56<sup>3</sup>. a 1000.  
59<sup>1</sup>. in Cheuy chase was slaine. 60<sup>4</sup>. 500.  
62<sup>3</sup>. 50. And always for &.  
b, c, d, e. b, c, d (*and I suppose e*), in stanzas  
*of eight lines.*  
b. A memorable song vpon the vnhappy hunt-  
ing in Cheuy Chase betwene the Earle  
Pearcey of England and Earle Dowglas of  
Scotland. To the tune of Flying Fame.  
London. Printed for M. G. *Error for H. G.?*  
Henry Gossen (1607-41).

c. A Memorable song on the unhappy Hunting  
in Chevy-Chase between Earl Piercy of Eng-  
land and Earl Dowglas of Scotland. Tune  
of Flying Fame.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere and J. Wright.  
(1655-80 ?)

d. Title as in c. To the tune, etc.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere and W. Gilbert-  
son. (1648-61 ?)

e. An Unhappy Memorable Song of the Hunting ;  
*the rest as in d.*

Licend and Entend according to Order.

Londen, Priented by and for W. Onley, and  
are to be sold by C. Bates. at the Sun and  
Bible in Pye-corner. (1650-1702 ?)

1<sup>3</sup>. d. The woful. 1<sup>4</sup>. there did.

2<sup>2</sup>. his way. 4<sup>3</sup>. e. The tidings.

5<sup>3</sup>. fearing this. 7<sup>1</sup>. gray-hounds.

7<sup>4</sup>. when day light. 8<sup>2</sup>. b, c, d. an.

8<sup>4</sup>. c, d, e. rouze them up. 9<sup>3</sup>. d. The.

9<sup>4</sup>. that day. 10<sup>3</sup>. c, d, e. And with.

11<sup>3</sup>. c, d, e. once *wanting*.

12<sup>1</sup>. e. If that I.

14<sup>1</sup>. b. pleasant men of. c, d, e. men of  
pleasant.

14<sup>3</sup>. Then cease your sport.

15<sup>3</sup>. c, d, e. For never was their (there).

15<sup>4</sup>. or in. 16<sup>2</sup>. b, c. but if. d. but since.

16<sup>3</sup>. d. I *wanting*. 17<sup>1</sup>. c, d, e. on a.

17<sup>3</sup>. c, d, e. of the. 18<sup>1</sup>. c, d, e. he said.

19<sup>1</sup>. The man that first. 19<sup>4</sup>. c, d. now shew.

20<sup>1</sup>. b, c, d. Yet will we.

22<sup>3</sup>. b, c, d. Then *wanting*. e. And for any.

c. e. harmless.

22<sup>4</sup>. c, d, e. no ill.

23<sup>3</sup>. be he. c, d, e. Lord P.

23<sup>4</sup>. c, d, e. this is. 24<sup>3</sup>. c, d. said he would.

25<sup>1</sup>. d. ever. 25<sup>2</sup>. c, d, e. I stood.

25<sup>3</sup>. d. two be. b. quod W. c, d, e. said W.

27<sup>1</sup>. bent. 27<sup>4</sup>. c, e. threescore.

28<sup>2</sup>. c, d, e. Earl D. c. had the bent. d.  
bad the bent.

28<sup>3</sup>. A captain : mickle pride.  
 28<sup>4</sup>. The spears. e. sent *for* went.  
 29<sup>3</sup>. And many. 30<sup>1</sup>. b. a *for* great.  
 30<sup>2</sup>. b. each one ehose. c, d, e. and likewise  
 for to hear.  
 30<sup>3,4</sup>. c, d, e. The eries of men lying in their  
 gore, and scattered here and there.  
 31<sup>3</sup>. lions mov'd. 31<sup>4</sup>. and made.  
 32<sup>3</sup>. Vntill the blood like drops of raine.  
 33<sup>1</sup>. Yeeld thee Lord Piercy.  
 33<sup>2</sup>. and *wanting*. 33<sup>3</sup>. shalt.  
 33<sup>4</sup>. b. with Iames. d. the *for* our.  
 34<sup>1</sup>. c, d. will I. 34<sup>2</sup>. and thus.  
 34<sup>4</sup>. that ever I did see. 35<sup>1</sup>. e. To *for* Noe.  
 36<sup>3</sup>. b. And stroke E. D. to the heart. c, d, e.  
 Which struck E. D. to the heart.  
 36<sup>4</sup>. e. and a.  
 37<sup>1</sup>. c, d, e. never spake (spoke).  
 37<sup>3</sup>. at an end.  
 38<sup>3</sup>. c, d, e. And said. b, c, d, e. thy life.  
 39<sup>2</sup>. with sorrow.  
 39<sup>3</sup>. c, d, e. more renowned.  
 39<sup>4</sup>. c, d. did. e. did ever. 40<sup>1</sup>. b. among.  
 40<sup>3</sup>. in wrath. 40<sup>4</sup>. the Earl.  
 41<sup>2</sup>. c, e. most bright.  
 42<sup>3</sup>. b. his body he did. c, d, e. he did his  
 body.  
 43<sup>3</sup>. c, d, e. The spear went.  
 44<sup>1</sup>. c, d, e. So thus. b. both these two.  
 c, e. these.  
 45<sup>1</sup>. b. a good bow in. c, d, e. a bow bent in.  
 45<sup>3</sup>. c, d, e. unto the head drew he.  
 46<sup>1</sup>. d. Montgomery then.  
 46<sup>2</sup>. so right his shaft. 46<sup>4</sup>. heart.  
 47<sup>1</sup>. fight did last from break of day.  
 48<sup>1</sup>. c, d, e. With the Earl. 48<sup>2</sup>. Ogerton.  
 48<sup>3</sup>. c, d, e. Rateliff and Sir Iohn.  
 49<sup>1</sup>. and good. 49<sup>3</sup>. And (*of a*) *wanting*.  
 50<sup>2</sup>. b. wofull. c, d, e. doleful.  
 50<sup>4</sup>. b. still vpon.  
 51<sup>2</sup>. And *wanting* : the field. c, e. Charles  
 Currel. 51<sup>4</sup>. flye.  
 52<sup>1</sup>. b. Sir Robert. c, d, e. Sir Charles Mur-  
 rel of Rateliff too. 52<sup>2</sup>. d. sisters sisters.  
 52<sup>3</sup>. c, d, e. Lamb so well.  
 52<sup>4</sup>. yet saved could.

53<sup>1</sup>. Markwell : c, d, e. in likewise.  
 53<sup>2</sup>. did with E. Dowglas dye.  
 53<sup>3</sup>. b, d. peers *for* speeres.  
 54<sup>3</sup>. c, d, e. rest were slain in C. C.  
 56<sup>4</sup>. c, d, e. when *for* ere.  
 57<sup>1</sup>. c, d, e. This news. 58<sup>1</sup>. did say.  
 58<sup>2</sup>. ean *for* may.  
 59<sup>4</sup>. was slain in Chevy Chase.  
 60<sup>2</sup>. twill. 61<sup>1</sup>. c, e. Scot.  
 61<sup>4</sup>. e. Lord *for* Erle.  
 62<sup>1</sup>. c, d, e. vow full well the king performd.  
 62<sup>4</sup>. b. of high.  
 63<sup>3</sup>. ended. d. of *for* in.  
 63<sup>4</sup>. b. Lord *for* Erle.  
 64<sup>1</sup>. c, d, e. the king : the land.  
 64<sup>2</sup>. c, d, e. in plenty.  
 f. *The copy reprinted by Maidment, Scottish  
 Ballads and Songs Historical and Tradi-  
 tionary, 1868, I, 80. This copy was given  
 Maidment by Mr Gibb, "for many years  
 one of the sub-librarians in the library of  
 the Faculty of Advocates. It had belonged  
 to his grandmother, and was probably printed  
 in Edinburgh about the beginning of the  
 last or end of the preceeding century."*  
 5<sup>3</sup>. fearing him. 6<sup>1</sup>. twenty hundred.  
 13<sup>3</sup>. fifteen hundred.  
 14<sup>1</sup>. All pleasant men, *as in a, b.*  
 27<sup>1</sup>. Our Scottish arehers bent.  
 27<sup>4</sup>. they four score English slew.  
 28<sup>2</sup>. Douglas bade on the bent.  
 30<sup>1</sup>. O but it was a grief to see : *and again,*  
 39<sup>1</sup>. O but *for* O Christ.  
 46<sup>3</sup>. wings that were. 46<sup>4</sup>. were.  
 50<sup>4</sup>. fought still on the stumps.  
 53<sup>3</sup>. Of fifteen hundred.  
 53<sup>4</sup>. went lame but fifty three.  
 54<sup>1</sup>. twenty hundred.  
 54<sup>2</sup>. searee fifty five did flee.  
 55<sup>4</sup>. could. 56<sup>4</sup>. when they were eold as elay.  
 58<sup>1</sup>. 60 *is substituted here.*  
 60. 58 *is substituted, with change of James  
 to Henry, and, in the next line, of Scotland  
 to England.*  
 61, 62 are omitted. 63<sup>1</sup>. Now of.  
 64<sup>3</sup>. debates.

## 163

## THE BATTLE OF HARLAW

A. a. Communicated by Charles Elphinstone Dalrymple, Esq., of Kinaldie, Aberdeenshire. b. Notes and

Queries, Third Series, VII, 393, communicated by A. Ferguson.

B. The Thistle of Scotland, 1823, p. 92.

THE copy of this ballad which was printed by Aytoun, 1858, I, 75, was derived by Lady John Scott from a friend of Mr Dalrymple's, and when it left Mr Dalrymple's hands was in the precise form of A a. Some changes were made in the text published by Aytoun, and four stanzas, 14-16, 18, were dropped, the first three to the advantage of the ballad, and quite in accordance with the editor's plan. Mr Dalrymple informs me that in his younger days he had essayed to improve the last two lines of stanza 7 by the change,

We'd best cry in our merry men  
And turn our horses' head,

and had rearranged stanzas 18, 19, "which were absolutely chaotic," adhering, however, closely to the sense. A b, given in Notes and Queries, from a manuscript, as "the original version of this ballad," exhibits the changes made by Mr Dalrymple, and was therefore, one would suppose, founded upon his copy. Half a century ago the ballad was familiar to the people, and the variations of b, which are not few, may be traditional, and not arbitrary; for this reason it has been thought best not to pass them over. The Great North of Scotland Railway, A Guide, by W. Ferguson, Edinburgh, 1881, contains, p. 8 f, a copy which is evidently compounded from A b and Aytoun. It adds this variation of the last stanza:

Gin ony body spier at ye  
For the men ye took awa,  
They're sleepin soun and in their sheen  
I the howe aneath Harlaw.

The editor of *The Thistle of Scotland* treats the ballad as a burlesque, and "not worth the attention of the public," on which ground he refrains from printing more than three stanzas, one of these being 15; and certainly both this and that which follows it have a dash of the unheroic and even of the absurd. Possibly there were others in the same strain in the version known to Laing, but all such may fairly be regarded as wanton deprivations, of a sort which other and highly esteemed ballads have not escaped.

The battle of Harlaw was fought on the 24th July, 1411. Donald of the Isles, to maintain his claim to the Earldom of Ross,\* invaded the country south of the mountains with ten thousand islanders and men of Ross (ravaging everywhere as he advanced) in the hope of sacking Aberdeen, and reducing to his power the country as far as the Tay. There was universal alarm in those parts. He was met at Harlaw, eighteen miles north-west of Aberdeen, by Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar, and Alexander Ogilby, sheriff of Angus, with the forces of Mar, Garioch, Angus, and The Mearns, and his further progress was stayed. The Celts lost more than nine hundred, the Lowlanders five hundred, including nearly all the gentry of Buchan. (*Scotichronicon*, II, 441 f.) This defeat was in the interest of civilization against savagery, and was felt, says Burton, "as a more memorable deliverance even than that of Bannockburn." (*History of Scotland*, 1883, II, 394.)

\* Legally just: Maidment, *Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditionary*, I, 349 ff.

As might be expected, the Lowlanders made a ballad about this hard fight. 'The battel of the Hayrlau' is noted among other popular songs, in immediate connection with 'The Huntis of Chevet,' by the author of *The Complaint of Scotland*, 1549 (Murray's edition, p. 65), but most unfortunately this ancient song, unlike Chevy Chase, has been lost. There is a well-known poem upon the battle, in thirty-one eight-line stanzas, printed by Ramsay, in his *Ever Green*, 1724, I, 78.\* David Laing believed that it had been printed long before. "An edition," he says, "printed in the year 1668, was in the curious library of old Robert Myln" (*Early Metrical Tales*, p. xlv.) In the catalogue of Myln's books there is entered, apparently as one of a bundle of pamphlets, "Harlaw, The Battle yrof, An. 1411 . . . 1668,"† and the entry may reasonably be taken to refer to the poem printed by Ramsay. This piece is not in the least of a popular character. It has the same artificial rhyme as *The Raid of the Reid Swyre* and *The Battle of Balrinnies*, but in every other respect is prose. Mr Norval Clyne, *Ballads from Scottish History*, p. 244 ff, has satisfactorily shown that the author used Boece's *History*, and even, in a way, translated some of Boece's phrases.

The story of the traditional ballad is, at the start, put into the mouth of a Highlander, who meets Sir James the Rose and Sir John the Gryme, and is asked for information about Macdonell; but after stanza 8, these gentlemen having gone to the field, the narrator describes what he saw as he went on and further on. It is somewhat surprising

that John Highlandman should be strolling about in this idle way when he should have been with Macdonell. The narrator ‡ in the *Ever Green* poem reports at second hand: as he is walking, he meets a man who, upon request, tells him the beginning and the end. § Both pieces have nearly the same first line. The borrowing was more probably on the part of the ballad, for a popular ballad would be likely to tell its tale without preliminaries.

A ballad taken down some four hundred years after the event will be apt to retain very little of sober history. It is almost a matter of course that Macdonell should fall, though in fact he was not even routed, but only forced to retire. It was vulgarly said in Major's time that the Highlanders were beaten: they turned and ran awa, says the ballad. *Donaldum non fugarunt*, says Major, and even the ballad, inconsistently, 'Ye'd scarce known who had won.' We are not disconcerted at the Highland force being quintupled, or the battle's lasting from Monday morning till Saturday gloaming: *diuturna erat pugna*, says Major. But the ignoring of so marked a personage as Mar, and of other men of high local distinction that fell in the battle, || in favor of the Forbeses, who, though already of consequence in Aberdeenshire, are not recorded to have taken any part in the fight, is perhaps more than might have been looked for, and must dispose us to believe that this particular ballad had its rise in comparatively recent times.

Dunidir is a conspicuous hill on the old road to Aberdeen, and Netherha is within

\* And afterwards, 1748, by Robert Foulis, Glasgow: "Two old Historical Scots Poems, giving an account of the Battles of Harlaw and the Reid-Squair."

† *Ane Catalogue of the Books, Manuscripts and Pamphlets Belonging to Robert Mylne, Wyter in Ed., 1709: Advocates Library.* Mr Macmath, who has come to my aid here, writes: "So far as I can make out, this catalogue contains no MSS. It is in two divisions: 1st, Printed Books; 2d, Pamphlets. The following is in the second division, and I understand the reference to be, year of publication, volume, or bundle of pamphlets, number of piece in bundle or volume:

"Harlaw The Battle yrof An: 1411 . . . 1668, 79, 5."

Myln died in 1747, at the age, it is said, of 103 or 105: [Maidment], *A Book of Scottish Pasquils*, p. 423.

‡ He talks like a canny packman:

I wist nocht quha was fae or freind;  
Yet quietly I did me carrie,

And thair I had nae tyme to tairie,  
For bissness in Aberdene.

§ So with *The Battle of Balrinnies* and *The Hanghs of Cromdale*. The first line of *The Battle of Balrinnies* is, 'Betuixt Dunother and Aberdein.'

|| Not only were these long and affectionately remembered, but their heirs were exempted from certain feudal taxes, because the defeat of the Celts was regarded as a national deliverance: Burton's *History*, II, 394.

two miles of it. (Overha and Netherha are only a mile apart, and the one reading is as good as the other.) Harlaw is a mile north from Balquhain (pronounced Bawhyne), and precisely at a right angle to John Highlandman's route from the West. Drumminor (to which Brave Forbes sends for his mail-coat in stanza 15) was above twenty miles away, and the messenger would have to pass right through the Highland army. The fact that Drumminor ceased to be the head-castle of that powerful name in the middle of the last century tells in some degree in favor of the age of the ballad. (Notes of Mr Dalrymple.)

"The tune to which the ballad is sung, a particularly wild and simple one, I venture to believe," says Mr Dalrymple, "is of the highest antiquity." A tune of The Battle of Har-

law, as Motherwell pointed out, *Minstrelsy* lxii, is referred to in *Polemio Middiana*;\* and a "march, or rather pibroch," held to be this same air, is given in the *Lute Book* of Sir William Mure of Rowallan, p. 30, and is reproduced in *Danney's Ancient Scottish Melodies*, p. 349 (see the same work, p. 138 f, note b.) Sir William Mure is said to have died in 1657. The *Ever Green Harlaw* is adapted to an air in *Johnson's Museum*, No 512, and "The Battle of Harlaw, a pibroch," is given in *Stenhouse's Illustrations*, IV, 447, 1853, "from a folio MS. of Scots tunes, of considerable antiquity." This last air occurs, says *Maidment*, in the rare *Collection of Ancient Scots Music* (c. 1776) by Daniel Dow, "The Battle of Hara Law," p. 28: *Scottish Ballads*, etc., I, 200.

## A

a. Communicated by Charles Elphinstone Dalrymple, Esq., of Kinaldie, Aberdeenshire, in 1888, as obtained from the country people by himself and his brother fifty years before. b. Notes and Queries, Third Series, VII, 393, communicated by A. Ferguson.

1 As I cam in by Dunidier,  
An doun by Netherha,  
There was fifty thousand Hielanmen  
A-marching to Harlaw.  
Wi a dree dree dradie drumtie dree.

2 As I cam on, an farther on,  
An doun an by Balquhain,  
Oh there I met Sir James the Rose,  
Wi him Sir John the Gryme.

3 'O cam ye frae the Hielans, man?  
An cam ye a' the wey?  
Saw ye Macdonell an his men,  
As they cam frae the Skee?'

4 'Yes, me cam frae ta Hielans, man,  
An me cam a' ta wey,  
An she saw Macdonell an his men,  
As they cam frae ta Skee.'

5 'Oh was ye near Macdonell's men?  
Did ye their numbers see?  
Come, tell to me, John Hielanman.  
What micht their numbers be?'

6 'Yes, me was near, an near enench,  
An me their numbers saw;  
There was fifty thousan Hielanmen  
A-marchin to Harlaw.'

7 'Gin that be true,' says James the Rose,  
'We'll no come meikle speed;  
We'll ery npo our merry men,  
And lichtly mount our steed.'

8 'Oh no, oh no,' says John the Gryme,  
'That thing mann never be;  
The gallant Grymes were never bate,  
We'll try phat we can dee.'

9 As I cam on, an farther on,  
An doun an by Harlaw,

\* A macaronic ascribed to Drummond of Hlawthornden.  
Interea ante alios dux piperlarius heros  
Precedens, magnamque gestaus cum burdine pipam,  
Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare Batellum.

(Poems, Maitland Club, p. 413, after the first dated edition of 1684.)

- They fell fu close on ilka side ;  
Sic fun ye never saw.
- 10 They fell fu close on ilka side,  
Sic fun ye never saw ;  
For Hielan swords gied elash for elash,  
At the battle o Harlaw.
- 11 The Hielanmen, wi their lang swords,  
They laid on us fu sair,  
An they drave baek our merry men  
Three acres breadth an mair.
- 12 Brave Forbès to his brither did say,  
Noo brither, dinna ye see ?  
They beat us baek on ilka side,  
An we'se be forced to flee.
- 13 'Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,  
That thing maun never be ;  
Tak ye your good sword in your hand,  
An come your wa's wi me.'
- 14 'Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,  
The clans they are ower strang,  
An they drive baek our merry men,  
Wi swords baith sharp an lang.'
- 15 Brave Forbès drew his men aside,  
Said, Tak your rest a while,  
Until I to Drumninnor send,  
To fess my coat o mail.
- 16 The servau he did ride,  
An his horse it did na fail,  
For in twa hours an a quarter  
He brocht the coat o mail.
- 17 Then back to back the brithers twa  
Gaed in amo the thrang,  
An they hewed down the Hielanmen,  
Wi swords baith sharp an lang.
- 18 Macdonell, he was young an stout,  
Had on his coat o mail,  
An he has gane oot throw them a',  
To try his han himsell.
- 19 The first ae straik that Forbès strack,  
He garrt Macdonell reel,  
An the neist ae straik that Forbès strack,  
The great Macdonell fell.
- 20 An siccan a lierachie  
I'm sure ye never saw  
As wis amo the Hielanmen,  
When they saw Macdonell fa.
- 21 An whan they saw that he was deid,  
They turnd an ran awa,  
An they buried him in Leggett's Den,  
A large mile frae Harlaw.
- 22 They rade, they ran, an some did gang,  
They were o sma record ;  
But Forbès an his merry men,  
They slew them a' the road.
- 23 On Monanday, at mornin,  
The battle it began,  
On Saturday, at gloamin,  
Ye'd scarcee kent wha had wan.
- 24 An sic a weary buryin  
I'm sure ye never saw  
As wis the Sunday after that,  
On the muirs aneath Harlaw.
- 25 Gin ony body speer at you  
For them ye took awa,  
Ye may tell their wives and bairnies  
They're sleepin at Harlaw.

## B

The Thistle of Scotland, 1823, p. 92.

- 1 As I eam thro the Garrioch land,  
And in by Over Ha,  
There was sixty thousan Highland men  
Marching to Harlaw.

- 11 The Highland men, with their broad sword,  
Pushd on wi might and power,  
Till they bore back the red-coat lads  
Three furlongs long, and more.
- 15 Lord Forbès calld his men aside,  
Says, Take your breath awhile,  
Until I send my servant now  
To bring my coat o mail.

A. a. 1<sup>1</sup>. *Var.* Garioch land.

4<sup>3</sup>. she: *so delivered, notwithstanding the inconsistency with me in lines 1, 2.*

11<sup>1</sup>. *Var.* back the red-coats.

20<sup>1</sup>. *Sometimes* pildurachie.

25. "There are different versions of this stanza." C. E. D.

A. b. *Printed in two long lines.*

*Burden*: In a dree, etc.

1<sup>2</sup>. Wetherha. 1<sup>4</sup>. a' marchin.

3<sup>4</sup>, 4<sup>4</sup>. Come marchin frae. 4<sup>1,2</sup>. she cam.

5<sup>1</sup>. Oh were ye near an near enuech.

6<sup>1</sup>. she was. 6<sup>2</sup>. An she.

6<sup>4</sup>. a' marchin for Harlaw. 7<sup>1</sup>. quo James.

7<sup>8,4</sup>. So we'd best cry in our merry men,  
And turn our horses' heads.

8<sup>1</sup>. quo John. 10<sup>8</sup>. gaed for gied.

11<sup>4</sup>. or mair. 12<sup>1</sup>. did to his brither say.

12<sup>4</sup>. And we'll be.

15<sup>1</sup>. Forbes to his men did say.

15<sup>2</sup>. Noo, tak.

16<sup>1</sup>. Brave Forbes' hinchman, *var.* servant,  
then did.

19<sup>2</sup>. Made the great M'Donell.

19<sup>8</sup>. The second stroke that.

20<sup>1</sup>. a 'pillenrichie.' 20<sup>2</sup>. The like ye.

20<sup>4</sup>. As there was amang.

21<sup>1</sup>. in 'Leggatt's lan': "the manuscript is  
*indistinct, and it would read equally well,*  
Leggalt's lan."

21<sup>4</sup>. Some twa three miles awa.

22<sup>2</sup>. But they were. 22<sup>3</sup>. For Forbes.

22<sup>4</sup>. Slew maist a' by the.

23<sup>4</sup>. Ye'd scarce tell wha.

24<sup>2</sup>. The like ye never. 24<sup>3</sup>. As there was.

24<sup>4</sup>. muirs down by.

25<sup>1</sup>. An gin Hielan lasses speer.

25<sup>2</sup>. them that gaed awa.

25<sup>3</sup>. tell them plain an plain enuech.

B. 15<sup>1</sup>. man.

## 164

## KING HENRY FIFTH'S CONQUEST OF FRANCE

a-d, broadsides. a. Among Percy's papers. b. Roxburghe Ballads, III, 358. c. Jewitt's Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire, p. 1. d. Chetham's Library, Manchester, in Hales and Farnivall, Percy's Folio MS., II, 597. e. Percy papers, "taken down from memory." f. Nicolas, History of the Battle of Agincourt, 1832, Appendix, p. 78, from the recitation of

a very aged person. g. The same, p. 80, source not mentioned. h. Tyler, Henry of Monmouth, II, 197, apparently from memory. i. Percy Society, XVII, Dixon, Ancient Poems, etc., p. 52, from singing. j. Skene MS., p. 42. k. Macmath MS., p. 27, from tradition. l. m. Buchan's MSS, I, 176, II, 124, probably broadside or stall copies.

ALL the known copies of this ballad are recent. It is not in Thackeray's list of broadsides, which dates perhaps as late as 1689 (Chappell, The Roxburghe Ballads, I, xxiv-xxvii); and it is not included in the collection of 1723-25, which showed particular favor to historical pieces. In a manuscript index of first lines to a large collection of songs and ballads "formed in 1748," I find, "As our king lay on his bed," and the ballad may probably have first been published in the second quarter of the last century. In a

woodcut below the title of a, b, there are two soldiers with G R on the flap of the coat and G on the cap (no doubt in c as well); the date of these broadsides cannot therefore be earlier than the accession of George I, 1714. The broadside is in a popular manner, but has no mark of antiquity. It may, however, represent an older ballad, disfigured by some purveyor for the Aldermay press.

It is probable that the recited versions had their ultimate source in print, and that printed copies were in circulation which, be-



sides the usual slight variations,\* contained two more stanzas, one after 2 and another after 8, such as are found in *h* and elsewhere; which stanzas are likely to have formed part of the original matter.

After 2, *h* (see also *g*, *i*, *j*):

Tell him to send me my tribute home,  
Ten ton of gold that is due to me;  
Unless he send me my tribute home,  
Soon in French land I will him see.

After 8, *h* (see also *g*, *i*, *k*, *m*):

O then bespoke our noble king,  
A solemn vow then vowed he:  
I'll promise him such English balls †  
As in French lands he neer did see!

*g* has several stanzas which are due to the hand of some improver.

Another, and much more circumstantial, ballad on Agincourt, written from the chronicles, was current in the seventeenth century. It begins, 'A counsell braue [grave] our king did hold,' and may be seen in the Percy Manuscript, p. 241, Hales and Furnivall, II, 166, in The Crown Garland of Golden Roses (with seven stanzas fewer), ed. 1659, p. 65 of the reprint by the Percy Society, vol. xv; Pepys' Ballads, I, 90, No 44; Old Ballads, II, 79; Pills to purge Melancholy, V, 49; etc.

The story of the Tennis-Balls is not mentioned by the French historians, by Walsingham, Titus Livius, or the anonymous biographer of Henry in Cotton MS., Julius E. iv. ‡ It occurs, however, in several contemporary writings, as in Elmham's Liber Metricus de Henrico Quinto, cap. xii (Quod filius regis Francorum, in derisum, misit domino regi pilas, quibus valeret cum pueris ludere potius quam pugnare, etc.), Cole, Memorials of Henry the Fifth, 1858, p. 101; but not in Elmham's prose history. So in Capgrave, De illustri-

bus Henricis, with a *fertur*, ed. Hingeston, 1858, p. 114; but not in Capgrave's chronicle. We might infer, in these two cases, that the tale was thought good enough for verses and good enough for eulogies, though not good enough for history.

Again, in verses of Harleian MS. 565, "in a hand of the fifteenth century," the Dolphin says to the English ambassadors:

Me thinke youre kyng he is nought [so] old  
No werrys for to maynteyn.  
Grete well youre kyng, he seyd, so yonge,  
That is both gentill and small;  
A tonne of tenys-ballys I shall hym sende,  
For hym to pleye with all.

Henry sends back this message:

Oure Cherlys of Fraunce gret well or ye wende,  
The Dolfyn prowed withinne his wall;  
Swyche tenys-ballys I schal hym sende  
As schall tere the roof all of his [h]all. §

But there is a chronicler who has the tale still. Otterbourne writes: Eodem anno [1414], in quadragesima, rege existente apud Kenilworth, Karolus, regis Francorum filius, Delphinus vocatus, misit pilas Parisianas ad ludendum cum pueris. Cui rex Anglorum rescripsit, dicens se in brevi pilas missurum Londoniarum, quibus terreret et confunderet sua tecta.

And once more, the author of an inedited "Chronicle of King Henry the Fifth that was Kyng Henries son," Cotton MS., Claudius A. viii, of the middle of the fifteenth century, fol. 1, back: ||

And than the Dolphine of Fraunce answered to our embassatours, and said in this maner, 'that the kyng was ouer yong and to tender of age to make any warre ayens hym, and was not lyke yet to be noo good werrioure to doo and to make suche a conquest there vpon hym. And somewhat in scorne

\* 32. Away and away and away, *e*, *f*, *i*, *k*. 121. The first that fired it was the French, *f*, *g*, *h*. 124. were forced to flee, *f*, *i*, *m* (first to flee, *e*). 143. in all French land, *e*, *f*, *g*, (in our) *h*, *m*. Etc.

† English balls again in *m*, tennis-balls in *i*, *k*.

‡ Whose work was printed in 1850, ed. Benjamin Williams. I am for the most part using Sir Harris Nicolas's excellent History of the Battle of Agincourt, 2d ed., 1832, here; see pp. 8-13, 301 f.

§ Nicolas, p. 302 f, slightly corrected; much the same in another copy of the poem, *ib.*, Appendix, p. 69 f. The jest in Henry's reply is carried out in detail when he comes to Harfleur, *ib.*, pp. 308-310.

|| Nicolas, p. 10, as corrected by Hales and Furnivall, II, 161, and in one word emended by me. By several of the above writers the Dauphin Louis is called Charles, through confusion with his father or his younger brother.

and dispite he sente to hym a tonne fulle of tenysballis, be-cause he wolde haue some-what for to play withalle for hym and for his lordis, and that be-came hym better than to mayntayn any werre. And than anone oure lordes that was embassatours token hir leue and comen in to England ayenne, and tolde the kyng and his counceille of the vngoodly answer that they had of the Dolphyn, and of the present the whiche he had sent vnto the kyng. And whan the kyng had hard her wordis, and the answer of the Dolp[h]ynne, he was wondre sore agreued, and righte euell apayd toward the Frensshemen, and toward the kyng, and the Dolphynne, and thoughte to auenge hym vpon hem as sone as God wold send hym grace and myghte; and anon lette make tenysballis for the Dolp[h]ynne in all the hast that the myghte be made, and they were grete gonne-stones for the Dolp[h]ynne to play wythe-alle.'

The Dolphin, whom two of these writers make talk of Henry as if he were a boy, was himself in his nineteenth year, and the English king more than eight years his senior. "Hume has justly observed," says Sir Harris Nicolas, "that the great offers made by the French monarch, however inferior to Henry's demands, prove that it was his wish rather to appease than exasperate him; and it is almost incredible that, whilst the advisers of Charles evinced so much forbearance, his son should have offered Henry a personal insult. . . . It should be observed, as additional grounds for doubting that the message or gift was sent by the Dauphin, that such an act must have convinced both parties of the hopelessness of a pacific arrangement afterwards, and would, it may be imagined, have equally prevented the French court and Henry from seeking any other means of ending the dispute than by the sword. This, however, was not the case; for even supposing that the offensive

communication was made on the occasion of the last, instead . . . of that of the first embassy, it is certain that overtures were again sent to Henry whilst he was on his journey to the place of embarkation, and that even when there, he wrote to the French monarch with the object of adjusting his claims without a recourse to arms:" pp. 9, 12 f.

History repeats itself. Darius writes to Alexander as if he were a boy, and sends him, with other things, a ball to play with; and Alexander, in his reply to Darius, turns the tables upon the Persian king by his interpretation of the insolent gifts: Pseudo-Callisthenes, I, 36, ed. Müller, p. 40 f.\* The parallel is close. It is not inconceivable that the English story is borrowed, but I am not prepared to maintain this.

It does not appear from any testimony external to the ballad that married men or widows' sons had the benefit of an exemption in the levy for France, or that Cheshire, Lancashire, and Derby† were particularly called upon to furnish men: st. 9. The Rev. J. Endell Tyler believes the ballad to be unquestionably of ancient origin, "probably written and sung within a very few years of the expedition," "before Henry's death, and just after his marriage;" which granted, this stanza would have a certain interest. But, says Mr Tyler, "whether there is any foundation at all in fact for the tradition of Henry's resolution to take with him no married man or widow's son, the tradition itself bears such strong testimony to the general estimate of Henry's character for bravery at once and kindness of heart that it would be unpardonable to omit every reference to it," and he has both printed the ballad in the body of his work and placed "that golden stanza" on his title-page.‡ The question of Henry's kind-

\* The gifts are a whip (*σκῆτρος*), a ball, and a casket of gold. In Julius Valerius's version, Müller, as above, *σκῆτρος* is rendered *habena*, whip or reins; in Leo's *Historia de Preliis*, ed. Landgraf, p. 54, we have *virga* for *habena*; in Lamprecht's *Alexander*, Weismann, I, 74, 1296-1301, the *habena* is a pair of shoe-strings. The French romance, Michelant, p. 52, 25 ff. to make sure, gives us both rod (*verge*) and reins; the English *Alexander*, Weber, I, 75, 1726-28, has a top, a scourge, and a small purse of gold. Weber has noticed the similarity of the stories, Romances,

III, 299, and he remarks that in 'The Famous Victories of Henry Fifth' a carpet is sent with the tun of tennis-balls, to intimate that the prince is fitter for carpet than camp.

† Cheshire, Lancashire, and the *Earl of Derby* are made to carry off the honors in ballad-histories of Bosworth and Flodden: see the appendix to No 168. Perhaps the hand of some minstrel of the same clan as the author or authors of those eulogies may be seen in this passage.

‡ Henry of Monmouth, or *Memoirs of the Life and Character of Henry the Fifth*, II, 121, 197. Jewitt, Derbyshire

ness of heart does not require to be discussed here, but it may be said in passing that there is not quite enough in this ballad to remove the impression which is ordinarily made by his conduct of the siege of Rouen.

The Battle of Agincourt was fought Oc-

tober 25, 1415. It is hardly necessary to say, with reference to the marching to Paris gates, that Henry had the wisdom to evacuate French ground as soon after the battle as convoy to England could be procured.

1 As our king lay musing on his bed,  
He bethought himself upon a time  
Of a tribute that was due from France,  
Had not been paid for so long a time.  
Fal, lal, etc.

2 He called for his lovely page,  
His lovely page then called he,  
Saying, You must go to the king of France,  
To the king of France, sir, ride speedily.

3 O then went away this lovely page,  
This lovely page then away went he ;  
And when he came to the king of France,  
Low he fell down on his bended knee.

4 'My master greets you, worthy sir ;  
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,  
That you will send him his tribute home,  
Or in French land you soon will him see.'

5 'Your master 's young and of tender years,  
Not fit to come into my degree,  
And I will send him three tennis-balls,  
That with them he may learn to play.'

6 O then returned this lovely page,  
This lovely page then returned he,  
And when he came to our gracious king,  
Low he fell down on his bended knee.

7 'What news, what news, my trusty page ?  
What is the news you have brought to me ?'  
'I have brought such news from the king of  
France  
That you and he will never agree.

8 'He says you 're young and of tender years,  
Not fit to come into his degree,  
And he will send you three tennis-balls,  
That with them you may learn to play.'

9 'Recruit me Cheshire and Lancashire,  
And Derby Hills that are so free ;  
No marryd man nor no widow's son ;  
For no widow's curse shall go with me.'

10 They recruited Cheshire and Lancashire,  
And Derby Hills that are so free ;  
No marryd man, nor no widow's son ;  
Yet there was a jovial bold company.

11 O then we marchd into the French land,  
With drums and trumpets so merrily ;  
And then bespoke the king of France,  
'Lo, yonder comes proud King Henry.'

12 The first shot that the Frenchmen gave,  
They killd our Englishmen so free ;  
We killd ten thousand of the French,  
And the rest of them they ran away.

13 And then we marched to Paris gates,  
With drums and trumpets so merrily :  
O then bespoke the king of France,  
'The Lord have mercy on my men and  
me !

14 'O I will send him his tribute home,  
Ten ton of gold that is due to he.  
And the finest flower that is in all France  
To the Rose of England I will give free.'

Ballads, p. 2, says that there is a tradition in the Peak of Derby that Henry V would take no married man or widow's son, when recruiting for Agincourt; but he goes on to say

that the ballad is not unfrequently sung by the hardy sons of the Peak, which adequately accounts for the tradition.

- a. King Henry V. his Conquest of France, in revenge for the affront offered him by the French king in sending him, instead of the Tribute due, a Ton of Tennis-Balls.

Printed and sold at the Printing Office in Bow Church-Yard, London.

1<sup>st</sup>. due to.

- b. *Title the same, with omission of the first him and due.*

Printed and sold in Aldermay Church Yard, Bow Lane, London. st.

1<sup>st</sup>. due from. 3<sup>rd</sup>. Low he came.

3<sup>rd</sup>. And when fell. 7<sup>th</sup> *wanting*.

7<sup>th</sup>. he and you will ne'er.

10<sup>th</sup>. man or widow's. 12<sup>th</sup>. run.

- c. *Title as in b. Printed as in b.*

1<sup>st</sup>. due from. 3<sup>rd</sup>. away went. 3<sup>rd</sup>. Lo he.

3<sup>rd</sup>. And then he. 7<sup>th</sup>. he and you will ne'er.

9<sup>th</sup>. man or widow's. 12<sup>th</sup>. run.

- d. *Title as in b. Imprint not given.*

1<sup>st</sup>. due from. 3<sup>rd</sup>. Low he came.

3<sup>rd</sup>. And when fell. 7<sup>th</sup>. he and you will ne'er.

9<sup>th</sup>. man or. 12<sup>th</sup>. run.

- e. 2<sup>nd</sup>. Then he called on.

2<sup>nd</sup>. With a message from King Henry.

3<sup>rd</sup>. Away then went.

3<sup>rd</sup>. Away and away and away.

3<sup>rd</sup>. He fell low down. 4<sup>th</sup>. of gold *wanting*.

4<sup>th</sup>. And you must send him this.

4<sup>th</sup>. you'll soon. 5<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup>. tender age.

5<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup>. not meet to come in.

5<sup>th</sup>. So I'll send him home some.

6<sup>th</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> *as in 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>*. 7<sup>th</sup>. my lovely.

7<sup>th</sup>. what news bring you to me?

7<sup>th</sup>. That I'm sure with him you'll neer agree.

8<sup>th</sup>. So he's sent you here some.

9<sup>th</sup>. that be. 9<sup>th</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup>. man nor widow's.

9<sup>th</sup>. For *wanting*.

10<sup>th</sup>. Then they recruited Lankashire, Cheshire and Derby Hills so free.

10<sup>th</sup>. brave *for* bold. 11<sup>th</sup>, 13<sup>th</sup>. so *wanting*.

11<sup>th</sup>, 13<sup>th</sup>. O then. 12<sup>th</sup>. But we.

12<sup>th</sup>. them were forsd to free.

13<sup>th</sup>. Lord have mercy on [my] men and me.

14<sup>th</sup>. send this.

14<sup>th</sup>. fairest flower in all French land.

14<sup>th</sup>. make free.

- f. "Communicated by Bertram Mitford, of Mitford Castle, in Northumberland, who wrote it from the dictation of a very aged relative."

1<sup>st</sup>. As a.

1<sup>st</sup>. Those tributes due from the French king.

2<sup>nd</sup>. Those tributes that are due to me.

3<sup>rd</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>. Away, away went this lovely page, Away and away and away went he, *nearly as in e.*

4<sup>th</sup>. My master he does greet you well, He doth greet you most heartily.

4<sup>th</sup>. If you don't. 5<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup>. come within.

5<sup>th</sup>. And in French land he ne'er dare me see.

7<sup>th</sup>. my lovely, *as in e.*

7<sup>th</sup>. from the French king.

7<sup>th</sup>. That with him I'm sure you can ne'er agree.

8<sup>th</sup>. And in French land you ne'er dare him see.

9<sup>th</sup>. Go, 'cruit me. 10<sup>th</sup>. jovial brave, *as in e.*

12<sup>th</sup>. The first that fired it was the French.

12<sup>th</sup>. them were forced to flee.

13<sup>th</sup>. The first that spoke was the French king.

13<sup>th</sup>. Lord a mercy on my poor men and me.

14<sup>th</sup>. O go and take your tributes home, Five tons of gold I will give thee.

14<sup>th</sup>. in all French land, *as in e.*

*f was clearly derived from the same source as e.*

- g. *The fourth line repeated as burden.*

2. O then call'd he his lovely page,

His lovely page then called he,

Who, when he came before the king,

Lo, he fell down on his bended knee.

'Welcome, welcome, thou lovely page,

Welcome, welcome art thou here;

Go sped thee now to the king of France,

And greet us well to him so dear.

'And when thou comst to the king of France,

And hast greeted us to him so dear,

Thou then shall ask for the tribute due,

That has not been paid for many a year.'

3<sup>rd</sup>. Away then went this lovely page, Away, away, O then went he.

3<sup>rd</sup>. Lo, he. *Between 3 and 4:*

'What news, what news, thou royal page?

What news, what news dost thou bring to me?'

'I bring such news from our good king

That him and you may long agree.

4. 'My master then does greet you well,  
Does greet you well and happy here,  
And asks from you the tribute due,  
That has not been paid this many a year.'

6<sup>1,2</sup>. Away, away went this lovely page,  
Away, away, then away went he.\*

7<sup>4</sup>. That he and you can ne'er agree.

*After 8:*

O then in wroth rose our noble king,  
In anger great then up rose he:  
'I'll send such balls to the king in France  
As Frenchmen ne'er before did see.'

9<sup>1</sup>. Go 'cruit me.

10<sup>3,4</sup>. Tho no married man, nor no widow's son,  
They recruited three thousand men and  
three.

*Between 10 and 11:*

And when the king he did them see,  
He greeted them most heartily:  
'Welcome, welcome, thou trusty band,  
For thou art a jolly brave company.

'Go now make ready our royal fleet,  
Make ready soon, and get to sea;  
I then will shew the king of France  
When on French ground he does me see.'

And when our king to Southampton came,  
There the ships for him did wait a while;  
Sure such a sight was ne'er seen before,  
By any one in this our isle.

Their course they then made strait for  
France,  
With streamers gay and sails well filld;  
But the grandest ship of all that went  
Was that in which our good king saild.

11<sup>3,4</sup>. The Frenchmen they were so dismayd,  
Such a sight they ne'er did wish to see.

12<sup>1</sup>. The first that fired it was the French, *as in f.*

13<sup>3</sup>. The first that spoke was the French king,  
*as in f.*

13<sup>4</sup>. Lo yonder comes proud King Henry.

\* Cf. g 6 and 'Lord Bateman,' 14, II, 508.

*After 13:*

'Our loving cousin, we greet you well,  
From us thou now hast naught to fear;  
We seek from you our tribute due,  
That has not been paid for this many a  
year.'

14<sup>1,2</sup>. 'O go and take your tributes home,  
Five tons of gold I will give to thee,'  
*as in f.*

14<sup>3</sup>. And the fairest flower in all French land,  
*as in e, f.*

h. "The author, to whom the following Song of  
Agincourt has been familiar from his child-  
hood, cannot refrain from inserting it here."

1<sup>1</sup>. musing *wanting*.

1<sup>2</sup>. All musing at the hour of prime: "con-  
jectural."

1<sup>3</sup>. He bethought him of the king of France.

1<sup>4</sup>. And tribute due for so long a time.

2<sup>3,4</sup>, 3<sup>2</sup>. king in.

*After 2:*

Tell him to send me my tribute home,  
Ten ton of gold that is due to me;  
Unless he send me my tribute home,  
Soon in French land I will him see.

3<sup>1,2</sup>, 6<sup>1,2</sup>. Away then goes this lovely page,  
As fast, as fast as he could lie.

4<sup>3</sup>. gold is due to me.

5<sup>3</sup>. send him home some.

7<sup>4</sup>. That you and he can. 8<sup>2</sup>. come up to.

8<sup>3</sup>. He has sent you home some. *After 8:*

Oh! then bespoke our noble king,  
A solemn vow then vowed he:  
I'll promise him such English balls  
As in French lands he ne'er did see.  
*Cf. g.*

9<sup>1</sup>. Go! call up. 9<sup>3</sup>, 10<sup>3</sup>. But neither . . . nor.

9<sup>4</sup>. For *wanting*. 10<sup>1</sup>. They called up.

*After 10:*

He called unto him his merry men all,  
And numbered them by three and three,  
Until their number it did amount  
To thirty thousand stout men and three.  
*Cf. g 10<sup>3,4</sup>.*

11<sup>1</sup>. Away then marched they.

11<sup>2</sup>, 13<sup>2</sup>. and fifes.

12<sup>1</sup>. The first that fired it was the French, as  
in f, g.

13<sup>1</sup>. Then marched they on to.

14<sup>2</sup>. due from me. 14<sup>3</sup>. the very best flower.

i. *From the singing of a Yorkshire minstrel,  
with "one or two verbal corrections" from  
a modern broadside.*

2<sup>1,2</sup>, 3<sup>1</sup>, 6<sup>1</sup>. trusty for lovely. After 2 :

And tell him of my tribute due,  
Ten ton of gold that's due to me ;  
That he must send me my tribute home,  
Or in French land he soon will me see.

3<sup>2</sup>, 6<sup>2</sup>. Away and away and away, as in e, f.

After 8 : Oh ! then, etc., as in h, but tennis-  
balls in line three.

9<sup>1</sup>. Go call up, as in h.

10<sup>1</sup>. They called up, as in h.

12<sup>4</sup>. And the rest of them they were forced to  
flee, nearly as in f.

13<sup>4</sup>. Lord have mercy on my poor men and  
me, as in f.

14<sup>3</sup>. And the fairest flower that is in our  
French land : cf. e, f, g.

14<sup>4</sup>. shall go free, as in g.

j. *A Scottish version of the broadside from reci-  
tation of the beginning of this century : of  
slight value.*

1<sup>2</sup>. On his bed lay musing he : for the ee  
rhyme.

After 2 (cf. g, h, i) :

Ye gae on to the king of France,  
Ye greet him well and speedily,  
And ye bid him send the tributes due,  
Or in French lands he 'll soon see me.

5<sup>3</sup>, 8<sup>3</sup>. some tennis.

5<sup>4</sup>. may play him merrilie.

6<sup>1</sup>. Away, away went. 7<sup>4</sup>. him an you.

8<sup>4</sup>. may play fu merrilie.

9<sup>1</sup>, 10<sup>1</sup>. Chester and Lincolnshire.

11<sup>2</sup>. wi drum an pipe. 12 *wanting*.

13<sup>2</sup>. wi pipe an drum.

13<sup>4</sup>. God hae mercie on my poor men and me :  
cf. f, i.

14 *wanting*.

k. Received, 1886, from Mr Alexander Kirk,  
Inspector of Poor, Dalry, Kirkcudbright-  
shire, who learned it many years ago from  
David Rae, Barlay, Balmaclellan.

3<sup>1,2</sup>, 6<sup>1,2</sup>. Away, away . . . Away, away, and  
away : cf. e, f, g, i.

7<sup>4</sup>. No news, no news, . . . But just what my  
two eyes did see : cf. No 114, A 11, E 10,  
F 10.

After 8 (cf. g, h, i) :

Go call to me my merry men all,  
All by thirties and by three,  
And I will send him such tennis-balls  
As on French ground he did never see.

12 *wanting*.

13<sup>1</sup>. But when they came to the palace-gates.

l. 'Henry V and King of France.'

2<sup>4</sup>, 3<sup>4</sup>. king in. 5<sup>2</sup>. come unto.

7<sup>4</sup>. him and you. 8<sup>2</sup>. come to.

11<sup>1</sup>. Then they. 13<sup>4</sup>. Have mercy, Lord.

m. 'The Two Kings.'

3, 4. When he came to the king of France,  
He fell down on his bended knee :  
'My master greets you, noble sir,  
For a tribute that is due to he.'

5<sup>2</sup>, 8<sup>2</sup>. come to. 5<sup>3</sup>. send him home ten.

6, 7. When he came to our noble king,  
He fell low on his bended knee :  
'What news, what news, my lovely page ?  
What news have ye brought unto me ?'

8<sup>2</sup>. He's sent you hame ten.  
After 8 :

Out then spake our noble king,  
A solemn vow then vowed he :  
'I shall prepare such English balls  
That in French land he ne'er did see.'

9<sup>1</sup>. You do recruit. 10<sup>1</sup>. They did recruit.  
11 *wanting*.

12<sup>4</sup>. The rest of them were forced to flee.

13<sup>1</sup>. As we came in at the palace-gates.

13<sup>4</sup>. Have mercy on my men and me.

14<sup>3</sup>. The fairest flower in a' French land.

## 165

## SIR JOHN BUTLER

‘Sir John Butler,’ Percy MS., p. 427; Hales and Furnivall, III, 205.

THE subject of this ballad is the murder of a Sir John Butler at Bewsey Hall, near Warrington, Lancashire.

The story, which may be imperfect at the beginning, is that a party of men cross the moat in a leathern boat, and among them William Savage is one of the first. Sir John Butler's daughter Ellen wakens her father and tells him that his uncle Stanley is within his hall. If that be true, says Sir John, a hundred pound will not save me. Ellen goes down into the hall, and is asked where her father is; she avers that he is ridden to London, but the men know better, and search for him. Little Holcroft loses his head in trying to keep the door of the room where Sir John is; they enter, and call on him to yield. He will yield to his uncle Stanley, but never to false Peter Legh. Ellen Butler calls for a priest; William Savage says, He shall have no priest but my sword and me. Lady Butler was at this time in London; had she been at home she might have begged her husband's life of her good brother John. She dreams that her lord is swimming in blood, and long before day sets out for Bewsey Hall. On her way she learns that her husband is slain, and the news impels her to go back to London, where she begs of the king the death of false Peter Legh, her brother Stanley, William Savage, and all. Would ye have three men to die for one? says the king; if thou wilt come to London, thou shalt go home Lady Gray.

The papers of Roger Dodsworth,\* the antiquarian († 16..), give the following account of the transaction, according to the tradition of his time. “Sir John Boteler, Knight, was slaine in his bed by the Lord Standley's procurement, Sir Piers Leigh and Mister William Savage joininge with him in that action, corruptinge his servants, his porter settinge a light in a windowe to give knowledge upon the water that was about his house at Bewsaye, when the watch that watched about his howse at Bewsaye, where your way to . . . [*i. e.* Bold] comes, were gone awaye to their owne homes; and then they came over the moate in lether boates, and soe to his chamber, where one of his servants, called Hon-trost [Holcroft], was slaine, being his chamberlaine; the other brother betrayed his master. They promised him a great reward, and he going with them a way, they hanged him at a tree in Bewsaye Park. After this Sir John Boteler's lady pursned those that slewe her husband, and indyted xx. men for that ‘saute,’ but being married to Lorde Gray, he made her snites voyd, for which cause she parted from her husband, the Lorde Graye, and came into Lancastershyre, and sayd, If my lord wyll not helpe me that I may have my wyll of mine enemies, yet my bodye shall be berried by him; and she caused a tombe of alabaster to be made, where she lyeth upon the right hand of her husband, Sir John Butler.” †

Another paper in the same collection as-

\* Vol. cxiii, fol. 14, Bodleian Library: cited (p. 303 f.) in Beamont's *Annals of the Lords of Warrington*, Chetham Society, 1872, where may be found the fullest investigation yet attempted of this obscure matter. I have freely and

thankfully used chapters 17-19 of that highly interesting work.

† For Lord Grey's making the suit void, and his lady's resolution to be buried near Sir John, see Beamont, p. 319 f, pp. 297-99.

sumes to give the cause of the murder. "The occasion of the murther was this. The king being to come to Lathom, the Erle of Derby, his brother-in-law, sent unto hym [Sir John Butler] a messenger to desire him to wear his cloath [appear as his retainer] at that tyme; but in his absence his lady said she scorned that her husband should wayte on her brother, being as well able to entertayne the kynge as he was; which answer the erle tooke in great disdayne, and persecuted the said Sir John Butler with all the mallice that coud be." After mutual ill-services, they took arms one against the other, Sir Piers Legh and William Savage siding with the earl, and in the end these three corrupted Sir John Butler's servants and murdered him in his bed. "Hys lady, at that instant being in London, did dreame the same night that he was slayne, that Bewsaye Hall did swym with blood; whereupon she presently came homewards, and heard by the way the report of his death." \*

Sir John Boteler, son of Sir John, born in 1429, married for his third wife Margaret Stanley, widow of Sir Thomas Troutbeck, daughter of Thomas first Lord Stanley, and sister of Thomas the second lord, whom Dodsworth calls by anticipation Earl of Derby, which he was not until 1485. Sir John Boteler had by his first wife four daughters, but no Ellen; by Margaret Stanley he had a son Thomas, born in 1461. He died in 1463, and his wife afterwards married for her third husband Henry Lord Grey of Codnor.

According to st. 23 of the ballad, Dame Margaret's brother Stanley, that is Lord Thomas, is directly concerned in the murder which in the Dodsworth story he is said only to have procured. But an uncle Stanley appears to be a prominent member of the hostile party in sts 5, 12; how, we cannot explain. A 'good' brother John is mentioned in st. 15, of whom Lady Butler might have begged her husband's

life, and who must, therefore, have been present. Lady Butler had a brother John. But the alleged participation of Sir Peter Legh and William Savage in this murder, perpetrated in 1463, is an impossibility. Sir Peter Legh was born in 1455, and was only eight years old at that time, and William Savage, nephew of Lord Thomas Stanley, was also a mere child. As to the part ascribed to Lord Thomas Stanley, Sir Thomas Butler, the son of Sir John, is said to have lived on the most friendly terms with him in after days, and to have limited "an estate in remainder, after the limitation to himself and his heirs, to the Earl of Derby in fee," which we can hardly suppose he would have done if the earl had been his father's murderer.

The occasion of the murder is represented in the tradition reported by Dodsworth to have been Sir John Butler's refusal (through his wife) to wear the Earl of Derby's livery at the time of the king's coming to Lathom. The king (Henry VII) did indeed come to Lathom, but not until the year 1495, thirty-two years after Sir John's death, and three years after that of his wife. It is true that other accounts make Sir Thomas, the son of Sir John, to have been the victim of the murder; but Sir Thomas died in 1522, and the Earl of Derby in 1504.† There is not, as Dr. Robson says, a tittle of evidence to show that there was any murder at all, whether of Sir John or any other of the Butler family. But it was an unquiet time, and the conjecture has been offered "that, being a consistent Lancastrian," Sir John "may have incurred some Yorkist resentments, and have been sacrificed by a confederacy of some of those who, though his private friends, were his political enemies." ‡

Sir John Butler, son of Sir John, is of course the only person that the ballad and the parallel tradition can intend, for Margaret Stanley was the only Stanley that ever mar-

\* Beament, p. 304.

† Pennant, in the second half of the last century, heard that both Sir Thomas and his lady were murdered in his house by assassins, who, in the night, crossed the moat in leathern boats. Again, Sir Peter Legh, simply, was said to

have slain Sir Thomas Butler. Sir Thomas died quietly in his bed, and Sir Peter, who had turned priest, administered ghostly consolations to him not long before his decease.

‡ See Beament, p. 308; and also p. 296 for another hypothesis.



ried a Butler, and Margaret Stanley's third husband was Lord Grey of Codnor. But Sir John the elder, who died in 1430, had a daughter Ellen, "old enough to raise an alarm when her father was attacked, while he was actually nephew by marriage to the second Sir John Stanley of Lathom, who survived him." (If we might proceed according to established mythological rules, and transfer to the son what is told of the father, we might account for the "uncle Stanley" and the Ellen of the ballad.) Sir John the senior's widow, Lady Isabella, was in 1437 violently carried off and forced into marriage by one William Poole, and her petition to Parliament for redress calls this Poole an outlaw "for felony for man's death by him murdered and slain." It has been thought a not overstrained presumption that this language may refer to the death of Lady Isabella's husband, the earlier Sir John, though it would be strange, if such were the reference, that no name should be given.\*

The Bewsey murder has been narrated, with the variations of later tradition, by John Fitchett in 'Bewsey, a Poem,' Warrington, 1796; in a ballad by John Roby, Traditions of Lancashire, 1879, II, 72; and in another ballad in Ballads and Songs of Lancashire, Harland and Wilkinson, 1882, p. 13 (at p. 15 Fitchett's verses are cited). See also Dr Robson, in the preface to the Percy ballad, p. 208, and Beamont, Annals of the Lords of Warrington, p. 318.

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1 But word is come to Warrington,  
And Busye Hall is laid about;  
Sir Iohn Butler and his merry men  
Stand in full great doubt.

2 When they came to Busye Hall  
Itt was the merke midnight,  
And all the bridges were vp drawn,  
And neuer a candle-light.

3 There they made them one good boate,  
All of one good bull skinn;  
William Sauage was one of the first  
That euer came itt within.

4 Hee sayled ore his merrymen,  
By two and two together,  
And said itt was as good a bote  
As ere was made of lether.

5 'Waken you, waken you, deare ffather!  
God waken you within!  
For heere is your vnckle Standlye  
Come your hall within.'

6 'If *that* be true, Ellen Butler,  
These tydings you tell mee,  
A hundred pound in good redd gold  
This night will not borrow mee.'

7 Then came downe Ellen Butler  
And into her ffathers hall,  
And then came downe Ellen Butler,  
And shee was laced in pall.

8 'Where is thy ffather, Ellen Butler?  
Haue done, and tell itt mee.'  
'My ffather is now to London ridden,  
As Christ shall haue part of mee.'

9 'Now nay, now nay, Ellen Butler,  
Ffor soe itt must not bee;  
Ffor ere I goe forth of this hall,  
Your ffather I must see.'

10 The sought *that* hall then vp and downe  
Theras Iohn Butler lay;  
The sought *that* hall then vp and downe  
Theras Iohn Butler lay.

11 Ffaire him ffall, litle Holcrofft!  
Soe merrilye he kept the dore,  
Till *that* his head from his shoulders  
Came tumbling downe the floore.

12 'Yeele thee, yeele thee, Iohn Butler!  
'Yeele thee now to mee!'  
'I will yeele me to my vnckle Stanlye,  
And neere to ffalse Peeter Lee.'

\* Beamont, pp. 259, 321.

- 13 'A preist, a preist,' saies Ellen Butler,  
 'To housle and to shriue !  
 A preist, a preist,' saies Ellen Butler,  
 'While *that* my father is a man aliuē !'
- 14 Then bespake him William Sauage,  
 A shames death may hee dye !  
 Sayes, He shall haue no other preist  
 But my bright sword and mee.
- 15 The Ladye Butler is to London rydden,  
 Shee had better haue bene att home ;  
 Shee might haue beggd her owne married lord  
 Att her good brother Iohn.
- 16 And as shee lay in leuee London,  
 And as shee lay in her bedd,  
 Shee dreamed her owne married lord  
 Was swiminge in blood soe red.
- 17 Shee called vp her merry men all,  
 Long ere itt was day ;  
 Saies, Wee must ryde to Busye Hall,  
 With all speed *that* wee may.
- 18 Shee mett with three Kendall men,  
 Were ryding by the way :  
 'Tydings, tydings, Kendall men,  
 I pray you tell itt mee !'
- 19 'Heauy tydings, deare madam ;  
 Ffrom you wee will not leane ;
- The worthiest *knight* in merry England,  
 Iohn Butler, Lord ! hee is slaine !'
- 20 'Ffarewell, ffarwell, Iohn Butler !  
 Ffor thee I must neuer see :  
 Ffarewell, ffarwell, Busiye Hall !  
 For thee I will neuer come nye.'
- 21 Now Ladye Butler is to London againe,  
 In all the speed might bee,  
 And when shee came before her princee,  
 Shee kneeled low downe on her knee.
- 22 'A boone, a boone, my leege !' shee sayes,  
 'Ffor Gods loue grant itt mee !'  
 'What is thy boone, Lady Butler ?  
 Or what wold thou haue of mee ?
- 23 'What is thy boone, Lady Butler ?  
 Or what wold thou haue of mee ?'  
 'That ffalse Peeres of Lee, and my brother  
 Stanley,  
 And William Sauage, and all, may dye.'
- 24 'Come you hither, Lady Butler,  
 Come you ower this stone ;  
 Wold you haue three men ffor to dye,  
 All ffor the losse off one ?
- 25 'Come you hither, Lady Butler,  
 With all the speed you may ;  
 If thou wilt come to London, *Lady* Butler,  
 Thou shalt goe home Lady Gray.'

2<sup>a</sup>. merke may be merle in the MS.: Furni-  
 vall.

4<sup>a</sup>. 2 and 2. 6<sup>a</sup>. a 100<sup>th</sup>.

7<sup>a</sup>. them for Then.

10<sup>1,2</sup>. These two lines only are in the MS.,

but they are marked with a bracket and  
 bis: Furnivall.

18<sup>a</sup>, 24<sup>a</sup>, 3.

22<sup>a,4</sup>. These two lines are bracketed, and  
 marked bis in the MS.: Furnivall.

## 166

## THE ROSE OF ENGLAND

'The Rose of Englande,' Percy MS., p. 423; Hales and Furnivall, III, 187.

THE title of this ballad, as Percy notes in his manuscript, is quoted in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* (printed in 1639), act third, scene third, Dyce, VII, 364. The subject is the winning of the crown of England from Richard III by Henry VII, and the parties on both sides, though some of them are sometimes called by their proper names, are mostly indicated by their badges or cognizances,\* which were perfectly familiar, so that though there is a "perpetual allegory," it is not a "dark conceit."

The red rose of Lancaster was rooted up by a boar, Richard, who was generally believed to have murdered Henry VI and his son Edward, the Prince of Wales; but the seed of the rose, the Earl of Richmond, afterwards wore the crown. The sixth stanza gives us to understand that the young Earl of Richmond was under the protection of Lord Stanley at Lathom before his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, fled with him to Brittany, in 1471; but this does not appear in the histories. The Earl of Richmond came back to claim his right (in 1485), and brought with him the blue boar, the Earl of Oxford, to encounter, with Richard, the white boar. Richmond sends a messenger to the old eagle, Lord Stanley, his stepfather, to announce his arrival; Stanley thanks God, and hopes that the rose shall flourish again. The Welshmen rise in a mass under Rice ap Thomas and shog on to Shrewsbury. Master Mitton, bailiff of Shrewsbury, refuses at first to let Richmond enter, but, upon receiving letters from Sir William Stanley of Holt Castle, opens the

gates. The Earl of Oxford is about to smite off the bailiff's head; Richmond interferes, and asks Mitton why he was kept out. The bailiff knows no king but him that wears the crown; if Richmond shall put down Richard, he will, when sworn, be as true to Richmond as to Richard now. Richmond recognizes this as genuine loyalty, and will not have the bailiff harmed. The earl moves on to Newport, and then has a private meeting at Atherstone with Lord Stanley, who makes great moan because the young eagle, Lord Strange, his eldest son, is a hostage in the hands of the white boar. At the battle Oxford has the van; Lord Stanley follows 'fast'! The Talbot-dog (Sir Gilbert Talbot) bites sore; the unicorn (Sir John Savage) quits himself well; then comes in the hart's head (Sir William Stanley), the field is fought, the white boar slain, and the young eagle saved as by fire.†

How the Earl of Richmond compassed the crown of England is told at more length in two histories in the ballad-stanza, 'Bosworth Field' and 'Lady Bessy.' The first of these (656 verses) occurs only in the Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, III, 235. It is on the whole a tame performance. Richmond is kept quite subordinate to the Stanleys, kneeling to Sir William, v. 371, and "desiring" the van of Lord Stanley, who grants his request, 449-51. The second exists in two versions: (1) Harleian MS. 367, printed by Mr Halliwell-Phillipps, Percy Society, vol. xx, 1847, p. 43, and Palatine Anthology, 1850, p. 60; Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, III, 321 (each of about 1100 verses); (2) Percy Society and

\* These are duly interpreted in Hales and Furnivall.

† Lord Strange's hair-breadth escape is, however, perhaps

apocryphal: see Croston, *County Families of Lancashire and Cheshire*, 1887, p. 25 f.

Palatine Anthology again, p. 1, p. 6, and previously by Thomas Heywood, 1829 (about 1250 vv). In this second poem the love, ambition, and energy of Elizabeth of York sets all the instruments at work, and the Stanleys are not so extravagantly prominent. It is a remarkably lively narrative, with many curious details, and in its original form (which

we cannot suppose we have) must have been nearly contemporary. 'Bosworth Field' borrows some verses from it.

17<sup>2</sup>, 22<sup>4</sup>. This affirmation of the trustworthiness of the chronicle occurs in 'The Battle of Otterburn,' No 161, 35<sup>2</sup>, and again in 'Flodden Field,' No 178, appendix, 121<sup>4</sup>.

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|--|--|
| <p>1 THROUGHOUT a garden greene and gay,<br/>A seemlye sight itt was to see<br/>How flowers did flourish fresh and gay,<br/>And birds doe sing melodiouslye.</p> <p>2 In the midst of a garden there sprange a tree,<br/>Which tree was of a mickle price,<br/>And there vppon sprang the rose soe redd,<br/>The goodlyest <i>that</i> euer sprange on rise.</p> <p>3 This rose was ffaire, ffresh to behold,<br/>Springing with many a royall lancee ;<br/>A crowned king, with a crowne of gold,<br/>Ouer England, Ireland, and of Ffrance.</p> <p>4 Then came in a beast men call a bore,<br/>And he rooted this garden vpp and downe ;<br/>By the seede of the rose he sett noe store,<br/>But afterwards itt wore the crowne.</p> <p>5 Hee tooke the branches of this rose away,<br/>And all in sunder did them teare.<br/>And he buried them vnder a clodd of clay,<br/>Swore they shold neuer bloome nor beare.</p> <p>6 Then came in an egle gleaming gay,<br/>Of all ffaire birds well worth the best ;<br/>He took the branche of the rose away,<br/>And bore itt to Latham to his nest.</p> <p>7 But now is this rose out of England exiled,<br/>This certaine truth I will not laine ;<br/>But if itt please you to sitt a while,<br/>I'll tell you how the rose came in againe.</p> <p>8 Att Milford Hauen he entered in ;<br/>To claime his right, was his delight ;<br/>He brought the blew bore in with him,<br/>To encounter with the bore soe white.</p> <p>9 The[n] a messenger the rose did send<br/>To the egles nest, and bidd him hye :</p> | <p>'To my ffather, the old egle, I doe [me] com-<br/>end,<br/>His aide and helpe I craue speedilye.'</p> <p>10 Saies, I desire my father att my cominge<br/>Of men and mony att my need,<br/>And alsoe my mother of her deer blessing ;<br/>The better then I hope to speede.</p> <p>11 And when the messenger came before thold<br/>egle,<br/>He kneeled him downe vpon his knee ;<br/>Saith, Well greeteth you my lord the rose,<br/>He hath sent you greetings here by me.</p> <p>12 Safe ffrom the seas Christ hath him sent,<br/>Now he is entered England within :<br/>'Let vs thanke God,' the old egle did say,<br/>'He shall be the fflower of all his kine.</p> <p>13 'Wend away, messenger, with night and<br/>maine ;<br/>Itt's hard to know who a man may trust ;<br/>I hope the rose shall flourish againe,<br/>And haue all things att his owne lust.'</p> <p>14 Then Sir Rice ap Thomas drawes Wales with<br/>him ;<br/>A worthy sight itt was to see,<br/>How the Welshmen rose wholly with him,<br/>And shogged them to Shrewsburye.</p> <p>15 Att <i>that</i> time was baylye in Shrewsburye<br/>One Master Mitton, in the towne ;<br/>The gates were strong, and he mad them<br/>fast,<br/>And the portecullis he lett downe.</p> <p>16 And throug a garrett of the walls,<br/>Ouer Severne these words said hee ;<br/>'Att these gates no man enter shall ;'<br/>But he kept him out a night and a day.</p> |
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- 17 These words Mitton did Erle Richmond tell  
(I am sure the chronicles of this will not lye);  
But when *lettres* came from Sir William Stanley  
of the Holt castle,  
Then the gates were opened presentlye.
- 18 Then entred this towne the noble lord,  
The Erle Richmond, the rose soe redd;  
The Erle of Oxford, with a sword,  
Wold haue smitt of the bailiffes head.
- 19 'But hold your hand,' saies Erle Richmond,  
'Ffor his loue *that* dyed vpon a tree!  
Ffor if wee begin to head so soone,  
In England wee shall beare no degree.'
- 20 'What offence haue I made thee,' sayd Erle  
Richmonde,  
'*That* thou kept me out of my towne?'  
'I know no king,' sayd Mitton then,  
'But Richard now, *that* weares the crowne.'
- 21 'Why, what wilt thou say,' said Erle Richmond,  
'When I haue put King Richard downe?'  
'Why, then Ile be as true to you, my lord,  
After the time *that* I am sworne.'
- 22 'Were itt not great pitty,' sayd Erle Richmond,  
'*That* such a man as this shold dye,  
Such loyall service by him done?  
(The cronickles of this will not lye.)
- 23 'Thou shalt not be harmed in any case;'  
He pardone[d] him presentlye;  
They stayd not past a night and a day,  
But towards Newport did they hye.
- 24 But [at] Attherston these lords did meete;  
A worthy sight itt was to see,  
How Erle Richmond tooke his hatt in his hand,  
And said, Cheshire and Lancashire, welcome  
to me!
- 25 But now is a bird of the egle taken;  
Ffrom the white bore he cannot fflie;  
Therefore the old egle makes great moane,  
And prayes to God most certainly.
- 26 'O stedfast God, verament,' he did say,  
'Thre persons in one god in Trinytye,  
Saeue my sonne, the young egle, this day  
Ffrom all ffalse craft and trecherye!'
- 27 Then the blew bore the vanward had;  
He was both warry and wise of witt;  
The right hand of them he tooke,  
The sunn and wind of them to gett.
- 28 Then the egle ffollowed fast vpon his pray,  
With sore dints he did them smyte;  
The talbott he bitt wonderous sore,  
Soe well the vnicorne did him quite.
- 29 And then came in the harts head;  
A worthy sight itt was to see,  
The iacketts *that* were of white and redd,  
How they laid about them lustilye.
- 30 But now is the ffierce ffieeld foughten and  
ended,  
And the white bore there lyeth slaine,  
And the young egle is preserued,  
And come to his nest againe.
- 31 But now this garden flourishes ffreshly and  
gay,  
With ffragrant flowers comely of hew,  
And gardners itt doth maintaine;  
I hope they will proue iust and true.
- 32 Our king, he is the rose soe redd,  
*That* now does flourish ffresh and gay:  
Confound his foes, Lord, wee beseeche,  
And loue His Grace both night and day!

10<sup>4</sup>. Then better.12<sup>1</sup>. him is apparently altered from *mim* in  
the MS.: *Furnivall*.14<sup>4</sup>. shogged him. 17<sup>3</sup>. cane for came.26<sup>2</sup>. 3. 29<sup>3</sup>. They.

## 167

## SIR ANDREW BARTON

A. 'Sir Andrew Bartton,' Percy MS. p. 490; Hales and Furnivall, III, 399.

B. 'The Life and Death of Sir Andrew Barton,' etc.  
a. Douce Ballads, I, 18 b. Pepys Ballads, I, 484, No 249. c. Wood Ballads, 401, 55. d. Rox-

burghe Ballads, I, 2; reprinted by the Ballad Society, I, 10. e. Bagford Ballads, 643, m. 9. (61). f. Bagford Ballads, 643, m. 10 (77). g. Wood Ballads, 402, 37. h. 'Sir Andrew Barton,' Glenriddell MSS, XI, 20.

GIVEN in Old Ballads, 1723, I, 159; in Percy's Reliques, 1765, II, 177, a copy made up from the Folio MS. and B b, with editorial emendations; Ritson's Select Collection of English Songs, 1783, I, 313. B f is reprinted by Halliwell, Early Naval Ballads, Percy Society, vol. ii, p. 4, 1841; by Moore, Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry, p. 256, 1853. There is a Bow-Churchyard copy, of no value, in the Roxburghe collection, III, 726, 727, dated in the Museum catalogue 1710.

A collation of A and B will show how ballads were retrenched and marred in the process of preparing them for the vulgar press.\* B a-g clearly lack two stanzas after 11 (12, 13, of A). This omission is perhaps to be attributed to careless printing rather than to reckless cutting down, for the stanzas wanted are found in h. h is a transcript, apparently from recitation or dictation, of a Scottish broadside. It has but fifty-six stanzas, against the sixty-four of B a and the

eighty-two of A, and is extremely corrupted. Besides the two stanzas not found in the English broadside, it has one more, after 50, which is perhaps borrowed from 'Adam Bell':

'Foul fa the hands,' says Horsley then,  
'This day that did that coat put on;  
For had it been as thin as mine,  
Thy last days had been at an end.' †

A has a regrettable gap after 35, and is corrupted at 29<sup>3</sup> ‡, 47<sup>2</sup>.

In the year 1476 a Portuguese squadron seized a richly loaded ship commanded by John Barton, in consequence of which letters of reprisal were granted to Andrew, Robert, and John Barton, sons of John, and these letters were renewed in 1506, § "as no opportunity had occurred of effectuating a retaliation;" that is to say, as the Scots, up to the later date, had not been supplied with the proper vessels. The king of Portugal remonstrated against reprisals for so old an offence, but he had put himself in the wrong four

\* B begins vilely, but does not go on so ill. The forty merchants coming 'with fifty sail' to King Henry on a mountain top, 31<sup>2</sup>, requires to be taken indulgently.

† 'God's curse on his hartt,' saide William,  
'Thys day thy cote dyd on;  
If it had ben no better then myne,  
It had gone nere thy bone.'  
(Vol. iii, 23, st. 27.)

‡ An approach to sense may be had by reading 'either in haech-bord or in hull,' that is, by striking with his beam either the side or the body of the vessel; but I do not think so well of this change as to venture it.

§ The letters granted to the Bartons authorized them to

seize all Portuguese ships till repaid 12,000 ducats of Portugal. Pinkerton, whose excellent account, everywhere justified by documents, I have been indebted to above, remarks: "The justice of letters of reprisal after an interval of thirty years may be much doubted. At any rate, one prize was sufficient for the injury, and the continuance of their captures, and the repeated demands of our kings, even so late as 1540, cannot be vindicated. Nay, these reprisals on Portugal were found so lucrative that, in 1543, Arran, the regent, gave similar letters to John Barton, grandson of the first John. In 1563 Mary formally revoked the letters of marque to the Bartons, because they had been abused into piracy." Pinkerton's History of Scotland, II, 60 f, 70.

years before by refusing to deal with a herald sent by the Scottish king for the arrangement of the matter in dispute. It is probable that there was justice on the Scottish side, "yet there is some reason to believe that the Bartons abused the royal favor, and the distance and impunity of the sea, to convert this retaliation into a kind of piracy against the Portuguese trade, at that time, by the discoveries and acquisitions in India, rendered the richest in the world." All three of the brothers were men of note in the naval history of Scotland. Andrew is called Sir Andrew, perhaps, in imitation of Sir Andrew Wood; but his brother attained to be called Sir Robert.\*

We may now hear what the writers who are nearest to the time have to say of the subject-matter of our ballad.

Hall's Chronicle, 1548. In June [1511], the king being at Leicester, tidings were brought to him that Andrew Barton, a Scottish man and a pirate of the sea, saying that the king of Scots had war with the Portingales, did rob every nation, and so stopped the king's streams that no merchants almost could pass, and when he took the Englishmen's goods, he said they were Portingales' goods, and thus he haunted and robbed at every haven's mouth. The king, moved greatly with this crafty pirate, sent Sir Edmund Howard, Lord Admiral of England,† and Lord Thomas Howard, son and heir to the Earl of Surrey, in all the haste to the sea, which hastily made ready two ships, and without any more abode took the sea, and by chance of weather were severed. The Lord Howard, lying in the Downs, perceived where Andrew was making toward Scotland, and so fast the said lord chased him that he overtook him, and there was a sore battle. The Englishmen were fierce, and the Scots defended them manfully, and ever Andrew blew his whistle to encourage his men, yet for all

that, the Lord Howard and his men, by clean strength, entered the main deck; then the Englishmen entered on all sides, and the Scots fought sore on the hatches, but in conclusion Andrew was taken, which was so sore wounded that he died there; then all the remnant of the Scots were taken, with their ship, called The Lion. All this while was the Lord Admiral in chase of the bark of Scotland called Jenny Pirwyn, which was wont to sail with The Lion in company, and so much did he with other that he laid him on board and fiercely assailed him, and the Scots, as hardy and well stomached men, them defended; but the Lord Admiral so encouraged his men that they entered the bark and slew many, and took all the other. Then were these two ships taken, and brought to Blackwall the second day of August, and all the Scots were sent to the Bishop's place of York, and there remained, at the king's charge, till other direction was taken for them. [They were released upon their owning that they deserved death for piracy, and appealing to the king's mercy, says Hall.] The king of Scots, hearing of the death of Andrew of Barton and taking of his two ships, was wonderful wroth, and sent letters to the king requiring restitution according to the league and amity. The king wrote with brotherly salutations to the king of Scots of the robberies and evil doings of Andrew Barton, and that it became not one prince to lay a breach of a league to another prince in doing justice upon a pirate or thief, and that all the other Scots that were taken had deserved to die by justice if he had not extended his mercy. (Ed. of 1809, p. 525.)

Buchanan, about twenty years later, writes to this effect. Andrew Breton‡ was a Scots trader whose father had been cruelly put to death by the Portuguese, after they had plundered his ship. This outrage was committed within the dominion of Flanders, and the

year. Edmund was his younger brother. Lesley has Edmund again; Stowe has Edward.

‡ Britannus. "Breton, whom our chroniclers call Barton," says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, *Life of Henry VIII*, 1649, p. 15.

\* Robert was skipper of the Great Michael, a ship two hundred and forty feet long, with sides ten feet thick, and said to be larger and stronger than any vessel in the navy of England or of France.

† A mistake of Edmund for Edward and an anticipation. Sir Edward Howard was not made admiral till the next

Flemish admiralty, upon suit of the son, gave judgment against the Portuguese; but the offending parties would not pay the indemnity, nor would their king compel them, though the king of Scots sent a herald to make the demand. The Scot procured from his master a letter of marque, to warrant him against charges of piracy and freebooting while prosecuting open war against the Portuguese for their violation of the law of nations, and in the course of a few months inflicted great loss on them. Portuguese envoys went to the English king and told him that this Andrew was a man of such courage and enterprise as would make him a dangerous enemy in the war then impending with the French, and that he could now be conveniently cut off, under cover of piracy, to the advantage of English subjects and the gratification of a friendly sovereign. Henry was easily persuaded, and dispatched his admiral, Thomas Howard,\* with two of the strongest ships of the royal navy, to lie in wait at the Downs for Andrew, then on his way home from Flanders. They soon had sight of the Scot, in a small vessel, with a still smaller in company. Howard attacked Andrew's ship, but, though the superior in all respects, was barely able to take it after the master and most of his men had been killed. The Scots captain, though several times wounded and with one leg broken by a cannon-ball, seized a drum and beat a charge to inspirit his men to fight until breath and life failed. The smaller ship was surrendered with less resistance, and the survivors of both vessels, by begging their lives of the king (as they were instructed to do by the English), obtained a discharge without punishment. The Scottish king made formal complaint of this breach of peace, but the answer was ready: the killing of pirates broke no leagues and furnished no decent

ground for war. (Rer. Scot. Historia, 1582, fol. 149 b, 150.)

Bishop Lesley, writing at about the same time as Buchanan, openly accuses the English of fraud. "In the month of June," he says, "Andrew Barton, being on the sea in warfare contrar the Portingals, against whom he had a letter of mark, Sir Edmund Howard, Lord Admiral of England, and Lord Thomas Howard, son and heir to the Earl of Surrey, past forth at the king of England's command, with certain of his best ships; and the said Andrew, being in his voyage sailing toward Scotland, having only but one ship and a bark, they set upon at the Downs, and at the first entry did make sign unto them that there was friendship standing betwix the two realms, and therefore thought them to be friends; wherewith they, nothing moved, did cruelly invade, and he manfully and courageously defended, where there was many slain, and Andrew himself sore wounded, that he died shortly; and his ship, called The Lion, and the bark, called Jenny Pirrvyne, which, with the Scots men that was living, were had to London, and kept there as prisoners in the Bishop of Yorks house, and after was sent home in Scotland. When that the knowledge hereof came to the king, he sent incontinent a herald to the king of England, with letters requiring dress for the slaughter of Andrew Barton, with the ships to be rendered again; otherwise it might be an occasion to break the league and peace contracted between them. To the which it was answered by the king of England that the slaughter being a pirate, as he alleged, should be no break to the peace; yet not the less he should cause commissioners meet upon the borders, where they should treat upon that and all other enormities betwix the two realms."† (History of Scotland, Edinburgh, 1830, p. 82 f.)

\* Another anticipation. Sir Thomas Howard became admiral only after his brother Edward's death, in 1513. The expedition of the Howards against Barton appears to have been a private one, though with the consent of the king.

† The commissioners met, and "the wrongs done unto Scotland many ways, specially of the slaughter of Andrew Barton and taking of his ships, were conferred," but the

commissioners of England would not consent to make any redress or restitution till after a certain date when they expected to know the issue of their king's invasion of France. Hereupon a herald was sent to King Henry in France, with a letter from King James, rehearsing the great wrongs and unkindnesses done to himself and his lieges, and among these the slaughter of Andrew Barton by Henry's own command, though he had done no offence to him or his lieges;



The ballad displaces Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard, and puts in their place Lord Charles Howard, who was not born till twenty-five years after the fight. Lord Charles Howard, son of William, a younger half-brother of Thomas and Edward, was, in his time, like them, Lord High Admiral, and had the honor of commanding the fleet which served against the Armada. He was created Earl of Nottingham in 1596, and this circumstance, adopted into A 78,\* puts this excellent ballad later than one would have said, unless, as is quite possible, the name of the English commander has been changed. There is but one ship in the ballad, as there is but a single captain, but Henry Hunt makes up for the other when we come to the engagement. The dates are much deranged in A. The merchants make their complaint at midsummer, the summer solstice (in May, B 1), and here there is agreement with Hall and Lesley. The English ship sails the day before midsummer-even, A 17; the fight occurs not more than four days after (A 18, 33, 34; B 16, 31); four days is a large allowance for returning, but the ship sails into Thames mouth on the day before New Year's even, A 71, 72, 74.† In B the English do not sail till winter, and although the interval from May is long for fitting out a ship, inconsistency is avoided. According to Hall, the English ships bought in their prizes August 2d.

A. King Henry Eighth, having been informed by eighty London merchants that navigation is stopped by a Scot who would rob them were they twenty ships to his one,

and no satisfaction being obtained, the herald, according to his instructions, "denounced war to the king of England," August, 1513. (Lesley, pp. 87-91.)

\* B 63, "Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight." Admiral Thomas Howard, for his good service at Flodden and elsewhere, was created Earl of Surrey in 1514. Bury is, one would suppose, a corruption of Surrey, and if so, Surrey may have been the reading of earlier copies, and perhaps Thomas again, instead of Charles.

† By reading midwinter in A 17<sup>3</sup> this difficulty would be removed.

‡ These beams, Henry Hunt intimates in 32, would be dangerous to boarders, which is conceivable should they chance to hit the right heads; but they are evidently meant to be dropped on the adversary's vessel, and this by a process which is not distinctly described, and was, I fear, not

asks if there is never a lord who will fetch him that traitor, and Lord Charles Howard volunteers for the service, he to be the only man. The king offers him six hundred fighting men, his choice of all the realm. Howard engages two noble marksmen, Peter Simon to be the head of a hundred gunners, and William Horsley to be the head of a hundred bowmen, and sails, resolved to bring in Sir Andrew and his ship, or never again come near his prince. On the third day he falls in with a fine ship commanded by Henry Hunt, and asks whether they have heard of Barton. Henry Hunt had been Barton's prisoner the day before, and can give the best intelligence and advice. Barton is a terrible fellow; his ship is brass within and steel without; and although there is a deficiency at A 36, there is enough to show that it was not less magnificent than strong, 36<sup>2</sup>, 75<sup>2</sup>. He has a pinnacle of thirty guns, and the voluble and not too coherent Hunt makes it a main point to sink this pinnacle first. But above all, Barton carries beams in his topcastle, and with these, if he can drop them, his own ship is a match for twenty; ‡ therefore, let no man go to his topcastle. Hunt borrows some guns from Lord Howard, trusting to be forgiven for breaking the oath upon which he had been released by his captor the day before, and sets a 'glass' (lantern?) to guide Howard's ship to Barton's, which they see the next day. Barton is lying at anchor, 45<sup>3</sup>, 46<sup>1</sup>; the English ship, feigning to be a merchantman, passes him without striking top-sails or topmast, 'stirring neither top nor

perfectly grasped by the minstrel. The veriest landsman must think that a magazine of heavy timbers stowed in either castle (there is an upper and a lower in the pictures of Henry VII's Great Harry and of Henry VIII's Grace de Dieu, and the lower is well up the mast) would not be favorable to sailing; but this is a minor difficulty. Stones and fire-balls were sometimes thrown from the topcastle, which, properly, should be a stage at the very tip of the mast, as we find it in old prints: see Nicolas's *History of the Royal Navy*, II, 170. Stones and iron bars thrown from the high decks of Spanish ships did much harm to the English in a fight in 1372: Froissart, *Buchon*, V, 276. An intelligible way of operating the ancient "dolphins," heavy masses of metal dropped from the end of a yard, is suggested in Graser, *De veterum re navali*, 1864, p. 82 f.

mast.' Sir Andrew has been admiral on the sea for more than three years, and no Englishman or Portingal passes without his leave: he orders his pinnace to bring the pedlars back; they shall hang at his main-mast tree. The pinnace fires on Lord Howard and brings down his foremast and fifteen of his men, but Simon sinks the pinnace with one discharge, which, to be sure, includes nine yards of chain besides other great shot, less and more. Sir Andrew cuts his ropes to go for the pedlar himself. Lord Howard throws off disguise, sounds drums and trumpets, and spreads his ensign. Simon's son shoots and kills sixty; the perjured Henry Hunt comes in on the other side, brings down the foremast, and kills eighty. One wonders that Barton's guns do not reply; in fact he never fires a shot; but then he has that wonderful apparatus of the beams, which, whether mechanically perfect or not, is worked well by the poet, for not many better passages are met with in ballad poetry than that which tells of the three gallant attempts on the main-mast tree, 52-66. Sir Andrew had not taken the English archery into his reckoning. Gordon, the first man to mount, is struck through the brain; so is James Hamilton, Barton's sister's son. Sir Andrew dons his armor of proof and goes up himself. Horsley hits him under his arm; Barton will not loose his hold, but a second mortal wound forces him to come down. He calls on his men to fight on; he will lie and bleed awhile, and then rise and fight again; "fight on for Scotland and St Andrew, while you hear my whistle blow!" Soon the whistle is mute, and they know that Barton is dead; the English board; Howard strikes off Sir Andrew's head, while the Scots stand by weeping, and

throws the body over the side, with three hundred crowns about the middle to secure it a burial. So Jon Rimaardsson binds three bags about his body when he jumps into the sea, saying, He shall not die poor that will bury my body: Danske Viser, II, 225, st. 30. Lord Howard sails back to England, and is royally welcomed. England before had but one ship of war, and Sir Andrew's made the second, says the ballad, but therein seems to be less than historically accurate: see Southey's *Lives of the British Admirals*, 1833, II, 171, note. Hunt, Horsley, and Simon are generously rewarded, and Howard is made Earl of Nottingham. When King Henry sees Barton's ghastly head, he exclaims that he would give a hundred pounds if the man were alive as he is dead: ambiguous words, which one would prefer not to interpret by the later version of the ballad, in which Henry is eager himself to give the doom, B 58; nor need we, for in the concluding stanza the king, in recognition of the manful part that he hath played, both here and beyond the sea, says that each of Barton's men shall have half a crown a day to take them home.

The variations of B, as to the story, are of slight importance. There is no pinnace in B. Horsley's shots are somewhat better arranged: Gordon is shot under the collar-bone, the nephew through the heart; the first arrow rebounds from Barton's armor, the second smites him to the heart. 'Until you hear my whistle blow,' in 53<sup>4</sup>, is a misconception, coming from not understanding that till (as in A 66<sup>4</sup>) may mean while.

The copy in Percy's *Reliques* is translated by Von Marées, p. 88.

### A

Percy MS., p. 490; Hales and Furnivall, III, 399.

- 1 As itt beffell in m[i]dsummer-time,  
When burds singe sweetlye on euery tree,  
Our noble king, King Henery the Eighth,  
Ouer the riuer of Thames past hee.

- 2 Hee was no sponer ouer the riuer,  
Downe in a fforrest to take the ayre,  
But eighty merchants of London citty  
Came kneeling before King Henery there.
- 3 'O yee are welcome, rich merchants,  
[Good saylers, welcome unto me!']

- They swore by the rood the were saylers good,  
But rich merchants they cold not bee.
- 4 'To Ffrance nor Fflanders dare we nott passe,  
Nor Burdeaux voyage wee dare not ffare,  
And all ffor a ffalse robber *that* lyes on the  
seas,  
And robb[s] vs of our merchants-ware.'
- 5 *King Henery* was stout, and he turned him  
about,  
And swore by the Lord *that* was mickle of  
might,  
'I thought he had not beene in the world  
throughout  
*That* durst haue wrought England such vn-  
right.'
- 6 But euer they sighed, and said, alas!  
Vnto *King Harry* this answeare againe:  
'He is a proud Scott *that* will robb vs all  
If wee were twenty shippes and hee but  
one.'
- 7 The *king* looket ouer his left shoulder,  
Amongst his lords and barrons soe ffree:  
'Haue I neuer lord in all my realme  
Will fleitch yond traitor vnto mee?'
- 8 'Yes, *that* dare I!' sayes my lord Chareles  
Howard,  
Neere to the *king* wheras hee did stand;  
'If *that* Your Grace will giue me leaue,  
My selfe wilbe the only man.'
- 9 'Thou shalt haue six hundred men,' saith our  
*king*,  
'And chuse them out of my realme soe ffree;  
Besids marriners and boyes,  
To guide the great shipp on the sea.'
- 10 'I'le goe speake with Sir Andrew,' sais *Charles*,  
my lord Haward;  
'Vpon the sea, if hee be there;  
I will bring him and his shipp to shore,  
Or before my prince I will neuer come  
neere.'
- 11 The first of all my lord did call,  
A noble gunner hee was one;  
This man was three score yeeres and ten,  
And Peeter Simon was his name.
- 12 'Peeter,' sais hee, 'I must sayle to the sea,  
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speed!'  
Before all others I haue chosen thee;  
Of a hundred gunners thoust be my head.'
- 13 'My lord,' sais hee, 'if you haue chosen mee  
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,  
Hang me att your maine-mast tree  
If I misse my marke past three pence bread.'
- 14 The next of all my lord he did call,  
A noble bowman hee was one;  
In Yorekeshire was this gentleman borne,  
And William Horsley was his name.
- 15 'Horsley,' sayes hee, 'I must sayle to the  
sea,  
To seeke out an enemye; God be my speede!  
Before all others I haue chosen thee;  
Of a hundred bowemen thoust be my head.'
- 16 'My lord,' sais hee, 'if you haue chosen mee  
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head,  
Hang me att your mainemast-tree  
If I misse my marke past twelue pence  
bread.'
- 17 With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold,  
This noble Howard is gone to the sea  
On the day before midsummer-euen,  
And out att Thames mouth sayled they.
- 18 They had not sayled dayes three  
Vpon their iourney they tooke in hand,  
But there they mett with a noble shipp,  
And stoutely made itt both stay and stand.
- 19 'Thou must tell me thy name,' sais *Charles*,  
my lord Haward,  
'Or who thou art, or ffrom whence thou  
came,  
Yea, and where thy dwelling is,  
To whom and where thy shipp does belong.'
- 20 'My name,' sayes hee, 'is Henery Hunt,  
With a pure hart and a penitent mind;  
I and my shipp they doe belong  
Vnto the New-castle *that* stands vpon Tine.'
- 21 'Now thou must tell me, Harry Hunt,  
As thou hast sayled by day and by night,  
Hast thou not heard of a stout robber?  
Men calls him Sir Andrew Barton, knight.'

- 22 But euer he sighed, and sayd, Alas!  
 Ffull well, my *lord*, I know *that* wight;  
 He robd me of my merchants ware,  
 And I was his prisoner but yesternight.
- 23 As I was sayling vppon the sea,  
 And [a] Burdeaux voyage as I did ffare,  
 He clasped me to his archborde,  
 And robd me of all my merchants-ware.
- 24 And I am a man both poore and bare,  
 And every man will haue his owne of me,  
 And I am bound towards London to ffare,  
 To complaine to my prince Henerye.
- 25 'That shall not need,' saies my *lord* Haward;  
 'If thou canst lett me this robber see,  
 Ffor every peny he hath taken thee ffroe,  
 Thou shalt be rewarded a shilling,' quoth  
 hee.
- 26 'Now God fforefend,' saies Henery Hunt,  
 'My *lord*, you shold worke soe ffarr amisse!  
 God keepe you out of *that* traitors hands!  
 For you wott ffull litle what a man hee is.
- 27 'Hee is brasse within, and steele without,  
 And beames hee beares in his topcastle  
 stronge;  
 His shipp hath ordinance cleane round about;  
 Besids, my *lord*, hee is very well mand.
- 28 'He hath a pinnace, is deerlye dight,  
*Saint Andrews crosse*, *that* is his guide;  
 His pinnace beares nine score men and more,  
 Besids fifteen cannons on euery side.
- 29 'If you were twenty shippes, and he but one,  
 Either in archbord or in hall,  
 He wold ouercome you euery one,  
 And if his beames they doe downe ffall.'
- 30 'This is cold comfort,' saies my Lord Haward,  
 'To welcome a stranger thus to the sea;  
 I'll bring him and his shipp to shore,  
 Or else into Scotland hee shall carrye mee.'
- 31 'Then you must gett a noble gunner, my *lord*,  
 That can sett well with his eye,  
 And sinke his pinnace into the sea,  
 And soone then ouercome will hee bee.
- 32 'And when *that* you haue done this,  
 If you chance Sir Andrew for to bord,  
 Lett no man to his topcastle goe;  
 And I will giue you a glasse, my *lord*,
- 33 'And then you need to ffear no Scott,  
 Whether you sayle by day or by night;  
 And to-morrow, by seuen of the clocke,  
 You shall meete with Sir Andrew Bartton,  
 knight.
- 34 'I was his prisoner but yester night,  
 And he hath taken mee sworne,' quoth  
 hee;  
 'I trust my L[ord] God will me fforgiue  
 And if *that* oath then broken bee.
- 35 'You must lend me sixe peeces, my *lord*,'  
 quoth hee,  
 'Into my shipp, to sayle the sea,  
 And to-morrow, by nine of the clocke,  
 Your Honour againe then will I see.'
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 36 And the hache-bord where Sir Andrew lay  
 Is hached with gold deerlye dight:  
 'Now by my faith,' saies *Charles*, my *lord*  
 Haward,  
 'Then yonder Scott is a worthye wight!
- 37 'Take in *your* ancyents and your standards,  
 Yea *that* no man shall them see,  
 And put me forth a white willow wand,  
 As merchants vse to sayle the sea.'
- 38 But they stirred neither top nor mast,  
 But Sir Andrew they passed by:  
 'Whatt English are yonder,' said Sir Andrew,  
 'That can so litle cutesye?
- 39 'I haue beene admirall ouer the sea  
 More then these yeeeres three;  
 There is neuer an English dog, nor Portingall,  
 Can passe this way without leaue of mee.
- 40 'But now yonder pedlers, they are past,  
 Which is no litle greffe to me:  
 Ffeich them backe,' sayes Sir Andrew Bartton,  
 'They shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.'
- 41 With *that* the pinnace itt shott of,  
 That my Lord Haward might itt well ken;  
 Itt stroke downe my lords fforemast,  
 And killed fourteen of my *lord* his men.

- 42 'Come hither, Simon!' sayes my lord Haward,  
 'Looke *that* thy words be true thou sayd;  
 I'll hang thee att my maine-mast tree  
 If thou misse thy marke past twelue pence  
 bread.'
- 43 Simon was old, but his hart itt was bold;  
 Hee tooke downe a peece, and layd itt ffull  
 lowe;  
 He put in chaine yeards nine,  
 Besids other great shott lesse and more.
- 44 With *that* hee lett his gun-shott goe;  
 Soe well hee settled itt with his eye,  
 The first sight *that* Sir Andrew sawe,  
 Hee see his pinnace sunke in the sea.
- 45 When hee saw his pinace sunke,  
 Lord! in his hart hee was not well:  
 'Cutt my ropes! itt is time to be gon!  
 I'll goe ffeitch yond pedlers backe my selfe!'
- 46 When my lord Haward saw Sir Andrew loose,  
 Lord! in his hart *that* hee was ffaine:  
 'Strike on your drummes! spread out your  
 ancients!  
 Sound out your trumpetts! sound out  
 amaine!'
- 47 'Fight on, my men!' sais Sir Andrew Barton;  
 'Weate, howsoever this geere will sway,  
 Itt is my lord Adm[irall] of England  
 Is come to seeke mee on the sea.'
- 48 Simon had a sonne; with shott of a gunn —  
 Well Sir Andrew might itt ken —  
 He shott itt in att a priuie place,  
 And killed sixty more of Sir Andrews men.
- 49 Harry Hunt came in att the other syde,  
 And att Sir Andrew hee shott then;  
 He droue downe his fformast-tree,  
 And killed eighty more of Sir Andriwes  
 men.
- 50 'I haue done a good turne,' sayes Harry Hunt;  
 'Sir Andrew is not our *kings* ffreind;  
 He hoped to haue vndone me yesternight,  
 But I hope I haue quitt him well in the end.'
- 51 'Euer alas!' sayd Sir Andrew Barton,  
 'What shold a man either thinke or say?  
 Yonder ffalse theeffe is my strongest enemye,  
 Who was my prisoner but yesterday.'
- 52 'Come hither to me, thou Gourden good,  
 And be thou readye att my call,  
 And I will giue thee three hundred pound  
 If thou wilt lett my beames downe ffall.'
- 53 With *that* hee swarued the maine-mast tree,  
 Soe did he itt with might and maine;  
 Horseley, with a bearing arrow,  
 Stroke the Gourden through the braine.
- 54 And he ffell into the haches againe,  
 And sore of this wound *that* he did bleed;  
 Then word went throug Sir Andrews men,  
*That* the Gourden hee was dead.
- 55 'Come hither to me, Iames Hambliton,  
 Thou art my sisters sonne, I haue no more;  
 I will giue [thee] six hundred pound  
 If thou will lett my beames downe ffall.'
- 56 With *that* hee swarued the maine-mast tree,  
 Soe did hee itt with might and maine:  
 Horseley, with another broad arrow,  
 Strake the yeaman through the braine.
- 57 *That* hee ffell downe to the haches againe;  
 Sore of his wound *that* hee did bleed;  
 Couetousness getts no gaine,  
 Itt is verry true, as the Welchman sayd.
- 58 But when hee saw his sisters sonne slaine,  
 Lord! in his heart hee was not well:  
 'Goe ffeitch me downe my armour of proue,  
 Ffor I will to the topeastle my-selfe.
- 59 'Goe ffeitch me downe my armour of prooffe,  
 For itt is gilded with gold soe cleere;  
 God be with my brother, Iohn of Barton!  
 Amongst the Portingalls hee did itt weare.'
- 60 But when hee had his armour of prooffe,  
 And on his body hee had itt on,  
 Euery man *that* looked att him  
 Sayd, Gunn nor arrow hee neede feare none.
- 61 'Come hither, Horseley!' sayes my lord Ha-  
 ward,  
 'And looke your shaft *that* itt goe right;  
 Shoot a good shoote in the time of need,  
 And ffor thy shooting thoust be made a  
 knight.'
- 62 'I'll doe my best,' sayes Horsley then,  
 'Your Honor shall see beffore I goe;

- If I shold be hanged att *your* mainemast,  
I haue in my shipp but arrowes tow.'
- 63 But att Sir Andrew hee shott then;  
Hee made sure to hitt his marke;  
Vnder the spole of his right arme  
Hee smote Sir Andrew quite throw the hart.
- 64 Yett from the tree hee wold not start,  
But hee clinged to itt with might and maine;  
Vnder the collar then of his iacke,  
He stroke Sir Andrew thorow the braine.
- 65 'Ffight on my men,' sayes Sir Andrew Barton,  
'I am hurt, but I am not slaine;  
I 'le lay mee downe and bleed a-while,  
And then I 'le rise and flight againe.
- 66 'Fight on my men,' sayes Sir Andrew Barton,  
'These English doggs they bite soe lowe;  
Fight on ffor Scotland and *Saint Andrew*  
Till you heare my whistle blowe!'
- 67 But when the cold not heare his whistle blow,  
Sayes Harry Hunt, I 'le lay my head  
You may bord yonder noble shipp, my lord,  
For I know Sir Andrew hee is dead.
- 68 With *that* they barded this noble shipp,  
Soe did they itt with might and maine;  
The ffound eighteen score Scotts aliuie,  
Besids the rest were mainned and slaine.
- 69 My lord Haward tooke a sword in his hand,  
And smote of Sir Andrews head;  
The Scotts stood by did weepe and mourne,  
But neuer a word durst speake or say.
- 70 He caused his body to be taken downe,  
And ouer the hatch-bord cast into the sea,  
And about his middle three hundred crownes:  
'Whersoever thou lands, itt will bury thee.'
- 71 With his head they sayled into England againe,  
With right good will, and fforce and main,  
And the day beffore Newyeeres euen  
Into Thames mouth they came againe.
- 72 My lord Haward wrote to King Heneryes  
grace,  
With all the newes hee cold him bring:  
'Such a Newyeeres gift I haue brought to  
*your* Gr[ace]  
As neuer did subiect to any king.
- 73 'Ffor merchandyes and manhood,  
The like is nott to be ffound;  
The sight of these wold doe you good,  
Ffor you haue not the like in *your* English  
ground.'
- 74 But when hee heard tell *that* they were come,  
Full royally hee welcomed them home;  
Sir Andrews shipp was the *kings* Newyeeres  
guift;  
A brauer shipp you neuer saw none.
- 75 Now hath our *king* Sir Andrews shipp,  
Besett with pearles and preecyous stones;  
Now hath England two shippes of warr,  
Two shippes of warr, before but one.
- 76 'Who holpe to this?' sayes King Henerye,  
'*That* I may reward him ffor his paine:'  
'Harry Hunt, and Peeter Simon,  
William Horseleay, and I the same.'
- 77 'Harry Hunt shall haue his whistle and chaine,  
And all his iewells, whatsoever they bee,  
And other rich gifts *that* I will not name,  
For his good service he hath done mee.
- 78 'Horslay, right thoust be a *knight*,  
Lands and liuings thou shalt haue store;  
Howard shalbe erle of Nottingham,  
And soe was neuer Haward before.
- 79 'Now, Peeter Simon, thou art old;  
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne;  
Thou shalt haue fife hundred pound all in gold  
Ffor the good service *that* thou hast done.'
- 80 Then King Henerye shifted his roome;  
In came the Queene and ladies bright;  
Other arrands they had none  
But to see Sir Andrew Barton, *knight*.
- 81 But when they see his deadly fface,  
His eyes were hollow in his head;  
'I wold giue a hundred pound,' sais King  
Henerye,  
'The man were aliuie as hee is dead!'
- 82 'Yett ffor the manfull *part that* hee hath  
playd,  
Both heere and beyond the sea,  
His men shall haue halfe a crowne a day  
To bring them to my brother, King Iamye.'

## B

a. Douce Ballads, I, 18 b. b. Pepys Ballads, I, 484, No 249. c. Wood Ballads, 401, 55. d. Roxburghe Ballads, I, 2. e. Bagford Ballads, 643, m. 9 (61). f. Bagford Ballads, 643, m. 10 (77). g. Wood Ballads, 402, 37. h. Glenriddell MSS, XI, 20.

- 1 WHEN Flora, with her fragrant flowers,  
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,  
And Neptune, with his dainty showers,  
Came to present the month of May,
- 2 King Henry would a progress ride ;  
Over the river of Thames past he,  
Unto a mountain-top also  
Did walk, some pleasure for to see.
- 3 Where forty merchants he espy'd,  
With fifty sail, come towards him,  
Who then no sooner were arriv'd,  
But on their knees did thus complain.
- 4 'An't please Your Grace, we cannot sail  
To France no voyage, to be sure,  
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,  
And robs us of our merchant-ware.'
- 5 Vext was the king, and turned him,  
Said to the lords of high degree,  
Have I ner a lord within my realm  
Dare fetch that traytor unto me?
- 6 To him repli'd Lord Charles Howard :  
I will, my liege, with heart and hand ;  
If it please you grant me leave, he said,  
I will perform what you command.
- 7 To him then spake King Henry :  
I fear, my lord, you are too young.  
'No whit at all, my liege,' quoth he ;  
'I hope to prove in valour strong.
- 8 'The Scottish knight I vow to seek,  
In what place soever he be,  
And bring a shore, with all his might,  
Or into Scotland he shall carry me.'
- 9 'A hundred men,' the king then said,  
'Out of my realm shall chosen be,  
Besides saylors and ship-boys  
To guide a great ship on the sea.
- 10 'Bow-men and gunners of good skill  
Shall for this service chosen be,  
And they at thy command and will  
In'all affairs shall wait on thee.'
- 11 Lord Howard call'd a gunner then  
Who was the best in all the realm ;  
His age was threescore years and ten,  
And Peter Simon was his name.
- 12 My lord call'd then a bow-man rare,  
Whose active hands had gained fame,  
A gentleman born in Yorkshire,  
And William Horsly was his name.
- 13 'Horsly,' quoth he, 'I must to sea,  
To seek a traytor, with great speed ;  
Of a hundred bow-men brave,' quoth he,  
'I have chosen thee to be the head.'
- 14 'If you, my lord, have chosen me  
Of a hundred men to be the head,  
Upon the main-mast I 'le hanged be,  
If twelve-score I miss one shillings breadth.'
- 15 Lord Howard then, of courage bold,  
Went to the sea with pleasant chear,  
Not curb'd with winters piercing cold,  
Though it was the stormy time of the year.
- 16 Not long he had been on the sea,  
No more in days then number three,  
Till one Henry Hunt he there espied,  
A merchant of Newcastle was he.
- 17 To him Lord Howard call'd out amain,  
And strictly charged him to stand ;  
Demanding then from whence he came,  
Or where he did intend to land.
- 18 The merchant then made him answer soon,  
With heavy heart and careful mind,  
'My lord, my ship it doth belong  
Unto Newcastle upon Tine.'
- 19 'Canst thou shew me,' the lord did say,  
'As thou didst sail by day and night,  
A Scottish rover on the sea,  
His name is Andrew Barton, knight?'
- 20 Then to him the merchant sigh'd and said,  
With griev'd mind and well a way,  
'But over well I know that wight,  
I was his prisoner but yesterday.

- 21 'As I, my lord, did pass from France,  
A Burdeaux voyage to take so far,  
I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,  
Who robd me of my merchant-ware.
- 22 'And mickle debts, God knows, I owe,  
And every man did crave his own;  
And I am bound to London now,  
Of our gracious king to beg a boon.'
- 23 'Shew me him,' said [Lord] Howard then,  
'Let me but once the villain see,  
And one penny he hath from the tane,  
I'll double the same with shillings three.'
- 24 'Now, God forbid,' the merchant said;  
'I fear your aim that you will miss;  
God bless you from his tyranny,  
For little you know what man he is.
- 25 'He is brass within and steel without,  
His ship most huge and mighty strong,  
With eighteen pieces strong and stout,  
He carrieth on each side along.
- 26 'With beams for his top-castle,  
As also being huge and high,  
That neither English nor Portugal  
Can pass Sir Andrew Barton by.'
- 27 'Hard news thou shewst,' then said the lord,  
'To welcome strangers to the sea;  
But, as I said, I'll bring him aboard,  
Or into Scotland he shall carry me.'
- 28 The merchant said, If you will do so,  
Take counsel, then, I pray withal:  
Let no man to his top-castle go,  
Nor strive to let his beam[s] down fall.
- 29 'Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then,  
Of each side of my ship,' quoth he,  
'And to-morrow, my lord, twixt six and seven,  
Again I will Your Honour see.
- 30 'A glass I'll set that may be seen  
Whether you sail by day or night;  
And to-morrow, be sure, before seven,  
You shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight.'
- 31 The merchant set my lord a glass,  
So well apparent in his sight  
That on the morrow, as his promise was,  
He saw Sir Andrew Barton, knight.
- 32 The lord then swore a mighty oath,  
'Now by the heavens that be of might,  
By faith, believe me, and by troth,  
I think he is a worthy knight.
- 33 'Fetch me my lyon out of hand,'  
Saith the lord, 'with rose and streamer high;  
Set up withal a willow-wand,  
That merchant-like I [may] pass by.'
- 34 Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,  
And did on anchor rise so high;  
No top-sail at all he cast,  
But as his foe he did him defie.
- 35 Sir Andrew Barton seeing him  
Thus scornfully to pass by,  
As though he cared not a pin  
For him and all his company,
- 36 Then called he his men amain,  
'Fetch back yon pedler now,' quoth he,  
'And against this way he comes again  
I'll teach him well his courtesie.'
- 37 A piece of ordnance soon was shot  
By this proud pirate fiercely then  
Into Lord Howards middle deck,  
Which cruel shot kild fourteen men.
- 38 He calld then Peter Simon, he:  
'Look now thy word do stand in stead,  
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast  
If thou miss twelve score one penny breadth.'
- 39 Then Peter Simon gave a shot  
Which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,  
In at his deck it came so hot,  
Kild fifteen of his men of war.
- 40 'Alas!' then said the pyrate stout,  
'I am in danger now, I see;  
This is some lord, I greatly doubt,  
That is set on to conquer me.'
- 41 Then Henry Hunt, with rigor hot,  
Came bravely on the other side,  
Who likewise shot in at his deck,  
And kild fifty of his men beside.
- 42 Then 'Out, alas!' Sir Andrew cri'd,  
'What may a man now think or say!  
Yon merchant thief that pierceth me,  
He was my prisoner yesterday.'



- 43 Then did he on Gordion call,  
Unto top-castle for to go,  
And bid his beams he should let fall,  
'For I greatly fear an overthrow.'
- 44 The lord cald Horsly now in hast :  
'Look that thy word stand now in stead,  
For thou shalt be hanged on main-mast  
If thou miss twelve score one shillings  
breadth.'
- 45 Then up [the] mast-tree swarved he,  
This stout and mighty Gordion ;  
But Horsly, he most happily  
Shot him under the collar-bone.
- 46 Then cald he on his nephew then,  
Said, Sisters sons I have no mo ;  
Three hundred pound I will give thee,  
If thou wilt to top-castle go.
- 47 Then stoutly he began to climb,  
From off the mast scornd to depart ;  
But Horsly soon prevented him,  
And deadly piered him to the heart.
- 48 His men being slain, then up amain  
Did this proud pyrate climb with speed,  
For armour of proof he had put on,  
And did not dint of arrow dread.
- 49 'Come hither, Horsly,' said the lord,  
'See thine arrow aim aright ;  
Great means to thee I will afford,  
And if you speed, I 'le make you a knight.'
- 50 Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,  
With right good will and all his main ;  
Then upon the breast hit Horsly he,  
Till the arrow did return again.
- 51 Then Horsly spied a private place,  
With a perfect eye, in a secret part ;  
His arrow swiftly flew apace,  
And smote Sir Andrew to the heart.
- 52 'Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,  
A little I am hurt, yet not slain ;  
I 'le but lie down and bleed a while,  
And come and fight with you again.
- 53 'And do not,' he said, 'fear English rogues,  
And of your foes stand not in awe,  
But stand fast by St Andrews cross,  
Until you hear my whistle blow.'
- 54 They never heard his whistle blow,  
Which made them [all] sore afraid :  
Then Horsly said, My lord, aboard,  
For now Sir Andrew Barton's dead.
- 55 Thus boarded they this gallant ship,  
With right good will and all their main,  
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,  
Besides as many more were slain.
- 56 The lord went where Sir Andrew lay,  
And quickly thence cut off his head :  
'I should forsake England many a day,  
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.'
- 57 Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,  
With mickle joy and triumphing ;  
The pyrates head he brought along  
For to present unto our king :
- 58 Who briefly then to him did say,  
Before he knew well what was done,  
'Where is the knight and pyrate gay ?  
That I my self may give the doom.'
- 59 'You may thank God,' then said the lord,  
'And four men in the ship,' quoth he,  
'That we are safely come ashore,  
Sith you had never such an enemy :
- 60 'That is Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,  
William Horsly, and Peters son ;  
Therefore reward them for their pains,  
For they did service at their turn.'
- 61 To the merchant then the king did say,  
'In lue of what he hath from the tane,  
I give to the a noble a day,  
Sir Andrews whistle and his chain :
- 62 'To Peter Simon a crown a day,  
And half-a-crown a day to Peters son,  
And that was for a shot so gay,  
Which bravely brought Sir Andrew down.
- 63 'Horsly, I will make thee a knight,  
And in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell :  
Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,  
For this title he deserveth well.

- 64 'Seven shillings to our English men,  
Who in this fight did stoutly stand,

And twelve pence a-day to the Scots, till they  
Come to my brother kings high land.'

*All the copies in stanzas of eight lines.*

- A. 1<sup>a</sup>. 8<sup>th</sup>. 2<sup>a</sup>. 80.

3<sup>a</sup>. *MS. pared away. From the Reliques.*  
*Percy's marginal reading is For sailors*  
*good are welcome to me. The tops of letters*  
*left do not suit either of Percy's lines, says*  
*Furnivall.*

3<sup>a</sup>. swore: *MS. pared away. Percy's read-*  
*ing.*

6<sup>a</sup>. 20. 9<sup>a</sup>. 600. 11<sup>a</sup>. 60: B, three score.

12<sup>a</sup>, 13<sup>a</sup>, 15<sup>a</sup>, 16<sup>a</sup>. 100<sup>a</sup>, 100. 13<sup>a</sup>, 18<sup>a</sup>. 3.

16<sup>a</sup>. they for the. 16<sup>a</sup>, 42<sup>a</sup>. 12<sup>a</sup>.

15<sup>a</sup>. says, a letter blotted out before a: *Fur-*  
*nivall.*

20<sup>a</sup>. poor would read better than pure (cf. B,  
18<sup>a</sup>, heavy heart), but is not satisfactory.

23<sup>a</sup>. archborde for hachborde?: cf. 36<sup>a</sup>, 70<sup>a</sup>.

27<sup>a</sup>, 29<sup>a</sup>, 52<sup>a</sup>, 55<sup>a</sup>. beanes, or beaues. 28<sup>a</sup>. 9.

28<sup>a</sup>. 15. 29<sup>a</sup>. 20.

29<sup>a</sup>. charke-bord: *should perhaps be hach-*  
*bord.*

33<sup>a</sup>. fferae. 33<sup>a</sup>. 7. 35<sup>a</sup>, 43<sup>a</sup>. 9.

36 is *perhaps out of place.* 36<sup>a</sup>. lies for lay?

37. Part II. 41<sup>a</sup>. they for the.

41<sup>a</sup>. strokes. 44<sup>a</sup>. sumke.

47<sup>a</sup>. Weate *I cannot emend.* 48<sup>a</sup>. 60.

49<sup>a</sup>. fformost. 49<sup>a</sup>. 80: Andirwes. 52<sup>a</sup>. 300<sup>a</sup>.

53<sup>a</sup>, 56<sup>a</sup>. *perhaps swarned: Furnivall.*

55<sup>a</sup>. 600<sup>a</sup>.

57<sup>a</sup>. three follows four: *transposed for*  
*rhyme.*

64<sup>a</sup>. they for the.

65<sup>a</sup>. *Only half the n of againe in the MS.:*  
*Furnivall.*

68<sup>a</sup>. 18. 70<sup>a</sup>. 300. 71<sup>a</sup>. meanye for main.

71<sup>a</sup>. againe they came. 75<sup>a</sup>. 2.

76<sup>a</sup>. paine. 79<sup>a</sup>. 500<sup>a</sup>. 81<sup>a</sup>. 100<sup>a</sup>.

- B. a. The Relation of the life and death of Sir  
Andrew Barton, a Pyrate and Rover on the  
Seas.

The tune is, Come follow my love.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright  
[1655-80].

13<sup>a</sup>. ly in Horsly is worn or torn away, and  
so is to in the next line.

20<sup>a</sup>. But ever.

24<sup>a</sup>. the Lord he: c, g, my Lord he: *the*  
*others, the merchant.*

26<sup>a</sup>. Can S. A. B. pass by. *So all but h.*

28<sup>a</sup>. beam. 33, 34 follow 36.

38<sup>a</sup>. to for do. 45<sup>a</sup>. Thus.

47<sup>a</sup>. Cut off: *supplied from b, c.*

53<sup>a</sup>. Sir Andrews, and so b, c, d.

54<sup>a</sup>. all supplied from c.

63<sup>a</sup>. bright for hight.

64<sup>a</sup>. ey of they cut off, and land in the follow-  
ing line.

- b. A True Relation, etc. Tune is, etc.

Printed for J. Wright, J. Clarke, W. Thack-  
eray, and T. Passinger [1670-82?].

*From a transcript made for Bishop Percy,*  
*who has in a few places made corrections*  
*which are not always easily distinguished*  
*from those of the copyist.*

5<sup>a</sup>. to his. 10<sup>a</sup>. great changed to good.

13<sup>a</sup>. To seek: good speed.

14<sup>a</sup>. Of: I wanting. 15<sup>a</sup>. was stormy.

16<sup>a</sup>. But one: there he 'spy'd.

17<sup>a</sup>. did inserted by Percy, but perhaps in the  
text.

18<sup>a</sup>. him wanting. 20<sup>a</sup>. over well.

20<sup>a</sup>. but wanting. 21<sup>a</sup>. did sail.

22<sup>a</sup>. deps. 23<sup>a</sup>. [Lord] wanting.

24<sup>a</sup>. the merchant. 25<sup>a</sup>. pieces of ordnance.

28<sup>a</sup>. beams. 29<sup>a</sup>. twix. 33, 34 follow 36.

33<sup>a</sup>. [may] wanting. 36<sup>a</sup>. is men.

36<sup>a</sup>. And again. 38<sup>a</sup>. to for do.

38<sup>a</sup>, 44<sup>a</sup>. breath. 44<sup>a</sup>. a shilling.

47<sup>a</sup>. But Horsly soon prevented him.

49<sup>a</sup>. if thou. 53<sup>a</sup>. said he.

53<sup>a</sup>. Sir: *corrected by Percy to St.* 54<sup>a</sup>. hear.

54<sup>a</sup>. [all] wanting. 57<sup>a</sup>. unto the.

59<sup>a</sup>. never wanting. 61<sup>a</sup>. lieu. 63<sup>a</sup>. shall.

63<sup>a</sup>. light. 64<sup>a</sup>. they. 64<sup>a</sup>. land.

- c. A true Relation, etc. The tune is, etc.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gil-  
bertson. [1648-80. Coles, Vere, Wright,  
and Gilbertson are found together as early  
as 1655.]

4<sup>a</sup>. An't like. 5<sup>a</sup>. lord in all.

8<sup>a</sup>. In place wheresoever. 8<sup>a</sup>. on shore.

11<sup>a</sup>. year. 13<sup>a</sup>. To see. 14<sup>a</sup>. the wanting.

18<sup>a</sup>. him wanting. 20<sup>a</sup>. ever: knew.

21<sup>a</sup>. with wanting. 21<sup>a</sup>. wares.

23<sup>a</sup>. that villain. 24<sup>a</sup>. my Lord he.

24<sup>a</sup>. you little know. 26<sup>a</sup>. for her.

- 31<sup>a</sup>. to his. 33, 34 follow 36.  
 33<sup>a</sup>. streamers. 34<sup>a</sup>. ride for rise.  
 35<sup>a</sup>. Although. 36<sup>a</sup>. he on. 36<sup>a</sup>. come.  
 38<sup>a</sup>. do stand. 39<sup>a</sup>. care for scare.  
 39<sup>a</sup>. fifty. 41<sup>a</sup>. shot it. 41<sup>a</sup>. five for fifty.  
 42<sup>a</sup>. but yesterday. 44<sup>a</sup>. shilling bred.  
 45<sup>a</sup>. then swarded he. 46<sup>a</sup>. son: no more.  
 47<sup>a</sup>. As in b. 49<sup>a</sup>. that thine.  
 49<sup>a</sup>. a wanting. 53<sup>a</sup>. Sir Andrews.  
 54<sup>a</sup>. them all sore. 57<sup>a</sup>. he wanting.  
 59<sup>a</sup>. are come safely to the shore.  
 62<sup>a</sup>. half crown. 63<sup>a</sup>. there shalt thou.  
 63<sup>a</sup>. hight. 63<sup>a</sup>. he hath deserved.  
 64<sup>a</sup>. to this.
- d, e, f. Title as in b. Tune, Come follow my love, etc.
- d. Printed by and for W. O[nley], and sold by the Booksellers of Pye-corner and London-Bridge. [1650-1702.]
- e. Printed by and for W. O., and sold by C. Bates at the Sun and Bible in Pye-corner.
- f. Printed by and for W. O., and sold by the booksellers.
- d and e are dated in the Museum Catalogue 1670; f. 1672.
- 2<sup>a</sup>. a hunting. 5<sup>a</sup>. turning. 5<sup>a</sup>. d, e. to his.  
 6<sup>a</sup>. Charles Lord Howard.  
 7<sup>a</sup>. d, e. speak. f. spoke. 8<sup>a</sup>. Scotch.  
 13<sup>a</sup>. with good. 15<sup>a</sup>. the wanting.  
 16<sup>a</sup>. f. the wanting. 16<sup>a</sup>. f. no wanting.  
 16<sup>a</sup>. But one: there he. 18<sup>a</sup>. him wanting.  
 20<sup>a</sup>. to him wanting. 20<sup>a</sup>. over well.  
 20<sup>a</sup>. but wanting. 21<sup>a</sup>. did sail.  
 22<sup>a</sup>. doth: but And means if.  
 23<sup>a</sup>. Lord Howard. 23<sup>a</sup>. but wanting.  
 23<sup>a</sup>. And e'ry. 24<sup>a</sup>. the merchant.  
 24<sup>a</sup>. you think. 25<sup>a</sup>. pieces of ordnance.  
 27<sup>a</sup>. stranger. 28<sup>a</sup>. beams.  
 29<sup>a</sup>. twist six and seven wanting.  
 30<sup>a</sup>. d, e. set as. f. I set as.  
 33, 34 follow 36. 33<sup>a</sup>. I may.  
 34<sup>a</sup>. did wanting. 34<sup>a</sup>. at last.  
 34<sup>a</sup>. as a foe did. 36<sup>a</sup>. And ere. 37<sup>a</sup>. e. By his.  
 38<sup>a</sup>. how thy word do. 38<sup>a</sup>. shall.  
 38<sup>a</sup>. f. breath. 40<sup>a</sup>. greatly fear.  
 43<sup>a</sup>. Unto the. 43<sup>a</sup>. For he: feard.  
 44<sup>a</sup>. d, e. now stand. f. now wanting.  
 44<sup>a</sup>. d, e. a shilling. f. shilling's breath.  
 45<sup>a</sup>. swerved. 45<sup>a</sup>. f. under his.  
 47<sup>a</sup>. As in b, c. 48<sup>a</sup>. arrows.  
 49<sup>a</sup>. See thou thy arrows.  
 49<sup>a</sup>. if thou speedst: make the[e] knight.  
 52<sup>a</sup>. f. with wanting. 53<sup>a</sup>. he said.
- 53<sup>a</sup>. e. inwe. 53<sup>a</sup>. Sir Andrews.  
 54<sup>a</sup>. all full sore. 56<sup>a</sup>. were.  
 58<sup>a</sup>. unto for then to. 59<sup>a</sup>. never had.  
 61<sup>a</sup>. f. merchant therefore the king he said.  
 63<sup>a</sup>. hight. 63<sup>a</sup>. e. this girle. f. this act.  
 64<sup>a</sup>. f. Ninety pound.
- g. A true Relation, etc. To the tune of Come follow me, love.  
 London, Printed for E. W.  
 This copy has been considerably corrected, and only a part of the variations is given.  
 2<sup>a</sup>. of wanting. 2<sup>a</sup>. mountaines.  
 3<sup>a</sup>. with swiftest. 4<sup>a</sup>. An't like. 5<sup>a</sup>. to his.  
 5<sup>a</sup>. in all my. 11<sup>a</sup>. One for And.  
 14<sup>a</sup>. shilling.  
 16<sup>a</sup>. No more then dayes in number three.  
 18<sup>a</sup>. him wanting. 20<sup>a</sup>. said and sighd.  
 20<sup>a</sup>. a g. m. and a w. 20<sup>a</sup>. over.  
 20<sup>a</sup>. For I. 21<sup>a</sup>. with wanting.  
 23<sup>a</sup>. Lord Howard. 23<sup>a</sup>. that for the.  
 23<sup>a</sup>. for one. 24<sup>a</sup>. my Lord, quoth he.  
 26<sup>a</sup>. beams from her. 28<sup>a</sup>. beames.  
 32<sup>a</sup>. weight (that is, wight) for knight.  
 33<sup>a</sup>. streamers. 33<sup>a</sup>. I may. 34<sup>a</sup>. ride.  
 34<sup>a</sup>. he wanting. 35, 36 wanting.  
 38<sup>a</sup>. do stand. 38<sup>a</sup>. bred. 39<sup>a</sup>. fifty.  
 41<sup>a</sup>. five. 42<sup>a</sup>. but yesterday.  
 43<sup>a</sup>. on one Gordion. 45<sup>a</sup>. then swarmed.  
 48<sup>a</sup>. this stout. 49<sup>a</sup>. See that thy arrow.  
 49<sup>a</sup>. if thou: thee knight.  
 53<sup>a</sup>. stand in no awe. 53<sup>a</sup>. S. Andrew's.  
 54<sup>a</sup>. them all full sore. 55<sup>a</sup>. moe.  
 56<sup>a</sup>. I would forswear. 57<sup>a</sup>. the king.  
 59<sup>a</sup>. in this ship with me. 59<sup>a</sup>. to shore.  
 59<sup>a</sup>. never had. 60<sup>a</sup>. paine.  
 63<sup>a</sup>. there shalt thou.  
 63<sup>a</sup>. his title he hath deserved. 64<sup>a</sup>. to this.  
 64<sup>a</sup>. king his land.
- Old Ballads, 1723, and Roxburghe, III, 726, have Iris for the Neptune of B, in 1<sup>a</sup>; Charles Lord Howard in 6<sup>a</sup>; Ninety pounds in 64<sup>a</sup>.
- h. This being a Scottish copy, and the variations also numerous, it seems advisable to give the whole text rather than only the divergent readings. The transcript may be inferred, from passages phonetically mis-rendered, to have been made from recitation or reading, more probably from recitation, since many of the differences from the printed copies are of the sort which are made by reciters; that is, immaterial expressions are imperfectly remembered; and

again, 16<sup>2</sup> is adopted from popular ballad phraseology, and, as already observed, the stanza following 50 is borrowed from 'Adam Bell.' Cases of writing sound for sense are 4<sup>8</sup>, makes us squalls for makes us quail; 7<sup>8</sup>, I quitted all for No whit at all; 48<sup>2</sup>, The spirit for This pirate; 61<sup>8</sup>, A nobler day for A noble a day. Verses of 25, 26 have been interchanged. 8, 9<sup>2,4</sup>, 10<sup>1,2</sup>, 21, 28, 29, 30, 32, 36, 44, 49, 52<sup>2,3,4</sup>, 53<sup>1</sup> are wanting. 33, 34 are in the right order. It is a little surprising that a Scottish copy should have Sir Andrew Cross for St Andrew's cross, 53<sup>3</sup>. a-d have Sir Andrews Cross.

- 1 WHEN Febus, with her fragrant flours,  
bedect the earth so trim and gay,  
And Neptan, with his denty shours,  
came to present the month o May,
- 2 King Hendry would a hunting ride,  
and over the river Thames past he,  
Unto a mountain-top also  
he walkd, some pleasures to espy.
- 3 There fortie merchants he espy'd,  
with fiftie sail, come towards him;  
No sooner there they were arrived  
but on their knees they did complain.
- 4 'My ludge,' said they, 'we cannot sail  
to France nor Spain, for to be sure;  
Sir Andrew Barton makes us squalls,  
and berubs (?) us of our merchant-wair.'
- 5 The king was grievd and turnd him,  
said to his lords of high degree,  
Is there not a lord in my realm  
can fetch you traitor unto me?
- 6 Then out bespoke Lord Charles Howard,  
and says, My ludge, with heart and  
hand,  
If that you 'l give me leave, said he,  
I will perform what you command.
- 7 But out bespoke King Hendrie:  
'I fear, my lord, you are too young;'  
'I quitted all, my ludge,' said he,  
'for I think to prove one valient  
strong.'
- 9<sup>1,2</sup> 'A hundred men out of my realm  
shall for this service chosen be,

10<sup>2,4</sup> 'And they, at thy command and will,  
in all affairs, shall wait on thee.'

- 11 The king calld on a gunner then,  
whose age was 'bove three score and ten;  
He was the best in that realm,  
and Petter Simon height his name.
- [A 12] 'Now Peter,' said he, 'wee'r bound to sea,  
to fetch a traitor with good speed,  
And over a hundred gunners good  
I've chosen thee to be the head.'
- [A 13] 'My lodge,' says he, 'if he have chosen me  
oer a hundred men to be the head,  
Upon mine mast I handg shall be,  
if I mess twelve score on a shilling  
breadth.'
- 12 My lord calld on a bow-man then,  
whose hands and acts had gained fame;  
He was the best in that realm,  
and William Horsley height his name.
- 13 'Now Horsley,' says he, 'wee'r bound to  
sea,  
to fetch a traitor wi good speed,  
And over a hundred archers good  
I've chosen thee to be the head.'
- 14 'My lord,' sais he, 'if ye hae chosen me  
oer a hundred men to be the head,  
Upon my mast I handg shall be,  
if I mess twelve score a shilling  
breadth.'
- 15 Lord Howard be's gone to the wars,  
wi muckle mirth and merrie cheer;  
He was not curb'd with winters cold,  
tho it was the stormy time a year.
- 16 He had not been upon the seas,  
no not a day but only three,  
Till he espy'd Sir Hendry Hunt,  
a merchant of Newcastle he.
- 17 A peice of ordinance was shot,  
which straitly charged him to stand;  
Demanding of him from whence he came,  
and where he was intend to land.
- 18 The merchant he made answer then,  
with a heavy heart and carefull mind,

- 'If it please Your Grace, my ship belongs  
unto Newcastle upon Time.'
- 19 'Canst thou but show me,' said the lord,  
'as those did sail by day or night,  
A Scotch rubber on the seas,  
whose name's Sir Andrew Burton,  
knight?'
- 20 The merchant sighd, and said, Alas!  
full over well I do him know;  
Good keep you frae his tiranie!  
for I was his prisoner yesterday.
- 22 And muckle debt, God knows, I owe,  
if every man would crave his oun;  
But I am bound for London nou,  
of our gracious king to beg a bon.
- 23 'Wilt you go with me,' said the lord,  
'and once that villain let me see,  
For every pennie he's from thee taen  
I double the same wi shillings three.'
- 24 But the merchant sighd, and said, Alas!  
I fear, my lord, your aims you miss;  
Good keep you frae his tiranie!  
for little you ken what a man he is.
- 25<sup>1</sup> For he's brass within and steel without,  
26<sup>2</sup> and his great ship's mighty hugie high,  
So that neither English nor Portugees  
can pass Sir Andrew Burton by.
- 26<sup>1</sup> And he has beams for his top-castle  
25<sup>2</sup> which is both mighty huge and strong;  
He has eighteen peice of ordinance  
he carries on each side along.
- 27 'Bad news thou tells,' then said the lord,  
'to welcome strangers to the sea;  
But as I have said, I'll bring him aboard,  
or into Scotland he's carry me.'
- 31 So the merchant set my lord a glass,  
that well appeared in his eye,  
And the morning, as his promise was,  
he did Sir Andrew Burton see.
- 33 'Fetch me my lyon out of hand,  
set up our rose on streamers high;  
Set up likewise a willie wand,  
that merchant like we may pass by.'
- 34 Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,  
upon an anchor rose so high;  
No topsail at last he did upcast,  
but like a foe did him defie.
- 35 Sir Andrew Barton, seeing him  
thus scornfull-like for to pass by,  
As tho he cared not a pin  
for him and all his company,
- 37 Sir Andrew Barton gave a shott  
which did Lord Howard muckle dear;  
For it came so hotly in at his deck  
killd fifteen of his men a ware.
- 38 My lord calld on o' Petter Seymore,  
says, See thy words does stand in steed;  
For upon main-mast thou handl shall be,  
if thou miss twelve score a shilling  
breed.
- 39 Then Petter Symore gave a shot  
which did Sir Andrew muckle scarr;  
It came so hotly in his deck  
killd fifty of his men a ware.
- 40 Then 'Out, alas!' Sir Andrew cries,  
'and aye alas, and woo's me!  
This is some lord, I greatly fear,  
that is set out to conquer me.'
- 41 Then Hendry Hunt, with rigor hot,  
came bravely on the other side;  
He shot so hotly in at his deck  
killd fiftie of his men beside.
- 42 Then 'Out, alas!' Sir Andrew cries,  
'what can a man now do or say?  
This merchant thief it percies me,  
he was my prisoner yesterday.'
- 43 Sir Andrew calld on Gordon then,  
and bad him to top-castle go  
And strive to let his beams doun fall,  
for he greatly feard an overthrow.
- 45 Then up mass'-tree then climed he,  
that stout and mighty Gordon;  
But Horsley soon prevented him,  
and shot him in at collar-bone.
- 46 Sir Andrew calld his nephew then;  
says, Sisters son I hi nè mae;

- A hundred pounds I'll to thee give  
if thou'lt up to top-castle gae.
- 47 Then up mast-tree then climed he,  
from of the deck for to depart;  
But Horsley soon prevented him,  
and deadly peirced him to the heart.
- 48 His men being slain, then up amain  
the spirit proud did climb wi speed;  
Armour of proof he did put on,  
and of arrows dint he had nè dread.
- 50 Then up mast-tree then climbed he,  
the spirit proud did climb amain;  
But Horsley hat him upon the breast,  
till his arrow did return again.
- 'Foul fà the hands,' says Horsley then,  
'this day that did that coat put on!  
For had it been as thin as mine,  
thy last days had been at an end.'
- 51 But Horsley spy'd a private part,  
with a canie hand and secret art,  
And his arrows swiftly flew amain,  
and pierced Sir Andrew to the heart.
- 52<sup>1</sup> 'Fight on, fight on, my mirrie men all,  
53<sup>2</sup> and of English rogues stand ye nè aw;  
But stand fast by Sir Andrew cross  
till that ye hear my whistle blà.'
- 54 But they never heard his whistle blà,  
which made them mightily to dread;  
Say Horsley, My lord, we'll go aboard,  
for now I know Sir Andrew's dead.
- 55 Then boarded they this great ship then,  
with muckle might and a' their main,  
And in her was eighteen score o Scots  
alive,  
besides there mony maë were slain.
- 56 My lord went where Sir Andrew lay,  
and hastely cut of his head:  
'I'd forsake England this mony a day,  
if thou were alive as thou art dead.'
- 57 So Lord Howard he's come from the wars,  
with muckle mirth and triumphing,  
And the pirot's head he brought along,  
for to present unto their king.
- 58 But out bespoke King Hendry,  
before he knew well what was done:  
'Bring here to me that villain strong,  
that I mysell may give the doom.'
- 59 'Ye may be thankfà,' said the lord,  
'at what is done, my ludge,' said he,  
'That we'r returned alive again;  
for ye'd never such an enemy.
- 60 'There's Hendry Hunt, and Petter Symore,  
and William Horsley, and Petter's son;  
Therefore reward them for their pain,  
for they did service at their turn.'
- 61 The king he said to Hendry Hunt,  
'For every pennie he's from the tane,  
A nobler day I'll to thee give,  
and Sir Andrew's whistle and his chain.
- 62 'A croun a day to Petter Symore,  
and half a croun to Petter's son;  
And that was for the shots they gave,  
which bravely brought Sir Andrew doun.
- 63 'Horsley, I'll make of thee a knight,  
and in Yorkshire thou shall dwell;  
Lord Howard shall Earl Bewry height,  
for the tittle he deserves full well.
- 64 'Seven rosenobles to our English men,  
which in the feight did stoutly stand,  
And twelve pence a day unto the Scots,  
till they come to my brother king's  
land.'
- 
- 38<sup>1</sup>. on O'. o' may mean old.  
62 follows 63.

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## FLODDEN FIELD

From Deloney's Pleasant History of John Winchcomb,  
in his younger yeares called Jacke of Newberie, etc.,

London, 1633; reprinted by J. O. Halliwell, London,  
1859, p. 48.

PRINTED in Ritson's Ancient Songs, 1790,  
p. 115; Evans's Old Ballads, 1810, III, 55.

A booke called Jack of Newberie was entered to Thomas Millington, March 7, 1597: Arber, Stationers' Registers, III, 81. The edition of 1633, the earliest which Mr Halliwell-Phillipps had met with, was the ninth, published by Cuthbert Wright. The author has introduced several pieces of verse into his tale, two of them popular ballads, 'The Fair Flower of Northumberland' and this of Flodden, of which Deloney says, "in disgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous atchieved historie, the commons of England made this song, which to this day is not forgotten of many:" p. 47.

King James has made a vow to be in London on St James's day. Queen Margaret begs him to keep faith with her brother Henry, and reminds him that England is hard to win; for which James says she shall die. Lord Thomas Howard, the queen's chamberlain, comes to the defence of his mistress, but the king in his rage declares that he shall be hanged and she burned as soon as he comes back. But James never came back; he was slain at Bramstone Green with twelve thousand of his men.

1, 2. St James's day is selected, as being the king's. King James's letter to King Henry is dated the 26th of July, the day following St James's day, and the Scottish herald delivered it in France, and announced war to the king of England, in consequence of the unsatisfactory answer, on the 12th of August, or shortly before.

3-5. Queen Margaret's remonstrance is historical. James, says Lindsay, would "give

no credence to no counsel, sign nor token that made against his purpose, but refused all godly counsel which was for the weal of his crown and country; neither would he use any counsel of his wise and prudent wife, Margaret, queen of Scotland, for no prayer nor supplication that she could make him. . . . She assured him, if he past in England at that time, that he would get battle. Yet this wise and loving counsel could not be taken in good part by him, because she was the king of England's sister." *Cronicles*, 1814, p. 267 f.

6. The Earl of Surrey, uncle by marriage to Margaret Tudor, had the charge of escorting her to Scotland in 1503, and this is ground enough for the ballad's making him her chamberlain ten years later.

8. "This battle was called the Field of Flodden by the Scotsmen and Brankston [Bramstone] by the Englishmen, because it was stricken on the hills of Flodden beside a town called Brankston; and was stricken the ninth day of September, 1513." *Lesley, History*, 1830, p. 96.

10. Hall says that the English slew "twelve thousand, at the least, of the best gentlemen and flower of Scotland." The gazette of the battle (*Pinkerton's History*, II, 457), *Polydore Vergil*, and modern Scottish historians, say ten thousand. Among these were twelve earls, thirteen lords, and many other persons of high rank.

12. 'Iack with a feather' is said in contempt of the Scottish king's levity or foolhardiness. "Then was the body bowelled, embawmed and cered:" Hall, p. 564, ed. 1809. "His body was bowelled, rebowelled, and enclosed in lead," "lapped in lead:" *Stowe*,

Chronicle, p. 494 b, ed. 1631; Survey, Book III, p. 81 a, ed. 1710. Fair Rosamond's bones, when they were exhumed at Godstow, says Leland, were closed in lead and within that closed in leather: Dugdale's Monasticon, ed. 1823, IV, 365, No VIII.

In the letter sent to Henry VIII in France James included the slaughter of Andrew Barton among the unredressed grievances of which he had to complain. A few days before the battle of Flodden, Lord Thomas Howard, then admiral, used the occasion of his father's dispatching a herald to the King of Scots to say that "inasmuch as the said king had divers and many times caused the said lord to be called at days of true to make redress for Andrew Barton, a pirate of the sea long before that vanquished by the same Lord Admiral, he was now come, in his own proper person, to be in the vanguard of the field, to justify the death of the said Andrew against him and all his people, and would see what could be laid to his charge the said day:" Hall's Chronicle, ed. 1809, p. 558.

There is a slight resemblance in one or two particulars, such as might be expected from

similarity of circumstances, between this ballad and 'Durham Field.' In the latter the King of Scots swears that he will hold his parliament in leewe London, st. 6. A squire warns him that there are bold yeomen in England; the king is angry, draws his sword, and kills the squire, 7-9. In 'Scotish Ffeilde,' Percy Folio, Hales and Farnivall, I, 217,\* the French king says there is nothing left in England save millers and mass-priests, v. 109; and in the poem on Flodden, reprinted by Weber, and recently by Federer,† Lord Home makes this same assertion, Weber, p. 10, 187-92; Federer, p. 8, sts 46, 47. Cf. 'Durham Field,' p. 282.

The forged manuscript formerly in the possession of J. Payne Collier, containing thirty ballads alleged to be of the early part of the seventeenth century, has for the second piece in the volume a transcript of this ballad, with variations.

The battle of Flodden called out a great deal of verse. The most notable pieces are two already referred to, and a third which will be given here in an appendix; the less important will be found in Weber's volume.

1 KING JAMIE hath made a vow,  
Keepe it well if he may!  
That he will be at lovely London  
Upon Saint James his day.

2 'Upon Saint James his day at noone,  
At faire London will I be,  
And all the lords in merrie Scotland,  
They shall dine there with me.'

3 Then bespake good Queene Margaret,  
The teares fell from her eye:  
'Leave off these warres, most noble king,  
Keepe your fidelitie.

4 'The water runnes swift and wondrous deepe,  
From bottome unto the brimme;  
My brother Henry hath men good enough;  
England is hard to winne.'

5 'Away,' quoth he, 'with this silly foole!  
In prison fast let her lie:  
For she is come of the English bloud,  
And for these words she shall dye.'

6 With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,  
The queenees chamberlaine that day:  
'If that you put Queene Margaret to death,  
Scotland shall rue it alway.'

7 Then in a rage King Jamie did say,  
'Away with this foolish mome!  
He shall be hanged, and the other be burned,  
So soone as I come home.'

8 At Flodden Field the Scots came in,  
Which made our English men faine;  
At Bramstone Greene this battaile was seene,  
There was King Jamie slaine.

\* A better, but defective, copy is in the second volume of Chetham Miscellanies, edited by Dr J. Rolson, 1855.

† Harleian MS. No 3526, date of about 1636; a printed copy of 1664, from which the poem was edited by Weber,

Edinburgh, 1808; a printed copy of 1755-62, from a different source, excellently edited by Charles A. Federer, Manchester, 1884. See further this last, pp. 134-37.



- 9 Then presently the Scots did flie,  
 Their cannons they left behind;  
 Their ensignes gay were won all away,  
 Our souldiers did beate them blinde.
- 10 To tell you plaine, twelve thousand were slaine  
 That to the fight did stand,  
 And many prisoners tooke that day,  
 The best in all Scotland.

- 11 That day made many [a] fatherlesse child,  
 And many a widow poore,  
 And many a Scottish gay lady  
 Sate weeping in her bower.
- 12 Jack with a feather was lapt all in leather,  
 His boastings were all in vaine;  
 He had such a chance, with a new morrice-  
 dance,  
 He never went home againe.

3<sup>l</sup>. he spake.

*The copy followed by Ritson puts st. 11 after  
 5. The principal variations of the Collier  
 copy may be given, though they are without  
 authority or merit.*

After 2:

March out, march out, my merry men,  
 Of hie or low degree;  
 I'll weare the crowne in London townne,  
 And that you soone shall see.

4<sup>l</sup>. To venture life and limme.

Then doe not goe from faire Scotland,  
 But stay thy realm within;  
 Your power, I weene, is all to weake,  
 And England hard to winne.

5<sup>l</sup>. this sillie mome.

7<sup>l</sup>. this other mome.

After 8:

His bodie never could be found,  
 When he was over throwne,  
 And he that wore faire Scotlands crowne  
 That day could not be knowne.

*For 12, to adapt the piece to the seventeenth  
 century:*

Now heaven we laude that never more  
 Such tiding shall come to hand;  
 Our king, by othe, is king of both  
 England and faire Scotland.

## APPENDIX

### FLODDEN FIELD

a. 'Flodden Ffeilde,' Percy MS., p. 117; Hales and Furnivall, I, 313. b. Harleian MS. 293, fol. 55. c. Harleian MS. 367, fol. 120.

A TEXT made from b and c is printed by Weber, *Flodden Field*, p. 366, and by R. H. Evans, *Old Ballads*, 1810, III, 58. b, c lack all that follows 102 except 103, with which all three copies alike end. This stanza makes a natural conclusion to the vindication of Lancashire, Cheshire and the Earl of Derby, and what intervenes in a, after 102, seems to be an interpolation. Nevertheless I have preferred to give the Percy text (though the others are not inferior to it, and possess the unity which

has to be brought about in this case by transferring the last stanza), on account of the pleasing story How Rowland Egerton came to the lordship of Ridley, 107-119, which would make no bad ballad by itself.

At the battle of Flodden, the right wing of the van, commanded by Sir Edmund Howard, the third son of the Earl of Surrey, was routed by the Scots under Lord Home, Chamberlain of Scotland, and the Earl of Huntly. "Edmund Howard had with him a thousand Cheshire men, and five hundred Lancashire men, and many gentlemen of Yorkshire, on the right wing of the lord Howard; and the Lord Chamberlain of Scotland, with many lords, did set on him, and the Cheshire and Lancashire men never abode stroke, and few of the gentlemen of Yorkshire abode, but fled. . . . And the said Edmund Howard was thrice felled, and to his relief

the lord Dacre came, with fifteen hundred men." \* On the other hand, the Cheshire and Lancashire men of the extreme left, under command of Sir Edward Stanley, discomfited the Scottish division of Lennox and Argyle. King Henry received the news of the victory while he was lying before Tournay, "and highly praised the Earl, and the Lord Admiral and his son, and all the gentlemen and commons that were at that valiant enterprise; howbeit, the king had a secret letter that the Cheshire men fled from Sir Edmund Howard, which letter caused great heart-burning and many words; but the king thankfully accepted all thing, and would no man to be dispraised." †

This poem, a history in the ballad style, was composed to vindicate the behavior of Lancashire and Cheshire at Flodden, and to glorify the Stanleys; ‡ in the accomplishment of which objects it becomes incumbent upon the minstrel to expose the malice of the Earl of Surrey, to whom he imputes the "wrong writing" which caused such heart-burning.

The Earl of Surrey sends a letter by a herald to King Henry, then at Tournay. The king asks the news before he breaks the seal, and who fought and who fled. The herald answers that King James is slain, and that Lancashire and Cheshire fled; no man of the Earl of Derby's durst face the foe. The king opens the letter, which confirms the herald's report, and calls for the Earl of Derby. Sir Ralph Egerton suggests that if Lancashire and Cheshire fled, it must have been because they had a Howard, and not a Stanley, for their captain. The Earl of Derby comes before the king, and says the same; let him have Lancashire and Cheshire, and he will burn up all Scotland and conquer to Paris gate. The king says cowards will fight to retrieve what they have lost. We were never cowards, rejoins Derby; who brought in your father at Milford Haven? (It was not precisely the Stanleys.) The king turns away; the Duke of Buckingham is ready to lay his life that all this comes from a false writing of the Earl of Surrey. § Derby is not to be comforted, and breaks out in farewells to all his kith and kin, Edward Stanley, John Stanley, and many more; they must be slain, for they never would flee. The Earl of Shrewsbury bids him take heart; Derby goes on with farewells to Lan-

caster, Latham, and all familiar places. In the midst of his exclamations, James Garsed, "Long Jamie," a yeoman of the guard, comes flying to the Earl of Derby for protection: he had killed two men, and wounded three. Derby's intercession can do only harm now, but he will ask friends to speak for Jamie. A messenger arrives from the king ordering Long Jamie to be delivered up; he is to be hanged. Buckingham takes Jamie by one arm and Shrewsbury takes him by the other, and with Derby in front and many gentlemen following, they go to the king. Welcome, dukes and earls, says the king, but most welcome of all our traitor, Long Jamie! Jamie, how durst thou show thyself in our presence after slaying thy brethren? Jamie explains that his fellows had called him coward, and bidden him flee to that coward the Earl of Derby. The Earl of Derby had befriended him when he was little and maintained him till he was able to shoot. Then one day a Scottish minstrel brought King Henry a bow which none of his guard could bend. Jamie shot seven times with it, and the eighth time broke it; then told the Scot to pick up the pieces and take them to his king; upon which Henry had made him yeoman of the guard, thanks to His Grace and to the Earl of Derby who had brought him up. And now, to have the earl taunted, to be false to the man who had been true to him—he had rather die. Stand up, Jamie, says the King; have here my charter; but let there be no more fighting while you are in France. Then you must grant me one thing, says Jamie—that he that abuses Lancashire or Cheshire shall die; and the king commands proclamation to be made that any man abusing Lancashire or Cheshire shall have his judgment on the next tree. The next morning comes a messenger from the queen wishing the king joy, for his brother-in-law, King Jamie, is slain. Henry asks again, Who fought and who fled? "Lancashire and Cheshire have done the deed," is the reply; "had not the Earl of Derby been true to thee, England had been in great hazard." The king on the moment promotes Edward and John Stanley and 'Rowland' Egerton, who had fought with Edward. Buckingham runs for Derby, and the king welcomes the earl, and returns to him all that he had taken from him. But one thing

\* Articles of the bataill betwix the Kinge of Scottes and the Erle of Surrey in Brankstone Feld, the 9 day of September: State Papers, vol. iv, King Henry the Eighth, Part iv, p. 2, 1836.

† Hall's Chronicle, p. 564.

‡ Who are celebrated also in three other pieces, 'Scottish

Field,' 'Bosworth Field,' and 'Lady Bessie:' Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, I, 212, III, 235, 321.

§ "He never loved thee, for thy uncle [that is, Sir William Stanley] slew his father" [the Duke of Norfolk]; which, however, is not true.

grieveth me still, says Derby — to have been called coward yesterday. "It was a wrong writing that came from the Earl of Surrey," says the king, "but I shall teach him to know his prince." Derby asks no more than to be judge over Surrey, and the king makes him so; as he says, so it shall be. "Then his life is saved," says the earl; "if my uncle slew his father" (but, as before said, there was no occasion for uneasiness on that score), "he would have taken vengeance on me." And so the glory is all shifted to Derby, and nothing remains for Surrey.

The minstrel goes on to speak of the surrender of Tournay, and then of an essay of the king's to reward an Egerton for good service done.\* Egerton would be glad to have his reward in Cheshire. The king has nothing there to give but five mills at Chester; Egerton does not wish to be called a miller. The king offers the forest of Snowdon; Egerton, always kneeling on his knee, does not wish to be called a ranger. Nothing will please thee, Egerton, says the king; but Egerton asks for Ridley in Cheshire, and gets it.

The last twelve verses profess to enumerate Henry Eighth's victories in France: 'Hans and Gynye' (neither of which I recognize, unless Gynye stands for Guinegate, the Battle of the Spurs), Tournay and Théroutanne, these in the campaign of 1513, and Boulogne and Montreuil † during the invasion of 1544.

1 Now let vs talke of [the] Mount of Flodden,  
Fforsooth such is our chance,  
And let vs tell what tydings the Ear[le] of Surrey  
Sent to our king into France.

2 The earle he hath a writting made,  
And sealed it with his owne hand;  
From the Newcastle vpon Tyne  
The herald passed from the land.

3 And after to Callice hee arriued,  
Like a noble leed of high degree,  
And then to Turwin soone he hyed,  
There he thought to haue found King Henery.

4 But there the walls were beaten downe,  
And our English soldiers therein laine;  
Sith to Turnay the way hee neme,  
Wheras lay the emperour of Almaine,

And there he found the king of England,  
Blessed Iesus, preserve that name!

5 When the herald came before our king,  
Lowlye he fell downe on his knee,  
And said, Christ, christen king, that on the crosse  
died,  
Noble King Henery, this day thy speed may  
bee!

6 The first word that the prince did minge,  
Said, Welcome, herald, out of England, to me!  
How fares my leeds? how fares my lords?  
My knights, my esquiers, in their degree?

7 Heere greeteth you well your owne leaetenant,  
The Honorable Erle of Surrey;  
He bids you in France to venter your chance,  
For slaine is your brother, King Iamye,  
And att louelie London you shall him finde,  
My comelye prince, in the presence of thee.'

8 Then bespake our comlye king,  
Said, Who did fight and who did flee?  
And who bore him best of the Mount of Flodden?  
And who was false, and who was true to me?

9 'Lancashire and Cheshire,' sayd the messenger,  
'Cleane they he fled and gone;  
There was nere a man that longd to the Erle of  
Darby  
That durst looke his enemyes vpon.'

10 S[t]ill in a study stood our noble king,  
And tooke the writting in his hand;  
Shortlye the seale he did vnclose,  
And readilye he read as he found.

11 Then bespake our comlye king,  
And called vpon his chinalree,  
And said, Who will feitch me the King of Man,  
The Honnorable Thomas Erle of Darbye?

12 He may take Lancashire and Cheshire,  
That he hath called the cheefe of chinalree;  
Now falsely are they fled and gone,  
Nener a one of them is true to mee!

13 Then bespake Sir Raphe Egerton, the knight,  
And lowlye kneeled vpon his knee,  
And said, My soueraigne lord, King Henery,  
If it like your Grace to pardon mee,

14 If Lancashire and Cheshire be fled and gone,  
Of those tydings wee may be vnfaire;

\* Sir Ralph Egerton is made marshal in st. 91; but this Rowland is really Ralph over again. Ralph was knighted at Tournay, and was granted the manor of Ridley in February of the next year.

† "Where they lay a long time, and left the town as they found it:" Hall, p. 861.

- But I dare lay my life and lande  
It was for want of their *captaine*.
- 15 For if the Erle of Derby our *captaine* had beene,  
And vs to lead in our arraye,  
Then noe Lancashire man nor Cheshire  
That euer wold haue fled awaye.
- 16 'Soe it proued well,' said our noble *king*,  
'By him *that* deerlye dyed vpon a tree !  
Now when wee had the most neede,  
Falslye they serued then to mee.'
- 17 Then spake *William Brewerton*, *knight*,  
And lowlye kneeled his prince before,  
And sayd, My soueraigne *king*, *Henery* the Eighth,  
If your Grace sett by vs soe little store,
- 18 Wheresoeuer you come in any feild to fight,  
Set the Earle of Darby and vs before ;  
Then shall you see wether wee fight or flee,  
Trew or false whether we be borne.
- 19 *Compton* rownded with our *king*,  
And said, Goe wee and leane the cowards right;  
'Heere is my gloue to thee,' quoth *Egerton*,  
'*Compton*, if thou be a *knight*.
- 20 'Take my gloue, and with me fight,  
Man to man, if thou wilt turne againe ;  
For if our prince were not present right,  
The one of vs two shold be slaine,
- 21 'And neuer foote beside the ground gone  
Vntill the one dead shold bee.'  
Our prince was moued theratt anon,  
And returned him right teenouslye.
- 22 And to him came on the other hand  
The Honorable Erle of Darbye ;  
And when he before our prince came,  
He lowlye kneeled vpon his knee,
- 23 And said, *Iesu Christ*, *that* on the crosse dyed,  
This day, noble *Henery*, thy speed may bee !  
The first word *that* the *king* did speake,  
Sayd, Welcome, *King* of Man and Erle of  
Darbye !
- 24 How likest thou Cheshire and Lancashire both,  
Which were counted cheefe of chualtree ?  
Falslye are they fled and gone,  
And neuer a one is trew to mee.
- 25 'If *that* be soe,' said the erle free,  
'My leege, therof I am not faine ;  
My comlye prince, rebuke not mee,  
I was not there to be there *captaine*.
- 26 'If I had beene their *captaine*,' the erle said then,  
'I durst haue layd both liffe and land  
He neuer came out of Lancashire nor Cheshire  
That wold haue fledd beside the ground.
- 27 'But if it like your noble Grace  
A litle boone to grant itt mee,  
Lett me haue Lancashire and Cheshire both,  
I desire noe more helpe trulye ;
- 28 'If I ffayle to burne vp all Scotland,  
Take me and hang me vpon a tree !  
I, I shall conquer to Paris gate,  
Both comlye castles and towers hye.
- 29 'Wheras the walls beene soe stronge,  
Lancashire and Cheshire shall beate them  
downe.'  
'By my fathers soule,' sayd our *king*,  
'And by him *that* dyed on the roode,
- 30 'Thou shalt neuer haue Lancashire nor Cheshire  
right  
Att thy owne obedyence for to bee !  
Cowards in a feild felly will fight  
Againe to win the victorye.'
- 31 'Wee were neuer cowards,' said the erle,  
'By him *that* deerlye dyed on tree !  
Who brought in your father att Milford Hauen ?  
*King* *Henery* the Seuenth forsooth was hee.
- 32 'Thorow the towne of Fortune wee did him  
bring,  
And soe conuayd him to Shrewsburye,  
And soe crowned him a noble *king* ;  
And *Richard* *that* day wee deemed to dye.'
- 33 Our prince was greatlye moued at *that* worde,  
And returned him hastilye againe ;  
To comfort the erle came on the other hande  
The doughtye *Edward*, Duk of Buckingham.
- 34 'Plucke vp thy hart, brother Stanlye,  
And lett nothing greuee thee !  
For I dare lay my liffe to wedd  
It is a false writing of the Erle of Surrey.
- 35 'Sith *King* *Richard* felle, he neuer loued thee,  
For thy vacke slue his father deere,  
And deerlye deemed him to dye ;  
*Sir Christopher Savage* his standard away did  
beare.'
- 36 'Alas, brother,' sayd the Erle of Darbye,  
'Woe be the time *that* I was made *knight*,  
Or were ruler of any lande,  
Or euer had manhood in feild to fight !

- 37 'Soe bold men in battle as were they,  
Forsooth had neither lord nor swaine;  
Ffarwell my vnckle, Sir Edward Stanley!  
For well I wott *that* thou art slaine.
- 38 'Surelye whiles thy liffe wold last  
Thou woldest neuer shrinke beside the plaine;  
Nor Iohn Stanley, *that* child soe younge;  
Well I wott *that* thou art slaine.
- 39 'Ffarwell Kighlye I coward was thou neuer;  
Old Sir Henery, the good *knight*,  
I left the[e] ruler of Latham,  
To be [my] deputye both day and night.
- 40 'Ffarwell Townlye, *that* was soe true!  
And *that* noble Ashton of Middleton!  
And the sad Southwarke, *that* euer was sure!  
For well I wott *that* thou art gone.
- 41 'Ffarwell Ashton vnde[r] Line!  
And manlye Mullenax! for thou art slaine;  
For doubtlesse while your liues wold last  
You wold never shun beside the plaine.
- 42 'Ffarwell Adderton with the leaden mall!  
Well I know thou art deemed to dye;  
I may take my leaue at you all;  
The flower of manhode is gone from mee.
- 43 'Ffarwell Sir Iohn Booth of Barton, *knight*!  
Well I know *that* thou art slaine;  
While thy liffe wold last to fight,  
Thou wold neuer be-sids the plaine.
- 44 'Ffarwell Butler, and Sir Bode!  
Sure you haue beene *ener* to mee;  
And soe I know *that* [still] you wold,  
If *that* vnsleine you bee.
- 45 'Ffarwell Christopher Savage, the wighte!  
Well I know *that* thou art slaine;  
For whiles thy life wold last to fight,  
Thou wold neuer beside the plaine.
- 46 'Ffarwell Dutton, and Sir Dane!  
You haue beene *ener* trew to mee;  
Ffarwell the Baron of Kinderton!  
Beside the feild thou wold not flee.
- 47 'Ffarwell Ffitton of Gawsworth!  
Either thou art taken or slaine;  
Doubtlesse while thy life wold last,  
Thou wold neuer beside the plaine.'
- 48 As they stood talking together there,  
The duke and the erle trulye,  
Came ffor to comfort him th[e] trew Talbott,  
And the noble Erle of Shrewsburye.
- 49 'Plucke vp thy hart, sonne Thomas, and be merry,  
And let noe tydings greeue thee!  
Am not I godfather to our *king*?  
My owne god-sonne forsooth is hee.'
- 50 He tooke the Duke of Buckingham by the arme,  
And the Erle of Sh[r]ewsburye by the other:  
'To part with you it is my harme;  
Farwell, my father and my brother!
- 51 'Farwell Lancaster, *that* litle towne!  
Farwell now for euer and aye!  
Many pore men may pray for my soule  
When they lye weeping in the lane.
- 52 'Ffarwell Latham, *that* bright bower!  
Nine towers thou beares on hye,  
And other nine thou beares on the outer walls;  
Within thee may be lodged *kings* three.
- 53 'Ffarwell Knowsley, *that* litle tower  
Vnderneath the holtes soe hore!  
Euer when I thinke on *that* bright bower,  
Wite me not though my hart be sore.
- 54 'Ffarwell Tocstaffe, *that* trustye parke,  
And the fayre riuer *that* runes there beside,  
There I was wont to chase the hinde and hart!  
Now therin will I neuer abide.
- 55 'Ffarwell bold Birkhead! there was I boorne,  
Within the abbey and that monesterye;  
The sweet covent for mee may mourne;  
I gaue to you the tythe of Beeston, trulye.
- 56 'Ffarwell Westchester for cuermore!  
And the Watter Gate! it is my owne;  
I gaue a mace *for* the serieant to weare,  
To waite on the maior, as it is knowne.
- 57 'Will I neuer come *that* citeye within;  
But, sonne Edward, thou may clayme it of  
right:  
Ffarwell Westhardin! I may thee [call] myn,  
*Knight* and lord I was of great might.
- 58 'Sweete sonne Edward, white bookes thou make,  
And *ener* haue pittye on the pore cominaltye!  
Ffarwell Hope and Hopedale!  
Mould and Moulesdale, God be with thee!  
I may take leaue with a sorry cheere,  
For within thee will I neuer bee.'
- 59 As they stode talking together there,  
The duke and the lords trulye,  
Came Iamie Garsed, a yeman of the guard,  
*That* had beene brought vp with the Erle of  
Derbye;  
Like the devill with his fellows he had fared,  
He s[t]icked two, and wounded three.

- 60 After, with his sword drawn in his hand,  
He fled to the noble Earle of Derbye :  
'Stand vp, Iamye !' the erle said,  
'These tydings nothing liketh mee.
- 61 'I haue seene the day I cold haue saued thee,  
Such thirty men if thou hads slaine,  
And now if I shold speake for thee,  
Sure thou weret to be slaine.
- 62 'I will once desire my bretheren eche one  
*That* they will speake for thee.'  
He prayd the Duke of Buckingham,  
And alsoe the Erle of Shrewsburye,
- 63 Alsoe my lord Fitzwater soe wise,  
And the good Lord Willowbye,  
Sir Rice Ap Thomas, a *knight* of price;  
They all spoke for Long Iamye.
- 64 They had not stayd but a litle while there,  
The duke and the erles in their talkinge,  
But straight to the erle came a messenger,  
*That* came latelye from the *king*,
- 65 And bad *that* Long Iamie shold be sent ;  
There shold neither be grith nor grace,  
But on a bough he shold be hanged,  
In midstest the feild, before the erles face.
- 66 'If *that* be soe,' said the Erle of Derbye,  
'I trust our prince will better bee ;  
Such tydings maketh my hart full heauye  
Afore his Grace when *that* wee bee.'
- 67 The Duke of Buckingham tooke Iamie by the one  
arme,  
And the Erle of Shrewsburye by the other ;  
Afore them they put the *King* of Man,  
It was the Erle of Darbye and noe other.
- 68 The lord Fitzwater followed fast,  
And soe did the lord Willowbyge ;  
The comfortable Cobham mad great hast ;  
All went with the noble Erle of Derbye.
- 69 The hind Hassall hoked on fast,  
With the lusty Lealand trulye ;  
Soe did Sir Alexander Osbaston,  
Came in with the Erle of Derbye.
- 70 The royall Ratcliffe, *that* rude was neuer,  
And the trustye Trafford, keene to trye,  
And wight Warburton, out of Cheshire,  
All came with the Erle of Derbye.
- 71 Sir Rice ap Thomas, a *knight* of Wales,  
Came with a feirce meny ;  
He bent his bowes on the bent to abyde,  
And cleane vnsett the gallow-tree.
- 72 When they came afore our *king*,  
Lowlye they kneeled vpon their knees ;  
The first word *that* our prince did myn,  
'Welcome, dukes and erles, to mee !
- 73 'The most welcome hither of all  
Is our owne traitor, Long Iamie :  
Iamie, how durst thou be soe bold  
As in our presence for to bee ?
- 74 'To slay thy bretheren within their hold !  
Thou was sworne to them, and they to thee.'  
Then began Long Iamie to speake bold :  
'My leege, if it please your Grace to pardon mee,
- 75 'When I was to my supper sett,  
They called me coward to my face,  
And of their talking they wold not lett,  
And thus with them I vpbayed was.
- 76 'The bade me flee from them apace  
To *that* coward the Erle of Derbye !  
When I was litle, and had small grace,  
He was my helpe and succour trulye.
- 77 'He tooke [me] from my father deere,  
And keepe me within his woone  
Till I was able of my selfe  
Both to shoote and picke the stone.
- 78 'Then after, vnder Greenwich, vpon a day  
A Scottish minstrell came to thee,  
And brought a bow of yew to drawe,  
And all the guard might not stirr *that* tree.
- 79 'Then the bow was giuen to the Erle of Derbye,  
And the erle deliuered it to mee ;  
Seven shoots before your face I shott,  
And att the eighth in sunder it did flee.
- 80 'Then I bad the Scott bow downe his face,  
And gather vp the bow, and bring it to his  
*king* ;  
Then it liked your noble Grace  
Into your guard for me to bring.
- 81 'Sithen I haue liued a merry liffe,  
I thanke *your* Grace and the Erle of Darbye ;  
But to haue the erle rebuked thus,  
*That* my bringer-*vp* forsooth was hee,
- 82 'I had rather suffer death,' he said,  
'Then be false to the erle *that* was true to me.'  
'Stand vp Iamie !' said our *king*,  
'Haue heere my charter, I giue it thee.
- 83 'Let me haue noe more fighting of thee  
Whilest thou art within Ffrance lande.'  
'Then one thing you must grant,' said Iamie,  
'*That* your word theron may stand :

- 84 'Whosoe rebuketh Lancashire or Cheshire  
Shortlye shall be deemed to dye.'  
Our *king* commanded a cry i-wis  
To be proclaimed hastilye.
- 85 'If the dukes and erles kneele on their knees,  
Itt getteth on sturr the comonaltye;  
If wee be vpbayrded thus,  
Manye a man is like to dye.'  
The *king* said, He *that* rebuket Lancashire or  
Cheshire  
Shall haue his indgmt on the next tree.
- 86 Then soe they were in rest  
For the space of a night, as I weene,  
And on the other day, without leasinge,  
There came a messenger from the *queene*.
- 87 And when he came before our *king*,  
Lowlye he kneeled vpon his knee,  
And said, Chr[i]st thee saue, our noble *king*,  
And thy speed this day may bee!  
Heere greeteth thee well thy loue and liking,  
And our honorable *queene* and ladye,
- 88 And biddeth you in Ffrance to be glad,  
For slaine is your brother-in-law *King* Jamie,  
And att louelye London he shalbe found,  
My comlye prince, in the presence of thee.
- 89 Then bespake our comlye prince,  
Saiinge, Who did fight and who did flee?  
And who bare them best of the Mount of Fflooden?  
And who is false, and who is true to mee?
- 90 'Lancashire and Cheshire,' said the messenger,  
'They haue done the deed with their hand;  
Had not the Erle of Derbye beene to thee true,  
In great aduenture had beene all England.'
- 91 Then bespake our prince on hye,  
'Sir Raphe Egerton, my marshall I make thee;  
Sir Edward Stanley, thou shalt be a lord,  
Lord Mounteagle thou shalt bee.
- 92 'Yonge Iohn Stanley shalbe a *knight*,  
And he is well worthy for to bee.'  
The Duke of Buckingham the tydings hard,  
And shortlye ran to the Erle of Darbye:
- 93 'Brother, plucke vp thy hart and be merrye,  
And let noe tydings greeue thee!  
Yesterday, thy men called cowerds were,  
And this day they haue woone the victorye.'
- 94 The duke tooke the erle by the arme,  
And thus they ledde to the prince [trulye].
- Seven roods of ground the *king* he came,  
And sayd, 'Welcome, *King* of Man and Erle of  
Derbye!  
The thing *that* I haue taken from thee,  
I geeve it to thee againe whollye.
- 95 'The manrydden of Lancashire and Cheshire  
both,  
Att thy bidding ener to bee;  
Ffor those men beene true, Thomas, indeed;  
They beene trew both to thee and mee.'
- 96 'Yett one thing greeveth me,' said the erle,  
'And in my hart maketh me heavye,  
This day to heare the wan the feild,  
And yesterday cowerds to bee.'
- 97 'It was a wronge wryting,' sayd our *king*,  
'*That* came ffrom the Erle of Surrey;  
But I shall him teach his prince to know,  
If euer wee come in our cuntrye.'
- 98 'I aske noe more,' said the noble erle,  
'Ffor all *that* my men haue done trulye,  
But *that* I may be iudge my selfe  
Of *that* noble Erle of Surreye.'
- 99 'Stand vp, Thomas!' sayd our prince,  
'Lord Marshall I make thee,  
And thou shalt be iudge thy selfe,  
And as thou saiest, soe shall it bee.'
- 100 'Then is his liffe saned,' said the erle,  
'I thanke Iesu and your Grace trulye;  
If my vnckle slew his father deere,  
He wold haue venged him on mee.'
- 101 'Thou art verrey patient,' sayd our *king*;  
'The Holy Ghost remaines, I thinke, in thee;  
On the south side of Turnay thou shalt stande,  
With my godfather the Erle of Shrewsburye.'
- 102 And soe to *that* seege forth the went,  
The noble Shrewsburye and the Erle of Derbye,  
And the laid seege vnto the walls,  
And wan the towne in dayes three.
- 103 Thus was Lancashire and Cheshire rebunked  
Thorow the pollicye of the Erle of Surrey.  
Now God, *that* was in Bethlem borne,  
And for vs dyed vpon a tree,  
Saue our noble prince *that* wereth the crowne,  
And haue mercy on the Erles soule of Derbye!
- 104 And then bespake our noble *king*,  
These were the words said hee;  
Sayes, Come, Alexander Ratcliffe, *knight*,  
Come hither now vnto mee,

- Ffor thou shalt goe on the south side of Tournay,  
And with thee thou shalt haue thousands three.
- 105 Then forth is gone *Alexander Ratcliffe, knight* ;  
With him he leads men thousand three ;  
But or ere three dayes were come to an end,  
The Ffrenchmen away did fle.
- 106 Then *King Henery* planted three hundred English-  
men  
That in the citey shold abyde and bee :  
*Alexander Ratcliffe*, he wold haue mad him gouer-  
nour there,  
But he forsooke it certainelye,  
And made great intreatye to our *king*  
That he might come into England in his com-  
pa[n]ye.
- 
- 107 And then bespake noble *King Henery*,  
And these were the words said hee :  
Sayes, Come hither, *Rowland Egerton, knight*,  
And come thou hither vnto mee ;
- 108 For the good service *that* thou hast done,  
Well rewarded shalt thou bee.  
Then forth came *Rowland Egerton*,  
And kneeled downe vpon his knee.
- 109 Saies, If it like your Grace, my gracious *king*,  
The reward *that* you will bestow on mee,  
I wold verry gladlye haue it in Cheshire,  
Ffor *that*'s att home in my owne country.
- 110 And then bespake him noble *King Henery*,  
And these were the words said hee ;  
'I haue nothing, *Egerton*, in all Cheshire  
That wilbe any pleasure for thee  
But fiue mills stands att Chester townes end ;  
The gone all ouer the water of Dee.'
- 111 Still kneeled *Rowland Egerton*,  
And did not rise beside his knee ;  
Sayes, If it like your Highnesse, my gracious *king*,  
A milner called I wold neuer bee.
- 112 And then bespake him noble *King Harrye*,  
These were the words said hee ;  
Saith, I'll make mine avow to God,  
And alsoe to the Trinitye,  
There shall neuer be *king* of England  
But the shalbe miller of the mills of Dee !
- 113 I haue noe other thing, *Egerton*,  
That wilbe for thy delight ;  
I will giue thee the Forrest of Snoden in Wales,  
Wherby thou may giue the horne and lease ;
- In siluer it wilbe verry white,  
And meethinkes shold thee well please.
- 114 . . . . .  
Still kneeled *Rowland Egerton* on his knee ;  
He sayes, If itt like your Highnes, my gracious  
*king*,  
A ranger called wold I neuer bee.
- 115 Then our *king* was wrathe, and rose away,  
Sayes, I thinke, *Egerton*, nothing will please  
thee.  
And then bespake him, *Rowland Egerton*,  
Kneeling yet still on his knee :
- 116 Sayes, If itt like your Highnesse, my gracious  
*king*,  
That your Highnes pleasure will now heer  
mee,  
In Cheshire there lyes a litle grange-house,  
In the lordsb[i]ppe of Rydeley it doth lyce.
- 117 A tanner there in it did dwell ;  
My leege, it is but a cote with one eye,  
And if your Grace wold bestow this on mee,  
Ffull well it wold pleasure me.
- 118 Then bespake our noble *King Harrye*,  
And these were the words saith hee ;  
Saies, Take thee *that* grange-house, *Egerton*,  
And the lordshippe of Rydley, faire and free.
- 119 For the good service thou hast to me done,  
I will giue it vnto thy heyres and thee :  
And thus came Row[land] *Egerton*  
To the lordshippe of Rydley, faire and free.
- 
- 120 This noble *King Harry* wan great victoryes in  
France,  
Thorow the might *that* Christ Jesus did him  
send.
- First our *king* wan Hans and Gynye,  
And [two] walled townes, the truth to say ;  
And afterwards wan other two townes,  
The names of them were called Turwin and  
Turnay.
- 121 High Bullen and Base Bullen he wan alsoe,  
And other village-townes many a one,  
And Muttrell he wan alsoe —  
The cronicles of this will not lye —  
And kept to Calleis, plainsht with Englishmen,  
Vnto the death *that* he did dye.



a. 4<sup>2</sup>. soliders. 16<sup>4</sup>. them. 17<sup>4</sup>. 8<sup>th</sup>. 20<sup>3</sup>. wright.  
20<sup>4</sup>. vs 2. 31<sup>4</sup>. 7<sup>th</sup>. 35<sup>1</sup>. feele.

35<sup>4</sup>. xopher Savage, and again 45<sup>1</sup>: always for away.

41<sup>1</sup>. vndeline. 45<sup>1</sup>. Knight for wighte.

52<sup>2</sup>. 9. 52<sup>4</sup>. 3. 53<sup>2</sup>. whore. 53<sup>4</sup>. white.

56<sup>2</sup>. giue: *pro for* for. 57<sup>2</sup>. wright.

58<sup>1</sup>. Lookes for bookes. 2d Parte at 59<sup>3</sup>.

59<sup>4</sup>. 2: 3. 61<sup>2</sup>. 30. 65<sup>1</sup>. Ianie. 79<sup>3</sup>. 7.

79<sup>4</sup>. 8<sup>th</sup>: breake for flee, cf. b, c.

83<sup>4</sup>. ward: cf. b. 84<sup>3</sup>. I cry for a cry: a in b, c.

89<sup>4</sup>. who his for the first who is. 94<sup>3</sup>. 7. 95<sup>1</sup>. Mau-rydden.

102<sup>4</sup>, 104<sup>4</sup>. 3. 103. 121 in the MS.

104<sup>3</sup>, 1000<sup>3</sup>. 3. 105<sup>2</sup>, 1000<sup>4</sup>. 3. 106<sup>1</sup>, 300<sup>4</sup>.

110<sup>5</sup>. 5. 112<sup>5</sup>. he for the? 117<sup>4</sup>. me pleasure.

120<sup>5</sup>. 2. And for & always.

b, c. In stanzas of eight lines. b. A ballate of the Battalle of Floden Ffeeld betweene the Earle of Surrey and the King of Scots. c. Flowden Feilde.

Trivial variations of spelling are not regarded.

1<sup>1</sup>. of the. 1<sup>2</sup>. our fortune and chance.

1<sup>3</sup>. tell of. b. tythandes. c. tythance.

2<sup>2</sup>. surly after And: his wanting. 3<sup>1</sup>. at for to.

3<sup>2</sup>. b. lorde for leed. b, c. great for high.

3<sup>4</sup>. b. found Henry our kynge.

4<sup>5</sup>-7<sup>5</sup>. Two stanzas, the first ending at 6<sup>2</sup>.

4<sup>5</sup>. the prince. 4<sup>4</sup>. c. lesu.

5<sup>4</sup>. he kneeled vpon. 5<sup>1</sup>. King wanting.

6<sup>4</sup>. and for the second my. 7<sup>3</sup>. biddethe. 7<sup>5</sup>. ye.

6<sup>2</sup>. Prefix And.

8<sup>4</sup>. bare: vpon, upon, for of. b. them for him.

9<sup>2</sup>. they bene both. 9<sup>3</sup>. non for nere. b. belonged.

10<sup>1</sup>. b. a stand. 10<sup>2</sup>. And he.

10<sup>4</sup>. First he wanting. b. tould (corrected from coulede?) for found.

11<sup>1</sup>. b. noble for comlye. 11<sup>2</sup>. And he.

12<sup>1</sup>. b. C. and L. b, c add bothe.

12<sup>2</sup>. the wanting. 12<sup>4</sup>. Not a. 13<sup>3</sup>. King wanting.

13<sup>4</sup>. b, And it, c, Yf it, like you my souereigne lord.

14<sup>1</sup>. c. bene. 14<sup>2</sup>. c. tythandes.

15<sup>3</sup>. b. L. nor C. mene. 15<sup>4</sup>. b. wold euer.

16<sup>2</sup>. on for vpon a.

16<sup>3</sup>. For now: greatest for most.

16<sup>4</sup>. then served they for they serued then.

17<sup>4</sup>. And for If. 18<sup>1</sup>. ye: any wanting.

18<sup>3</sup>. c. ye.

18<sup>4</sup>. b. whether (altered from wher) that wee are.

19<sup>1</sup>. b. rounded. b, c. anon added to king.

19<sup>2</sup>. And wanting. b. Sayenge.

19<sup>3</sup>. to thee wanting. 21<sup>1</sup>. b. neuer a: besydes.

21<sup>4</sup>. b. right angerly. 22<sup>1</sup>. other syde.

22<sup>4</sup>. lowly he. 23<sup>3</sup>. b. our king sayde. c. speake.

23<sup>4</sup>. b. Was for Sayd. 24<sup>1</sup>. c. L. and C.

24<sup>2</sup>. was for were. 24<sup>3</sup>. nowe inserted before are.

24<sup>4</sup>. b. Neuer a one of them. c. Neuer one of them ys (but are, in a later hand).

25<sup>1</sup>. c. then for free. 26<sup>4</sup>. b. fled a foote.

27<sup>2</sup>. b. to for itt. 28<sup>1</sup>. to brene, bren.

28<sup>2</sup>. First me wanting.

28<sup>3</sup>. First I wanting: all to. b. gates.

28<sup>4</sup>. b. Bothe the. 29<sup>1</sup>. walles they.

29<sup>2</sup>. then sayd. 30<sup>4</sup>. and for nor. 30<sup>3</sup>. c. thyne.

30<sup>3</sup>. b. freely for felly. 31<sup>2</sup>. for me for on tree.

32<sup>2</sup>. b. To the towne of. 32<sup>3</sup>. we after soc.

33<sup>2</sup>. b. vpon the same for againe. c. in same, but on the for in, in a later hand.

33<sup>3</sup>. side, syde, for hande. 34<sup>4</sup>. b. duke for erle.

35<sup>1</sup>. Synce: feelde, feylde.

35<sup>2</sup>. c. thyne: theare, for deere.

35<sup>4</sup>. awaye for always.

36<sup>2</sup>. c. therby added by a later hand.

37<sup>2</sup>. c. myne. 37<sup>4</sup>. c. art altered to weart.

38<sup>1</sup>. whileste that, whiles that.

38<sup>2</sup>. schunte besides. 38<sup>4</sup>. nowe before that.

39<sup>1</sup>. b. for before coward. b, c. none for neuer.

39<sup>4</sup>. he my. 40<sup>2</sup>. the for that.

40<sup>3</sup>. b. Sotheworthe. c. Sothewarke altered to Sotheworthe.

41<sup>3</sup>. c. whilest. 41<sup>4</sup>. schunte. 42<sup>1</sup>. b. Anderton.

42<sup>2</sup>. leaue nowe. b. at altered to of.

43<sup>3</sup>. For whileste, For whiles.

43<sup>4</sup>. wouldeste (c woulde) neuer beside the playne.

44<sup>1</sup>. b. Bolde. 44<sup>2</sup>. ye. 44<sup>3</sup>. style, still.

44<sup>4</sup>. Vnslayne nowe yf, (b) that you bee, (c) you had bee.

45<sup>1</sup>. weighte, wighte. 45<sup>3</sup>. b. whileste.

45<sup>4</sup>. woldeste, wouldest: beside.

46<sup>1</sup>. Done, Downe. 46<sup>2</sup>. Ye. 46<sup>4</sup>. b. woldeste.

47<sup>1</sup>. b. Seton altered to Fitton. 47<sup>2</sup>. Other.

47<sup>3</sup>. Prefix For: whiles. 47<sup>4</sup>. wouldeste, wouldest.

48<sup>3</sup>. flor wanting. 49<sup>2</sup>. c. tythands. 49<sup>4</sup>. myne.

51<sup>4</sup>. c. lawne. 52<sup>2</sup>. beareste, bearest.

52<sup>3</sup>. in the vtter. 53<sup>2</sup>. whore. 53<sup>4</sup>. Wyte.

54<sup>2</sup>. ronnethe, renneth. b. besydes.

54<sup>3</sup>. b. was I. 54<sup>4</sup>. b. I will.

55<sup>1</sup>. Berkenhede, Byrkehead altered to Byrkenhead.

55<sup>4</sup>. c. the wanting. 56<sup>2</sup>. myn, myne.

56<sup>3</sup>. gaue: *pro (or for) wanting*.

57<sup>2</sup>. mayeste, maiest. c. yt clayme.

57<sup>4</sup>. c. call after may, in a later hand.

58<sup>1</sup>. hookes, bokes. 58<sup>2</sup>. comentye, comyntie.

58<sup>3</sup>. Hopesdalle.

58<sup>4</sup>. Mouldesdalle, Mouldesdale.

58<sup>5</sup>. take my: hevie, heaue, for sorry.

59<sup>3</sup>. Iames: Garsye, Garsyde.

59<sup>4</sup>. styeked, sticked. 60<sup>1</sup>. b. And after.

60<sup>3</sup>. b. Iames. 60<sup>4</sup>, 66<sup>3</sup>. c. tythandes.

61<sup>2</sup>. hadeste, had. 61<sup>4</sup>. wearte for, were for.

62<sup>2</sup>. will nowe.

63<sup>1</sup>. b. Fitzwaters. c. Feighwater altered to Fitzwater. 63<sup>3</sup>, 71<sup>1</sup>. c. vp for ap.

63<sup>4</sup>. And all they epake. 64<sup>1</sup>. standen.

64<sup>2</sup>. But wanting.

65<sup>1</sup>, 73<sup>3</sup>, 74<sup>3</sup>, 82<sup>3</sup>. b. Iames. 65<sup>1</sup>. c. send.

65<sup>4</sup>. Amydeste. 66<sup>1</sup>. c. soc wanting.

- 66<sup>8</sup>. b. makes. 67<sup>4</sup>. non.  
 68<sup>1</sup>. c. Feighwater. b. he followed.  
 69<sup>1</sup>. b. hied *for* hovecd. 69<sup>8</sup>. b. Osboldstenc.  
 69<sup>4</sup>. b. come. 70<sup>8</sup>. b. wighty.  
 71<sup>2</sup>. came forthe even with. 71<sup>3</sup>. c. bend.  
 71<sup>4</sup>. gallowes. 72<sup>1</sup>. When as. b. the king.  
 72<sup>8</sup>. b. minge. 72<sup>4</sup>. *Prefix* Said : vnto.  
 73<sup>1</sup>. *Prefix* But.  
 73<sup>2</sup>. c. our owne *altered* to yondere.  
 74<sup>2</sup>. c. waste. 74<sup>4</sup>. lyke, like, *for* please.  
 75<sup>4</sup>. vpbrayded that I *for* I vpbrayded.  
 77<sup>1</sup>. tooke me. 77<sup>2</sup>. b. kepte. 78<sup>3</sup>. of vewe.  
 79<sup>4</sup>. b. did flee. c. be *altered* to fle.  
 80<sup>1,2</sup>. b. Then I layd the bowe one his face, and  
     bade him gather vpe the bowe, etc. c. geder.  
 80<sup>4</sup>. *for wanting*. 82<sup>1</sup>. had lyuer, leaver.  
 83<sup>2</sup>. c. whilcs. b. Frenche. 83<sup>3</sup>. ye.  
 83<sup>4</sup>. b. word. 84<sup>8</sup>. Our prince : a cry.  
 85<sup>2</sup>. b. settethe one and. 85<sup>3</sup>. Yf that.  
 85<sup>5</sup>. rebuketh. b. and *for* or. 86<sup>1</sup>. stytle at rest.  
 86<sup>2</sup>. b. as *wanting*. 87<sup>1</sup>. b. prince *for* king.  
 87<sup>2</sup>. b. knecene, *rhyming with* 86<sup>2,4</sup>.  
 87<sup>8</sup>. prince *for* king.  
 87<sup>4</sup>. This owere (c our) noble kynge this (c thy)  
     speede may be.  
 87<sup>5</sup>. greetes (c greeteth) yow well your lyffe and  
     spouse (c liking).  
 87<sup>6</sup>. Your honorable : fair ladye. 88<sup>1</sup>. for to.  
 88<sup>2</sup>. b. in-law *wanting*. 89<sup>2</sup>. And sayd.  
 89<sup>3</sup>. vppon, vpon, the *for* of the.  
 89<sup>4</sup>. And who weare, were, *his*.  
 91<sup>1</sup>. b. on highe, *originally* ; *altered in the same*  
     *hand to with ane highe word.*

- 91<sup>4</sup>. Ye, yea, *prefixed* : shalt thou.  
 92<sup>2</sup>. As *for* And.  
 92<sup>8</sup>. b. thes *for* the. c. tythands. b. *adds* righte  
     *at the end.*  
 93<sup>1</sup>. Brother *after* hart. 93<sup>2</sup>. c. tythandes.  
 93<sup>8</sup>. b. this (*written upon* thy) men cowards were  
     they. c. cowardes called *for* called cowards.  
 93<sup>4</sup>. they *wanting*. 94<sup>1</sup>. b. him *for* the erle.  
 94<sup>2</sup> *adds* trulye *at the end*. b. and lede him *for*  
     thus they ledden.  
 94<sup>5</sup>. haue from the taken. 94<sup>6</sup>. agaync to thee.  
 95<sup>1</sup>. b. marshallynge. c. manratten. b. men *for*  
     both.  
 95<sup>2</sup>. for to. b. *omits* euer. 95<sup>8</sup>. these. b. be.  
 95<sup>4</sup>. b. be. 96<sup>1</sup>. b. the earle saide. 96<sup>4</sup>. for to.  
 97<sup>1</sup>. b. our kinge sayd.  
 97<sup>4</sup>. And *for* If.  
 98<sup>1</sup>. b. the earle nowe.  
 98<sup>8</sup>. b. That I my selfe his iudgmente maye pro-  
     nounce. c. But that I gyve iudgment my selfe.  
 99<sup>2</sup>. b. will I. c. that I shall.  
 99<sup>3</sup>. shalt geue (gyne) the iudgment.  
 100<sup>1</sup>. b. Then sayd the earle, saved is his lyfe.  
 100<sup>8</sup>. If *wanting*. 101<sup>1</sup>. b. our kyng sware.  
 101<sup>2</sup>. remayneth : I thinke *wanting*.  
 101<sup>4</sup>. c. the *wanting*. 102<sup>1</sup>. b. they ganged.  
 102<sup>8</sup>. b. *adds* batled *at the end*.  
 102<sup>4</sup>. b. toweres. c. townes. b, c. within.  
 103<sup>5</sup>. b. weres.  
 103<sup>6</sup>. b. And shewe thie mersye one the Earle of  
     Derby.  
 104-121 *wanting*.

## 169

## JOHNIE ARMSTRONG

A. a. 'A Northern Ballet,' Wit Restord in severall  
 Select Poems not formerly publisht, London, 1658,  
 p. 30, in Facetiae, London, 1817, I, 132. b. 'A  
 Northern Ballad,' Wit and Drollery, London, 1682,  
 p. 57.

B. a. 'John Arm-strongs last Good - Night,' etc.,  
 Wood, 401, fol. 93 b, Bodleian Library. b. Pepys  
 Ballads, II, 133, No 117. c. 'Johnny Armstrongs  
 last Good-Night,' Old Ballads, 1723, I, 170.

C. 'Johnie Armstrong,' The Ever Green, 1724, II, 190.

A b is not found in Wit and Drollery,  
 1661; it is literally repeated in Dryden's  
 Miscellanies, 1716, III, 307. B is in the  
 Roxburghe collection, III, 513, the Bagford,  
 I, 64, II, 94, and no doubt in others. It was  
 printed by Evans, 1777, II, 64, and by Rit-

son, English Songs, 1783, II, 322. C was  
 printed by Herd, 1769, p. 260, 1776 (with  
 spelling changed), I, 13; by Ritson, Scottish  
 Songs, 1794, II, 7; by Scott, 1802, I, 49,  
 1833, I, 407 (with a slight change or two).

'Ihonne Ermistrangis dance' is mentioned

in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, 1549, ed. Murray, p. 66. The tune of C is No 356 of Johnson's Museum; see further Stenhouse, in the edition of 1853, IV, 335 f.

Of his copy C, Ramsay says: "This is the true old ballad, never printed before. . . . This I copied from a gentleman's mouth of the name of Armstrang, who is the sixth generation from this John. He tells me this was ever esteemd the genuine ballad, the common one false." Motherwell remarks, *Minstrelsy*, p. lxii, note 3: "The common ballad alluded to by Ramsay [A, B] is the one, however, which is in the mouths of the people. His set I never heard sung or recited; but the other frequently." A manuscript copy of B, entitled *Gillnokie*, communicated to Percy by G. Paton, Edinburgh, December 4, 1778, which has some of the peculiar readings of B a, introduces the 27th stanza of C\* in place of 12, and has 'Away, away, thou traitor strong' for 12. A copy in Buchan's MSS, I, 61, 'The Death of John Armstrong,' has the first half of C 18 and also of C 19 (with very slight variations). Another Scottish copy, which was evidently taken from recitation, introduces C 23 after 14.†

Both forms of the ballad had been too long printed to allow validity to any known recited copy. Besides the three already men-

- \* 'Where got thou these targits, Jony,  
That things so low down by thy knee?'  
'I got them, cuckel king, in the field,  
Where thou and thy men durst not come see.'

† This copy I have in MS. and have not noted, neither can I remember, how I came by it, but it is probably a transcript from recent print. It diverges from the ordinary text more than any that I have seen. After 17 comes this stanza (cf. 'Robin Hood rescuing Three Squires,' No 140, B 29):

They took the gallows frae the slack,  
An there they set it on a plain,  
An there they hanged Johnnie Armstrong,  
Wi fifty of his warlike men.

18-20, 23 are wanting. A "pretty little boy," in what corresponds to 21, 22, says, 'Johnnie Armstrong you'll never see,' and the lady ends the ballad with:

If that be true, my pretty little hoy,  
Aye the news you tell to me,  
You'll be the heir to a' my lands,  
You an your young son after thee.

‡ A tract on the extreme western border, beginning be-

tioned, there is one in Kinloch's MSS, V, 263, which intermixes two stanzas from Johnie Scot. The Scottish copies naturally do not allow 'Scot' to stand in 17. Paton's substitutes 'chiell'; the others 'man,' and so a broadside reprinted by Maidment, *Scottish Ballads and Songs, Historical and Traditional*, I, 130.

The Armstrongs were people of consideration in Liddesdale from the end, or perhaps from the middle, of the fourteenth century, and by the sixteenth had become the most important sept, as to numbers, in that region, not only extending themselves over a large part of the Debateable Land,‡ but spreading also into Eskdale, Ewesdale, Wauchopedale, and Annandale. The Earl of Northumberland, in 1528, puts the power of the Armstrongs, with their adherents, above three thousand horsemen. Mangerton, in Liddesdale, on the east bank of the Liddel, a little north of its junction with the Kersope, was the seat of the chief. John Armstrong, known later as Gilnockie, a brother of Thomas, laird of Mangerton, is first heard of in 1525. Removing from Liddesdale early in the century, as it is thought, he settled on the church lands of Canonby, and at a place called The Hollows, on the west side of the Esk, built a tower, which still remains.§

tween the mouths of the Sark and Esk and stretching north and east eight miles, with a greatest breadth of four miles. The particulars of the boundaries are given from an old roll in Nicolson and Burn's *Westmorland and Cumberland*, I, xvi, and as follows by Mr T. J. Carlyle, *The Debateable Land*, Dumfries, 1868, p. 1: "bounded on the west by the Sark and Pingleburn, on the north by the Irvine burn, Tarras, and Reygill, on the east by the Mereburn, Liddal, and Esk, and on the south by the Solway Frith." The land was parted between England and Scotland in 1552, with no great gain to good order for the half century succeeding.

§ It has been maintained that there was a Gilnockie tower on the eastern side of the Esk, a very little lower than the Hollows tower. "We can also inform our readers that Giltknock Hall was situate on a small rocky island on the river Esk below the Langholm, the remains of which are to be seen:" *Crito in the Edinburgh Evening Courant*, March 8, 1773. "Many vestiges of strongholds can be traced within the parish, although there is only one, near the new bridge already described, that makes an appearance at this point, its walls being yet entire:" *Statistical Account of Canonby, Sinclair*, XIV, 420.

Sir John Sinclair, 1795, says, in a note to this last pas-

Others of the Armstrongs erected strong houses in the neighborhood. Lord Dacre, the English warden of the West Marches, essayed to surprise these strengths in the early part of 1528, but was foiled by John and Sym Armstrong, though he had a force of two thousand men. The Armstrongs, if nominally Scots, were so far from being "in due obeysaunce" that, at a conference of commissioners of both realms in November of the year last named, the representatives of the Scottish king could not undertake to oblige them to make redress for injuries done the English, though a peace depended upon this condition. Perhaps the English border suffered more than the Scottish from their forays (and the English border, we are informed, was not nearly so strong as the Scottish, neither in "capetayns nor the commynalltie"), but how little Scotland was spared appears from what Sym Armstrong, the laird of Whitlaugh, in the same year again, told the Earl of Northumberland: that himself and his adherents had laid waste in the said realm sixty miles, and laid down thirty parish churches, and that there was not one in the realm of Scotland dare remedy the same. Indeed, our John, Thomas of Mangerton, Sym of Whitlaugh, and the rest, seem to be fairly enough described in an English indictment as "enemies of the king of England, and traitors, fugitives, and felons of the king of Scots." \*

Other measures having failed, King James the Fifth, in the summer of 1580, took the pacifying of his borders into his own hand, and for this purpose levied an army of from eight to twelve thousand men. The particulars of this noted expedition are thus given by Lindsay of Pitcottie.†

"The king . . . made a convention at Edinburgh with all the lords and barons, to con-

sult how he might best stanch theiff and river within his realm, and to cause the commons to live in peace and rest, which long time had been perturbed before. To this effect he gave charge to all earls, lords, barons, freeholders and gentlemen, to compeer at Edinburgh with a month's victual, to pass with the king to daunton the thieves of Teviotdale and Annandale, with all other parts of the realm; also the king desired all gentlemen that had dogs that were good to bring them with them to hunt in the said bounds, which the most part of the noblemen of the Highlands did, such as the earls of Huntly, Argyle, and Athol, who brought their deer-hounds with them and hunted with his majesty. These lords, with many other lords and gentlemen, to the number of twelve thousand men, assembled at Edinburgh, and therefrom went with the king's grace to Meggat-land, in the which bounds were slain at that time eighteen score of deer. After this hunting the king hanged John Armstrong, laird of Kilnokie; which many a Scotsman heavily lamented, for he was a doubtit man, and as good a chieftain as ever was upon the borders, either of Scotland or of England. And albeit he was a loose-living man, and sustained the number of twenty-four well-horsed able gentlemen with him, yet he never molested no Scotsman.‡ But it is said, from the Scots border to Newcastle of England, there was not one, of whatsoever estate, but paid to this John Armstrong a tribute, to be free of his cumber, he was so doubtit in England. So when he entered in before the king, he came very reverently, with his foresaid number very richly appareled, trusting that in respect he had come to the king's grace willingly and voluntarily, not being taken nor apprehended by the king, he should obtain the more favor. But when the king saw him and his men so gorgeous

sage, that the spot of ground at the east end of "the new bridge" is, "indeed, called to this day, Gill-knocky, but it does not exhibit the smallest vestige of mason-work." Mr. T. J. Carlyle, *The Debateable Land*, p. 17, gives us to understand that the foundations of the tower were excavated and removed when the bridge was built; but this does not appear to be convincingly made out.

\* *The History of Liddesdale, Eskdale, Ewesdale, Wau-*

*chopedale, and The Debateable Land*, by Robert Bruce Armstrong, 1883, pp 177 f, 227 f, 245, 259 f; Appendix, pp. xxvi, xxxi.

† *The Cronicles of Scotland*, etc., edited by J. G. Dalrymple, 1814, II, 341 ff. (partially modernized, for more comfortable reading).

‡ Wherein, if this be true, John differed much from Sym.

in their apparel, and so many braw men under a tyrant's commandment, throwardlie he turned about his face, and bade take that tyrant out of his sight, saying, What wants you knave that a king should have? But when John Armstrong perceived that the king kindled in a fury against him, and had no hope of his life, notwithstanding of many great and fair offers which he offered to the king—that is, that he should sustain himself, with forty gentlemen, ever ready to await upon his majesty's service, and never to take a penny of Scotland nor Scotsmen; secondly, that there was not a subject in England, duke, earl, lord, or baron, but within a certain day he should bring any of them to his majesty, quick or dead—he, seeing no hope of the king's favor towards him, said very proudly, I am but a fool to seek grace at a graceless face. But had I known, sir, that ye would have taken my life this day, I should have lived upon the borders in despite of King Harry and you both; for I know King Harry would down weigh my best horse with gold to know that I were condemned to die this day. So he was led to the scaffold, and he and all his men hanged."

Buchanan's account is, that the king undertook an expedition for the suppressing of freebooters in July, 1530, with an army of about eight thousand men, and encamped at Ewes water, near which was the hold of John Armstrong, a chief of a band of thieves, who had struck such terror into the parts adjacent that even the English for many miles about paid him tribute. Under enticement of the king's officers, John set out to pay a visit to the king with about fifty horsemen, both unarmed and without a safe-conduct, and on his way fell in with a body of scouts, who took him to their master as a pretended prisoner, and he and most of his men were hanged. The authors of his death averred that Armstrong had promised the English to put the neighboring Scots territory under their sway,

if they would make it for his interest; whereas the English were extremely pleased at his death, because they were rid of a redoubtable enemy.\*

Bishop Lesley says simply that in the month of June (apparently 1529) the king passed to the borders with a great army, where he caused forty-eight of the most noble thieves, with John Armstrong, their captain, to be taken, who being convict of theft, reiff, slaughter, and treason, were all hanged upon growing trees.†

Another account gives us positively and definitely to understand that the Armstrongs were not secured without artifice. "On the eighth of June the principals of all the surnames of the clans on the borders came to the king, upon hope of a proclamation proclaimed in the king's name that they should all get their lives if they would come in and submit themselves in the king's will. And so, upon this hope, John Armstrong, who kept the castle of Langholm (a brother of the laird of Mangerton's, a great thief and oppressor, and one that kept still with him four and twenty well-horsed men), came in to the king; and another called Ill Will Armstrong, another stark thief, with sundry of the Scotts and Elliotts, came all forward to the camp where the king was, in hope to get their pardons. But no sooner did the king perceive them, and that they were come afar off, when direction was given presently to enclose them round about; the which was done, accordingly, and were all apprehended, to the number of thirty-five persons, and at a place called Carlaverock Chapel were all committed to the gallows. . . . The English people was exceeding glad when they understood that John Armstrong was executed, for he did great robberies and stealing in England, maintaining twenty-four men in household every day upon reiff and oppression."‡

The place of execution is mentioned by no other historian than Anderson, just quoted,

\* *Rerum Scotticarum Historia*, 1582, fol. 163 b, 164.

† *History of Scotland*, Bannatyne Club, 1830, p. 143.

‡ Anderson's *History*, MS., Advocates Library, I, fol. 153 f. Anderson flourished about 1618-35. He gives the

year both as 1527 and 1528. Cited by Armstrong, *History of Liddesdale*, etc., p. 274 f. For what immediately follows, Armstrong, pp. 273, 279.

and he gives it as Carlaverock Chapel. But this must be a mistake for Carlenrig Chapel, Carlaverock not being in the line of the king's progress. James is known to have been at Carlenrig\* on the 5th of July, and Johnnie Armstrong not to have been alive on the eighth. It has been popularly believed that Johnnie and his band were buried in Carlenrig churchyard (where the graves used to be shown), and their execution made so deep an impression on the people† that it is not unplausible that the fact should be remembered, and that the ballad C, in saying that John was murdered at Carlenrig, has followed tradition rather than given rise to it.

It appears from Lindsay's narrative that Johnnie Armstrong came to the king voluntarily, and that he was not "taken or apprehended." Buchanan says that he was enticed by the king's officers, and Anderson that the heads of the border-clans were induced to come in by a proclamation that their lives should be safe. It is but too likely, therefore, that the capture was not effected by honorable means, and this is the representation of the ballads. There is no record of a trial,‡ and the execution was probably as summary as the arrest was perfidious.

The ballads treat facts with the customary freedom and improve upon them greatly. In A, B, English ballads, Johnnie is oddly enough a Westmorland man,§ though in B 11 he admits himself to be a subject of the Scots king. The king writes John a long letter promising to do him no wrong, A 4; a loving letter, to come and speak with him speedily, B 4, C 2. Johnnie goes to Edinburgh with the eight-score men that he keeps in his hall, all in a splendid uniform, asks grace, and is told that he and his eight-score shall be hanged the next morning. They are not unarmed, and resolve to fight it out rather than be hanged. They kill all the king's guard but three, B

16, but all Edinburgh rises; four-score and ten of Johnnie's men lie gasping on the ground, A 14. A cowardly Scot comes behind Johnnie and runs him through; like Sir Andrew Barton, he bids his men fight on; he will bleed awhile, then rise and fight again. Most of his company are killed, but his foot-page escapes and carries the bad news to Giltnock Hall. His little son, by or on the nurse's knee, vows to revenge his father's death.

C differs extensively from A, B, indeed resembles or repeats the English ballad only in a few places: C 2=A 4, B 4; C 6=B 10; C 7=A 6, B 11; C 22<sup>3,4</sup>=A 11<sup>3,4</sup>, B 13<sup>3,4</sup>. The Eliots go with the Armstrongs according to C 3, and it is the intention to bring the king to dine at Gilnockie. In C 9-17 Johnnie offers twenty-four steeds, four of them laden with as much gold as they can carry, twenty-four mills, and as much wheat as their hoppers can hold, twenty-four sisters-sons, who will fight to the utterance, tribute from all the land between 'here' and Newcastle, — all this for his life. The king replies to each successive offer that he never has granted a traitor's life, and will not begin with him. Johnnie gives the king the lie as to his being a traitor; he could make England find him in meal and malt for a hundred years, and no Scot's wife could say that he had ever hurt her the value of a fly. Had he known how the king would treat him, he would have kept the border in spite of all his army. England's king would be a blithe man to hear of his capture. At this point the king is attracted by Johnnie's splendid girdle and hat, and exclaims, What wants that knave that a king should have! Johnnie bids farewell to his brother, Laird of Mangerton (Thomas, here called Kirsty), and to his son Kirsty, and to Gilnock-Hall, and is murdered at Carlenrig with all his band.

It will be observed that the substance, or

\* A place two miles north of Moss-paul, on the road from Langholm to Hawick.

† Scott remarks that the "common people of the high parts of Teviotdale, Liddesdale, and the country adjacent, hold the memory of Johnnie Armstrong in very high respect." "They affirm, also," he adds, "that one of his at-

tendants broke through the king's guard, and carried to Gilnockie Tower the news of the bloody catastrophe:" but that is in the English ballad, B 20.

‡ Dr Hill Burton has made a slight slip here, III, 146, ed. 1863; compare Pitcairn's Criminal Trials, I, 154.

§ He lived in the West March, if that helps to an explanation.

at least the hint, of C 21<sup>34</sup>, 17<sup>34</sup>, 26, 15, 22<sup>34</sup>, 23, 24<sup>1,2</sup>, is to be found in Lindsay's narrative.

In the last stanza of A and of B, Johnie Armstrong's son (afterwards known as Johnie's Christy) sitting on his nurse's knee, B (cf. C 30), or standing by his nurse's knee, A, vows, if he lives to be a man, to have revenge for his father's death.\* Not infrequently, in popular ballads, a very young (even unborn) child speaks, by miracle, to save a life, vindicate innocence, or for some other kindly occasion;† sometimes again to threaten revenge, as here. So a child in the cradle in 'Frøndehavn,' Grundtvig, I, 28, No 4, B 34 (=C 63), and in 'Hævnervædet,' I, 351, No 25, sts 29, 30; and Kullervo in his third month, Kalevala, Rune 31, Schiefner, p. 194, vv. 109-112.‡

Johnie's plain speech to the king in C 19, 'Ye lied, ye lied, now, king!' is such as we have often heard before in these ballads: see I, 427, No 47, A 14; I, 446, No 50, A 8, 9; I,

452 f, No 52, C 10, D 7; II, 25 f, No 58, G 7, H 10; II, 269 ff, No 83, D 13, E 16, F 22; II, 282, No 86, A 6; III, 62, 67, No 117, sts 114, 222. It is not unexampled elsewhere. So Sthenelus to Agamemnon, II. iv, 204; 'Ἀτρεΐδῃ, μὴ ψεύδῃ', ἐπιστάμενος σάφα εἰπεῖν; and Bernardo del Carpio, on much the same occasion as here,

Mentides, buen rey, mentides,  
que no decides verdad,  
que nunca yo fui traidor,

Wolf & Hofmann, Primavera, I, 38 and 41; see also I, 186, II, 100, 376.

This ballad was an early favorite of Goldsmith's: "The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen." Essays, 1765, p. 14.

C is translated by Talvi, Versuch, u. s. w., p. 543; by Schubart, p. 179; by Loève-Veimars, p. 270.

## A

a. Wit Restord in severall Select Poems not formerly publisht, London, 1658, p. 30, in Facetiae, London, 1871, I, 132.

b. Wit and Drollery, London, 1682, p. 57.

1 THERE dwelt a man in faire Westmerland,  
Ionnë Armstrong men did him call,  
He had nither lands nor rents coming in,  
Yet he kept eight score men in his hall.

2 He had horse and harness for them all,  
Goodly steeds were all milke-white;

\* Found also in one copy of Hugh the Græmc, Buchan's MSS, I, 63, st. 15. Borrowed by Sir Walter Scott in The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto I, ix.

† See many cases in Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 210 f, to which may be added: Mila, Romancerillo, No 243, pp. 219-21; Briz, II, 222; Amador de los Rios, Historia de la Lit. Esp., VII, 449; El Folk-Lore Andaluz, 1882, pp. 41, 77; Almeida-Garrett, II, 56, note; Nigra, C. P. del Piemonte, No 1, E-I, N, O; 'Le serpent vert,' Poésies p. de la France, MS., III, fol. 126, 508, now printed by Rolland, III, 10; Kolberg, Pieśni ludu polskiego, No 18, p. 208; Luzel,

O the golden bands an about their necks,  
And their weapons, they were all alike.

3 Newes then was brought unto the king  
That there was sicke a won as hee,  
That lived lyke a bold out-law,  
And robbed all the north country.

4 The king he writt an a letter then,  
A letter which was large and long;  
He signèd it with his owne hand,  
And he promised to doe him no wrong.

I, 81, II, 357, 515; Brewer, Dictionary of Miracles, pp. 265, 355 f.; Gaidoz, and others, Mélusine, IV, 228 ff., 272 ff., 298, 323 f., 405.

‡ Grundtvig, No 84, 'Hustru og Mands Moder,' is not so good a case, though a boy just born announces that he will revenge his mother, because the boy is born nine years old; II, 412, D 30, E 18. This again in Kristensen, I, 202 f, No 74, B 12, C 11, and II, 113 ff, No 35, A 18, B 14, C 11. The stanza cited by Dr Prior, I, 37, from 'Hammen von Reysett,' Wunderhorn, 1808, II, 179, is hardly to the purpose.

- 5 When this letter came Ionnè untill,  
His heart it was as blythe as birds on the tree :  
'Never was I sent for before any king,  
My father, my grandfather, nor none but mee.
- 6 'And if wee goe the king before,  
I would we went most orderly ;  
Every man of you shall have his scarlet cloak,  
Laced with silver laces three.
- 7 'Every won of you shall have his velvett coat,  
Laced with sillver lace so white ;  
O the golden bands an about your necks,  
Black hatts, white feathers, all alyke.'
- 8 By the morrow morninge at ten of the clock,  
'Towards Edenborough gon was hee,  
And with him all his eight score men ;  
Good lord, it was a goodly sight for to see !
- 9 When Ionnè came befower the king,  
He fell downe on his knee ;  
'O pardon, my soveraine leige,' he said,  
'O pardon my eight score men and mee !'
- 10 'Thou shalt have no pardon, thou traytor strong,  
For thy eight score men nor thee ;  
For to-morrow morning by ten of the clock,  
Both thou and them shall hang on the gal-low-tree.'
- 11 But Ionnè looke'd over his left shoulder,  
Good Lord, what a greivous look looked hee !  
Saying, Asking grace of a graceles face —  
Why there is none for you nor me.
- 12 But Ionnè had a bright sword by his side,  
And it was made of the mettle so free,  
That had not the king stept his foot aside,  
He had smitten his head from his faire bodde.
- 13 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,  
And see that none of you be taine ;  
For rather then men shall say we were hange'd,  
Let them report how we were slaine.
- 14 Then, God wott, faire Eddenburrough rose,  
And so besett poore Ionnè rounde,  
That fowerscore and tenn of Ionnès best men  
Lay gasping all upon the ground.
- 15 Then like a mad man Ionnè laide about,  
And like a mad man then fought hee,  
Untill a falce Scot came Ionnè behinde,  
And runn him through the faire boddee.
- 16 Saying, Fight on, my merry men all,  
And see that none of you be taine ;  
For I will stand by and bleed but awhile,  
And then will I come and fight againe.
- 17 Newes then was brought to young Ionnè Arme-strong,  
As he stood by his nurses knee,  
Who vowed if ere he live'd for to be a man,  
O the treacherous Scots revengd hee'd be.

## B

a. Wood, 401, fol. 93 b, London, printed for Francis Grove (1620-55 ?).

b. Pepys, II, 133, No 117, London, printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passenger (1660-82 ?).

c. A Collection of Old Ballads, 1723, I, 170.

- 1 Is there never a man in all Scotland,  
From the highest state to the lowest degree,  
That can shew himself now before the king ?  
Scotland is so full of their traitery.
- 2 Yes, there is a man in Westmerland,  
And John Armstrong some do him call ;  
He has no lands nor rents coming in,  
Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.
- 3 He has horse and harness for them all,  
And goodly steeds that be milk-white,  
With their goodly belts about their necks,  
With hats and feathers all alike.
- 4 The king he writ a lovely letter,  
With his own hand so tenderly,  
And has sent it unto John Armstrong,  
To come and speak with him speedily.
- 5 When John he looked the letter upon,  
Then, Lord ! he was as blithe as a bird in a tree :  
'I was never before no king in my life,  
My father, my grandfather, nor none of us three.



- 6 'But seeing we must [go] before the king,  
 Lord! we will go most valiantly;  
 You shall every one have a velvet coat,  
 Laid down with golden laces three.
- 7 'And you shall every one have a scarlet cloak,  
 Laid down with silver laces five,  
 With your golden belts about your necks,  
 With hats [and] brave feathers all alike.'
- 8 But when John he went from Guiltknock Hall!  
 The wind it blew hard, and full sore it did  
 rain:  
 'Now fare you well, brave Guiltknock Hall!  
 I fear I shall never see thee again.'
- 9 Now John he is to Edenborough gone,  
 And his eightscore men so gallantly,  
 And every one of them on a milk-white steed,  
 With their bucklers and swords hanging  
 down to the knee.
- 10 But when John he came the king before,  
 With his eightscore men so gallant to see,  
 The king he moved his bonnet to him;  
 He thought he had been a king as well as  
 he.
- 11 'O pardon, pardon, my sovereign leige,  
 Pardon for my eightscore men and me!  
 For my name it is John Armstrong,  
 And a subject of yours, my leige,' said he.
- 12 'Away with thee, thou false traitor!  
 No pardon I will grant to thee,  
 But, to-morrow before eight of the clock,  
 I will hang thy eightscore men and thee.'
- 13 O how John looked over his left shoulder!  
 And to his merry men thus said he:  
 I have asked grace of a graceless face,  
 No pardon here is for you nor me.
- 14 Then John pulld out a nut-brown sword,  
 And it was made of mettle so free;  
 Had not the king moved his foot as he did,  
 John had taken his head from his body.
- 15 'Come, follow me, my merry men all,  
 We will scorn one foot away to fly;  
 It never shall be said we were hung like dogs;  
 No, wee 'l fight it out most manfully.'
- 16 Then they fought on like champions bold —  
 For their hearts was sturdy, stout, and free —  
 Till they had killed all the kings good guard;  
 There was none left alive but onely three.
- 17 But then rise up all Edenborough,  
 They rise up by thousands three;  
 Then a cowardly Scot came John behind,  
 And run him thorow the fair body.
- 18 Said John, Fight on, my merry men all,  
 I am a little hurt, but I am not slain;  
 I will lay me down for to bleed a while,  
 Then I 'le rise and fight with you again.
- 19 Then they fought on like mad men all,  
 Till many a man lay dead on the plain;  
 For they were resolved, before they would  
 yield,  
 That every man would there be slain.
- 20 So there they fought courageously,  
 'Till most of them lay dead there and slain,  
 But little Musgrave, that was his foot-page,  
 With his bonny grissell got away untain.
- 21 But when he came up to Guiltknock Hall,  
 The lady spyed him presently:  
 'What news, what news, thou little foot-page?  
 What news from thy master and his com-  
 pany?'
- 22 'My news is bad, lady,' he said,  
 'Which I do bring, as you may see;  
 My master, John Armstrong, he is slain,  
 And all his gallant company.
- 23 'Yet thou are welcome home, my bonny grisel!  
 Full oft thou hast fed at the corn and hay,  
 But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,  
 And thy sides shall be spurred no more, I  
 say.'
- 24 O then bespoke his little son,  
 As he was set on his nurses knee:  
 'If ever I live for to be a man,  
 My fathers blood revenged shall be.'

## C

Allan Ramsay, *The Ever Green*, II, 190, "copied from a gentleman's mouth of the name of Armstrong, who is the 6th generation from this John."

- 1 SUM speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,  
And sielyke men of hie degrie;  
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,  
Sumtyme calld Laird of Gilnockie.
- 2 The king he wrytes a luvng letter,  
With his ain hand sae tenderly:  
And he hath sent it to Johny Armstrong,  
To cum and speik with him speidily.
- 3 The Eliots and Armstrongs did convene,  
They were a gallant company:  
'We 'ill ryde and meit our lawful king,  
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
- 4 'Make kinnen and capon ready, then,  
And venison in great plenty;  
We 'ill welcome hame our royal king;  
I hope he 'ill dyne at Gilnockie!'
- 5 They ran their horse on the Langum howm,  
And brake their speirs with mekle main;  
The ladys lukit frae their loft-windows,  
'God bring our men weil back again!'
- 6 When Johny came before the king,  
With all his men sae brave to see,  
The king he movit his bonnet to him;  
He weind he was a king as well as he.
- 7 'May I find grace, my sovereign liege,  
Grace for my loyal men and me?  
For my name it is Johny Armstrong,  
And subject of yours, my liege,' said he.
- 8 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
And now I 'll not begin with thee.'
- 9 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
And a bony gift I will give to thee;  
Full four-and-twenty milk-whyt steids,  
Were a' foald in a yeir to me.
- 10 'I 'll gie thee all these milk-whyt steids,  
That prance and nicher at a speir,  
With as mekle gude Inglis gilt  
As four of their braid backs dow beir.'
- 11 'Away, away, thou traytor strang!  
Out o' my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
And now I 'll not begin with thee.'
- 12 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
And a bony gift I 'll gie to thee;  
Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,  
That gang throw a' the yeir to me.
- 13 'These four-and-twenty mills complete  
Sall gang for thee throw all the yeir,  
And as mekle of gude reid weith  
As all their happens dow to bear.'
- 14 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
And now I 'll not begin with thee.'
- 15 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
And a great gift I 'll gie to thee;  
Bauld four-and-twenty sisters sons,  
Sall for the fecht, tho all sould flee.'
- 16 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
And now I 'll not begin with thee.'
- 17 'Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,  
And a brave gift I 'll gie to thee;  
All betwene heir and Newcastle town  
Sall pay thair yeirly rent to thee.'
- 18 'Away, away, thou traytor, strang!  
Out of my sicht thou mayst sune be!  
I grantit nevir a traytors lyfe,  
And now I 'll not begin with thee.'
- 19 'Ye lied, ye lied, now, king,' he says,  
'Althocht a king and prince ye be,  
For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,  
I dare well say it, but honesty;
- 20 'But a fat horse, and a fair woman,  
Twa bony dogs to kill a deir:  
But England suld haif found me meil and malt,  
Gif I had livd this hundred yeir!

- 21 'Scho suld haif found me meil and malt,  
And beif and mutton in all plentie;  
But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said  
That eir I skaithd her a pure flie.
- 22 'To seik het water beneth could yee,  
Surely it is a great folie;  
I haif asked grace at a graceless face,  
But there is nane for my men and me.
- 23 'But had I kend, or I came frae hame,  
How thou unkynd wadst bene to me,  
I wad haif kept the border-syde,  
In spyte of all thy force and thee.
- 24 'Wist Englands king that I was tane,  
O gin a blyth man wald he be!  
For anes I slew his sisters son,  
And on his breist-bane brak a tree.'
- 25 John wore a girdle about his midle,  
Imbroiderd owre with burning gold,  
Bespangled with the same mettle,  
Maist beautifull was to behold.
- 26 Ther hang nine targats at Johnys hat,  
And ilk an worth three hundred pound:  
'What wants that knave that a king suld haif,  
But the sword of honour and the crown!
- 27 'O whair gat thou these targats, Johnie,  
That blink sae brawly abune thy brie?'
- 'I gat them in the field fechting,  
Wher, cruel king, thou durst not be.
- 28 'Had I my horse, and my harness gude,  
And ryding as I wont to be,  
It sould haif bene tald this hundred yeir  
The meiting of my king and me.
- 29 'God be withee, Kirsty, my brither,  
Lang live thou Laird of Mangertoun!  
Lang mayst thou live on the border-syde  
Or thou se thy brither ryde up and down.
- 30 'And God be withee, Kirsty, my son,  
Whair thou sits on thy nurses knee!  
But and thou live this hundred yeir,  
Thy fathers better thoult never be.
- 31 'Farweil, my bonny Gilnock-Hall,  
Whair on Esk-syde thou standest stout!  
Gif I had lived but seven yeirs mair,  
I wald haif gilt thee round about.'
- 32 John muredred was at Carlinrigg,  
And all his galant companie:  
But Scotland heart was never sae wae,  
To see sae mony brave men die.
- 33 Because they savd their country deir  
Frae Englishmen; nane were sae bauld,  
Whyle Johnie livd on the border-syde,  
Nane of them durst eum neir his hald.

A. a. 3<sup>s</sup>. syke a. 17<sup>l</sup>. O th' the.

b. 3<sup>s</sup>. sick a man. 5<sup>s</sup>. it *wanting*.

6<sup>l</sup>. And therefore if. 7<sup>l</sup>. and white.

8<sup>l</sup>. an it: for *wanting*. 9<sup>l</sup>. Johnnee.

10<sup>s</sup>. Ne for. 11. There Johnne.

11<sup>s</sup>. Said he. 11<sup>l</sup>. yee. 12<sup>s</sup>. the *wanting*.

13<sup>l</sup>. that we. 14<sup>s</sup>. Johnnee's.

15<sup>l</sup>. thorough.

B. a. John Arm-strongs last good night. Declaring How John Arm-strong and his eightscore men fought a bloody bout with a Scottish king at Edenborough. To a pretty northern tune called, Fare you well, guilt Knock-hall.

6<sup>l</sup>. we must before; *perhaps rightly*.

8<sup>l</sup>, 21<sup>l</sup>. guilt Knock-hall.

Signed T. R.

London, Printed for Francis Grove on S[n]ow-hill.

Entered according to order.

b. *Title*: with the Scottish. To a pretty new northern tune: called, &c., omitted.

1<sup>l</sup>. estate. 1<sup>l</sup>. of treachery.

2<sup>l</sup>. Jonny: they do. 4<sup>l</sup>. writes a loving.

4<sup>l</sup>. And with. 4<sup>s</sup>. hath. 5<sup>l</sup>. this letter.

5<sup>l</sup>. Good Lord. 5<sup>s</sup>. he lookt. 5<sup>s</sup>. a king.

6<sup>l</sup>. must go.

6<sup>s</sup>. most gallantly. 7<sup>l</sup>. And ye.

7<sup>l</sup>. hats and. 8<sup>l</sup>, 21<sup>l</sup>. guilt Knock-hall.

8<sup>s</sup>. full fast. 8<sup>s</sup>. fare thee well thou guilt.

9<sup>l</sup>. Johnny. 9<sup>l</sup>. to their. 10<sup>l</sup>. he *wanting*.

12<sup>s</sup>. to morrow morning by eight.

12<sup>l</sup>. hang up. 13<sup>l</sup>. Johnny. 14<sup>l</sup>. out his.

15<sup>l</sup>. It shall ne'r. 15<sup>l</sup>. We will.

16<sup>2</sup>. were. 16<sup>4</sup>. but two or. 17<sup>1,2</sup>. rose.

17<sup>3</sup>. Then *wanting*.

18<sup>2</sup>. little wounded but am. 19<sup>2</sup>. up on.

20<sup>2</sup>. Musgrove. 21<sup>1</sup>. up *wanting*.

22<sup>2</sup>. Johnny Armstrong is.

23<sup>2</sup>. been fed with. 24<sup>1</sup>. bespake.

24<sup>2</sup>. for *wanting*. 24<sup>4</sup>. father's death.

Signed T. R.

London, Printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passenger.

- c. Johnny Armstrongs, last Good-night, shewing how John Armstrong, with his Eightscore Men, fought a bloody Battle with the Scotch King at Edenborough. To a Northern Tune.

1<sup>1</sup>. ever. 1<sup>2</sup>. estate. 1<sup>3</sup>. our king.

1<sup>4</sup>. full of treachery. 2<sup>2</sup>. Johnny: they do.

3<sup>1</sup>. horses. 4<sup>1</sup>. writes a loving.

4<sup>2</sup>. And with. 4<sup>3</sup>. hath: Johnny.

5<sup>1</sup>. this letter. 5<sup>2</sup>. He lokd as blith.

5<sup>3</sup>. a king. 6<sup>1</sup>. must go. 6<sup>2</sup>. most gallantly.

6<sup>3</sup>. Ye. 7<sup>1</sup>. And every one shall.

6<sup>4</sup>. hats and feathers.

8<sup>1</sup>. Johnny went: Giltnock. 8<sup>2</sup>. full fast.

8<sup>3</sup>. fare thee well thou Giltnock.

9<sup>1</sup>. Johnny. 9<sup>2</sup>. With his.

9<sup>4</sup>. hanging to their.

10<sup>1</sup>. he *wanting*. 11<sup>2</sup>. Johnuy.

11<sup>4</sup>. a *wanting*. 12<sup>2</sup>. will I.

12<sup>3</sup>. to-morrow morning by eight.

12<sup>4</sup>. hang up. 13<sup>1</sup>. Then Johnny.

13<sup>4</sup>. there is: you and.

14<sup>1</sup>. his good broad sword.

14<sup>2</sup>. That was made of the. 14<sup>4</sup>. his fair.

15<sup>2</sup>. foot for to. 15<sup>3</sup>. shall never be: hangd.

15<sup>4</sup>. We will. 16<sup>2</sup>. were.

16<sup>4</sup>. were: but one, two or three.

17<sup>1,2</sup>. rose. 17<sup>3</sup>. Then *wanting*.

17<sup>4</sup>. through. 18<sup>2</sup>. little wounded but am.

18<sup>3</sup>. for *wanting*. 21<sup>1</sup>. up *wanting*.

21<sup>1</sup>. Giltnock. 22<sup>2</sup>. Johnny Armstrong is.

23<sup>2</sup>. has been fed with corn. 24<sup>1</sup>. bespake.

24<sup>2</sup>. he sat on. 24<sup>3</sup>. for *wanting*.

24<sup>4</sup>. fathers death.

- C. *Printed in stanzas of eight lines.*

Zours, zeir, etc., are here printed yours, yeir, etc.; quhair, quheit, here, whair, wheit.

5<sup>1</sup>. hown.

11, 14, 16, 18, only Away, away thou traytor, etc., is printed.

19<sup>4</sup>. sayit.

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### THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

- A. Percy papers, 1776. B. 'Queen Jeanie,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 116. C. a. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 182.\* b. Herd's MSS, I, 103. D. 'The Death of Queen Jane,' Bell's Ancient

- Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England, p. 113. E. 'Queen Jeanie,' Macmath MS., p. 68. F. Notes and Queries, Second Series, XI, 131. G. A fragment from William Motherwell's papers.

THIS threnody is said to have been current throughout Scotland. There is another, not in the popular style, in the Crowne Garland of Golden Roses, 1612, Percy Society, vol. vi, p. 29: The Wofull Death of Queene Jane, wife to King Henry the Eight, and how King Edward was cut out of his mother's belly. This is reprinted in Old Ballads, 1723, II, 115, and Evans's Collection, 1777, 1784,

II, 54, and is among Pepys's Penny Merri-ments, vol. iii. 'A ballett called The Lady Jane' and another piece entitled The Lamentation of Quene Jane were licensed in 1560; Stationers' Registers, Arber, I, 151 f.

Jane Seymour gave birth to Prince Edward October 12, 1537, and by a natural process, but, in consequence of imprudent management, died twelve days after. There was a

\* Jamieson cites the first two verses in The Scots Magazine, October, 1803, and says: Of this affecting composition

I have two copies, both imperfect, but they will make a pretty good and consistent whole between them.

belief that severe surgery had been required, under which the queen sank. The editor of *Old Ballads*, II, 116 f, cites Sir John Hayward as saying: "All reports do constantly run that he [Prince Edward] was not by natural passage delivered into the world, but that his mother's belly was opened for his birth, and that she died of the incision the fourth day following." And Du Chesne: "Quand ce vint au terme de l'accouchement,

elle eut tant de tourment et de peine qu'il lui fallut fendre le costé, par lequel on tira son fruit, le douzième jour d'Octobre. Elle mourut douze jours après." But Echart again: "Contrary to the opinion of many writers," the queen "died twelve days after the birth of this prince, having been well delivered, and without any incision, as others have maliciously reported."

## A

Communicated to Percy by the Dean of Derry, as written from memory by his mother, Mrs. Bernard, February, 1776.

- 1 QUEEN JANE was in labour full six weeks and more,  
And the women were weary, and fain would give oer:  
'O women, O women, as women ye be,  
Rip open my two sides, and save my baby!'
- 2 'O royal Queen Jane, that thing may not be;  
We'll send for King Henry to come unto thee.'  
King Henry came to her, and sate on her bed:  
'What ails my dear lady, her eyes look so red?'
- 3 'O royal King Henry, do one thing for me:  
Rip open my two sides, and save my baby!'  
'O royal Queen Jane, that thing will not do;  
If I lose your fair body, I'll lose your baby too.'

## B

Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 116.

- 1 QUEEN JEANIE, Queen Jeanie, traveld six weeks and more,  
Till women and midwives had quite gien her oer:  
'O if ye were women as women should be,  
Ye would send for a doctor, a doctor to me.'
- 2 The doctor was called for and set by her bed-side:  
'What aileth thee, my ladie, thine eyes seem so red?'

- 4 She wept and she waild, and she wrung her hands sore;

O the flour of England must flourish no more!  
She wept and she waild till she fell in a swoond,  
They opend her two sides, and the baby was found.

- 5 The baby was christened with joy and much mirth,  
Whilst poor Queen Jane's body lay cold under earth:

There was ringing and singing and mourning all day,  
The princess Eliz[abeth] went weeping away.

- 6 The trumpets in mourning so sadly did sound,  
And the pikes and the muskets did trail on the ground.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

- 'O doctor, O doctor, will ye do this for me,  
To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?'

- 3 'Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that's the thing I'll neer do,  
To rip up your two sides to save your babie.'  
Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, traveld six weeks and more,  
Till midwives and doctors had quite gien her oer.

- 4 'O if ye were doctors as doctors should be,  
Ye would send for King Henry, King Henry to me:'

- King Henry was called for, and sat by her  
bedside,  
'What aileth thee, Jeanie? what aileth my  
bride?'
- 5 'King Henry, King Henry, will ye do this for  
me,  
To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?'  
'Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that's what I'll  
never do,  
To rip up your two sides to save your  
babie.'
- 6 But with sighing and sobbing she's fallen in a  
swoon,  
Her side it was ript up, and her babie was  
found;  
At this bonie babie's christning there was  
meikle joy and mirth,  
But bonnie Queen Jeanie lies cold in the  
earth.
- 7 Six and six coaches, and six and six more,  
And royal King Henry went mourning be-  
fore;  
O two and two gentlemen carried her away,  
But royal King Henry went weeping away.
- 8 O black were their stockings, and black were  
their bands,  
And black were the weapons they held in  
their hands;  
O black were their mufflers, and black were  
their shoes,  
And black were the cheverons they drew on  
their luvcs.
- 9 They mourned in the kitchen, and they mourn'd  
in the ha,  
But royal King Henry mourn'd langest of a':  
Farewell to fair England, farewell for ever-  
more!  
For the fair flower of England will never  
shine more.

## C

a. Jamieson's Popular Ballads, I, 182; "from two frag-  
ments, one transmitted from Arbroath and another from  
Edinburgh." b. Herd's MSS, I, 103.

- 1 QUEEN JEANY has traveld for three days and  
more,  
Till the ladies were weary, and quite gave  
her oer:  
'O ladies, O ladies, do this thing for me,  
To send for King Henry, to come and see  
me.'
- 2 King Henry was sent for, and sat by her bed-  
side:  
'Why weep you, Queen Jeany? your eyes  
are so red.'  
'O Henry, O Henry, do this one thing for me,  
Let my side straight be open'd, and save my  
babie!'
- 3 'O Jeany, O Jeany, this never will do,  
It will leese thy sweet life, and thy young  
babie too.'  
She wept and she wailed, till she fell in a  
swoon:  
Her side it was open'd, the babie was found.
- 4 Prince Edward was christened with joy and  
with mirth,  
But the flower of fair England lies cold in  
the earth.  
O black was King Henry, and black were his  
men,  
And black was the steed that King Henry  
rode on.
- 5 And black were the ladies, and black were  
their fans,  
And black were the gloves that they wore  
on their hands,  
And black were the ribbands they wore on their  
heads,  
And black were the pages, and black were  
the maids.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 6 The trumpets they sounded, the cannons did  
roar,  
But the flower of fair England shall flourish  
no more.
- . . . . .  
. . . . .

## D

Robert Bell's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, p. 113; "taken down from the singing of a young gipsy girl, to whom it had descended orally through two generations."

1 QUEEN JANE was in travail for six weeks or more,

Till the women grew tired and fain would give oer:

'O women, O women, good wives if ye be,  
Go send for King Henrie, and bring him to me!'

2 King Henrie was sent for, he came with all speed,

In a gownd of green velvet from heel to the head:

'King Henrie, King Henrie, if kind Henrie you be,  
Send for a surgeon, and bring him to me!'

3 The surgeon was sent for, he came with all speed,

In a gownd of black velvet from heel to the head;

He gave her rich caudle, but the death-sleep slept she,

Then her right side was opened, and the babe was set free.

4 The babe it was christened, and put out and nursed,

While the royal Queen Jane she lay cold in the dust.

. . . . .

5 So black was the mourning, and white were the wands,

Yellow, yellow the torches they bore in their hands;

The bells they were muffled, and mournful did play,

While the royal Queen Jane she lay cold in the clay.

6 Six knights and six lords bore her corpse through the grounds,

Six dukes followed after, in black mourning gownds;

The flower of Old England was laid in cold clay,

Whilst the royal King Henrie came weeping away.

## E

Macmath MS., p. 68. "From my aunt, Miss Jane Webster, 1886-1887. She learned it at Airds of Kells, Kirkeudbrightshire, over fifty years ago, from the singing of James Smith."

1 'YE midwives and women-kind, do one thing for me;

Send for my mother, to come and see me.'

2 Her mother was sent for, who came speedilie:

'O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?'

3 'O mother, dear mother, do one thing for me;

O send for King Henry, to come and see me.'

4 King Henry was sent for, who came speedilie:  
'O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?'

5 'King Henry, King Henry, do one thing for me;

O send for a doctor, to come and see me.'

6 The doctor was sent for, who came speedilie:

'O Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, are ye gaun to dee?'

7 'O doctor, oh doctor, do one thing for me;

Open my left side, and let my babe free.'

8 He opened her left side, and then all was oer,

And the best flower in England will flourish no more.

## F

Notes and Queries, Second Series, XI, 131; sung by an illiterate nursemaid "some forty years since" (1861).

- 1 QUEEN JANE lies in labour six weeks or more,  
Till the women were tired, go see her no more :

'Oh women, oh women, if women you be,  
You'll send for King Henry, to come and see me.

- 2 'Oh King Henry, King Henry, if King Henry you be,  
You'll send for the doctor, to come and see me :

Oh doctor, oh doctor, if a doctor you be,  
You'll open my right side, and save my baby.'

- 3 They churchd her, they chimed her, they dug her her grave,  
They buried her body, and christend her babe.

## G

In pencil, in Motherwell's handwriting, inside of the cover of what appears to be a sketch of his Introduction to his Minstrelsy; communicated by Mr Macmath.

- 1 QUEEN JEANIE was in labour full three days and more,  
Till a' the good women was forced to gie her oer :

'O guide women, gude women, gude women,'  
quo she,  
'Will ye send for King Henry, to come and see me?'

Wi weeping and wailing, lamenting full sore,  
That the flower of all England should flourish no more.

- 2 King Henry was sent for, who came in great speed,  
Standing weeping and wailing at Queen Jeanie's bedside ;  
Standing weeping and wailing, etc.

- 3 'O King Henry, King Henry, King Henry,'  
quo she,  
'Will ye send for my mother . . .

B. 3<sup>1</sup>, 5<sup>2</sup>. *do is to be pronounced dee.*

C. b. *Only six lines* : 2<sup>2,4</sup>, 4<sup>1,2</sup>, 5<sup>1,2</sup>.

2<sup>2</sup>. This thing.

2<sup>4</sup>. Straight open my two sides : save your.

4<sup>1</sup>. The babie was.

4<sup>2</sup>. But royal Queen Jeany lay low.

5<sup>1</sup>. Then black were their mournings.

E. *The first seven stanzas taken down October 15, 1886, and the last sent on February 3, 1887.*

24th March, 1887. "I can never remember them, sitting thinking about them. Yesterday I was humming away, not knowing what I was singing, until I sung this :

- 8 He opened her left side, Queen Jeanie's life's oer,  
And the last rose of England will flourish no more."



## 171

## THOMAS CROMWELL

Percy MS., p. 55; Hales and Furnivall, I, 129.

JUNE 10, 1540, Thomas Lord Cromwell, "when he least expected it," was arrested at the council-table by the Duke of Norfolk for high-treason, and on the 28th of July following he was executed. Cromwell, says Lord Herbert of Cherbury, judged "his perdition more certain that the duke was uncle to the Lady Katherine Howard, whom the king began now to affect." Later writers\* have asserted that Katherine Howard exerted herself to procure Cromwell's death, and we can understand nobody else but her to be doing this in the third stanza of this fragment; nevertheless there is no authority for such a representation. The king had no personal interview with the minister whom he so sud-

denly struck down, but he did send the Duke of Norfolk and two others to visit Cromwell in prison, for the purpose of extracting confessions pertaining to Anne of Cleves. Cromwell wrote a letter to the king, imploring the mercy which, as well as confession, he refuses in stanza five.

Percy inserted in the *Reliques*, 1765, II, 58, a song against Cromwell, printed in 1540, and apparently before his death, and he observes, 1767, II, 86, that there was a succession of seven or eight more, for and against, which were then preserved, and of course are still existing, in the archives of the Antiquarian Society.

\* \* \* \* \*

1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .

'Ffor if your boone be askeable,  
 Soone granted it shalbe :

2 'If it be not touching my crowne,' he said,  
 'Nor hurting poore comminaltye.'  
 'Nay, it is not touching your crowne,' shee  
 sayes,  
 'Nor hurting poore cominaltye,

3 'But I begg the death of Thomas Cromwell,  
 For a false traitor to you is hee.'  
 'Then feitch me hither the Earle of Darby  
 And the Earle of Shrewsbury,

4 'And bidde them bring Thomas Cromwell ;  
 Let's see what he can say to mee ;'  
 For Thomas had woont to haue carryed his  
 head vp,  
 But now he hanges it vppon his knee.

5 'How now ? How now ?' the king did say,  
 'Thomas, how is it with thee ?'  
 'Hanging and drawing, O king !' he saide ;  
 'You shall neuer gett more from mee.'

*Half of the page is gone before the beginning.*  
 2°. it it is.

\* Burnet; Rapin-Thoyras, 1724, V, 401.

## 172

## MUSSELBURGH FIELD

'Musleboorowe feild,' Percy MS., p. 54; Hales and Furnivall, I, 123.

THE Protector Somerset, to overcome or to punish the opposition of the Scots to the marriage of Mary Stuart with Edward VI, invaded Scotland at the end of the summer of 1547 with eighteen thousand men, supported by a fleet. The Scots mustered at Musselburgh, a town on the water five or six miles east of Edinburgh, under the Earls of Arran, Angus, and Huntly, each of whom, according to Buchanan, had ten thousand men, and there the issue was tried on the 10th of September. The northern army abandoned an impregnable position, and their superior, but ill-managed, and partly ill-composed, force, after successfully resisting a cavalry charge, was put to flight by the English, who had an advantage in cannon and cavalry as well as generalship. A hideous slaughter followed; Leslie admits that, in the chase and battle, there were slain above ten thousand of his countrymen. Patten, a Londoner who saw and described the fight, says that the one anxiety of the Scots was lest the English should get away, and that they were so sure of victory that, the night before the battle, they fell "to playing at dice for certain of our noblemen and captains of fame" (cf. stanza 3), as the French dined for prisoners on the eve of Agincourt. The dates are wrong in 1<sup>1,2</sup>, 5<sup>1</sup>;

Huntly is rightly said to have been made prisoner, 7<sup>1</sup>.

6, 8. When the Scots were once turned, says Patten, "it was a wonder to see how soon and in how sundry sorts they were scattered; the place they stood on like a wood of staves, strewed on the ground as rushes in a chamber, unpassable, they lay so thick, for either horse or man." Some made their course along the sands by the Frith, towards Leith; some straight toward Edinburgh; "and the residue, and (as we noted then) the most, of them toward Dalkeith, which way, by means of the marsh, our horsemen were worst able to follow."\*

The battle is known also by the name of Pinkie or Pinkie Cleuch, appellations of an estate, a burn and a hill ("a hill called Pinkincleuche," Leslie), near or within the field of operations.

Percy remarks upon 3<sup>3</sup>: "It should seem from hence that there was somewhat of a uniform among our soldiers even then." There are jackets white and red in No 166, 29<sup>3</sup>. Sir William Stanley has ten thousand red coats at his order in 'Lady Bessy,' vv 593, 809-11, 937 f, Percy MS., III, 344, 352, 358; Sir John Savage has fifteen hundred white hoods in the same piece, v. 815.

1 On the tenth day of December,  
And the fourth yeere of King Edwards  
raigne,

Att Musleboorowe, as I remember,  
Two goodly hosts there mett on a plaine.

2 All that night they camped there,  
Soe did the Scotts, both stout and stubborne;

\* W. Patten, *The Expedition into Scotlande, etc.*, reprinted in Dalryell's *Fragments of Scottish History*, pp. 51, 66.

But "wellaway," it was their song,  
For wee haue taken them in their owne  
turne.

3 Over night they carded for our English mens  
coates;  
They fished before their nets were spunn;  
A white for sixpence, a red for two groates;  
Now wisdom wold haue stayed till they had  
been woone.

4 Wee feared not but that they wold fight,  
Yett itt was turned vnto their owne paine;  
Thoe against one of vs *that* they were eight,  
Yett with their owne weapons wee did them  
beat.

5 On the twelfth day in the morne  
The made a face as the wold fight,

But many a proud Scott there was downe  
borne,  
And many a ranke coward was put to flight.

6 But when they heard our great gunnes cracke,  
Then was their harts turned into their hose;  
They cast down their weapons, and turned  
their backes,  
They ran soe fast *that* the fell on their nose.

7 The Lord Huntley, wee had him there;  
With him hee brought ten thousand men,  
Yett, God bee thanked, wee made them such a  
banquett  
That none of them returned againe.

8 Wee chased them to D[alkeith]

\* \* \* \* \*

1<sup>1</sup>. 10<sup>th</sup>. 1<sup>2</sup>. 4<sup>th</sup>. 1<sup>4</sup>. 2. 2<sup>1</sup>. all night *that*.  
2<sup>4</sup>. *horne may be the reading, instead of turne.*

3<sup>3</sup>. 6<sup>1</sup>: *pro* 2. 4<sup>3</sup>. 8<sup>1</sup>. 5<sup>1</sup>. 12<sup>th</sup>.  
7<sup>1</sup>. 10000. 8<sup>1</sup>. *Half a page gone.*

## 173

### MARY HAMILTON

A. a. 'Marie Hamilton,' Sharp's Ballad Book, 1824,  
p. 18. b. Communicated by the late John Francis  
Campbell. c. Aungervyle Society's publications, No  
V, p. 18.

B. 'Mary Hamilton,' Motherwell's MS., p. 337;  
printed in part in Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 313 ff.

C. 'Mary Myles,' Motherwell's MS., p. 265.

D. 'Mary Hamilton,' Motherwell's MS., p. 267; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 316.

E. 'Lady Maisry,' Buchan's MSS, II, 186; Buchan's  
Ballads of the North of Scotland, II, 190.

F. Skene MS., p. 61.

G. 'Mary Hamilton,' MS. of Scottish Songs and Bal-  
lads copied by a granddaughter of Lord Woodhouse-  
lee, p. 51.

H. 'Mary Hamilton,' Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Bal-  
lads, p. 252.

I. a. 'The Queen's Marie,' Scott's Minstrelsy, 1833,  
III, 294. b. Scott's Minstrelsy, 1802, II, 154, three  
stanzas.

J. 'Marie Hamilton,' Harris MS., fol. 10 b.

K. 'The Queen's Mary,' Motherwell's MS., p. 96.

L. 'Mary Hamilton,' Motherwell's MS., p. 280.

M. 'Mary Hamilton,' Maidment's North Countrie  
Garland, p. 19. Repeated in Buchan's Gleanings,  
p. 164.

N. 'The Queen's Maries,' Murison MS., p. 33.

O. 'The Queen's Marie,' Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I,  
xix.

P. Kinloch MSS, VII, 95, 97; Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 252.

Kirkpatrick Sharpe, ed. Allardyce, II, 272, two stanzas.

Q. 'Queen's Marie,' Letters from and to Charles

R. Burns, Letter to Mrs Dunlop, 25 January, 1790, Currie, II, 290, 1800, one stanza.

THE scene is at the court of Mary Stuart, A-N, Q. The unhappy heroine is one of the queen's Four Maries, A a 18, b 14, c 1, 18, 23, B 19, D 21, F 3, 12, G 16, H 18, I 19, J 8, 10, K 8, M 7, N 1; Mary Hamilton, A a 1, b 2, c 2, B 3, D 8, G 1, H 4, I 1, J 6; Lady Mary, F 5, 6; Mary Mild, Mye, C 5, M 1, N 1, also A c 6, Moil, O, but Lady Maisry, E 6. She gangs wi bairn; it is to the highest Stewart of a', A a 1, A c 2, B 3, C 5; cf. D 3, G 1-3, I 1-6, L 9, P 1. She goes to the garden to pull the leaf off the tree, in a vain hope to be free of the babe, C 3; it is the savin-tree,<sup>d</sup> D 4, the deceivin-tree, N 3, the Abbey-tree (and pulled by the king), I 6.\* She rolls the bairn in her apron, handkerchief, and throws it in the sea, A a 3, A b 3, A c 4, C 4, D 5, 9, I 7, K 2, 4, L 5 (inconsistently), O 3; cf. B 7. The queen asks where the babe is that she has heard greet, A a 4, b 4, c 6, B 4, 6, C 6, D 6, 8, E 6, 7, F 6, G 5, H 5, I 9, J 3, L 1, M 1; there is no babe, it was a stitch in the side, colic, A a 5, b 5, c 7, B 5, C 7, D 7, E 8, F 7, G 6, H 6, I 10, J 4, L 2, M 2; search is made and the child found in the bed, dead, E 9, F 9, H 7, J 5, L 4, M 4 (and A c 8 inconsistently). The queen bids Mary make ready to go to Edinburgh (*i. e.*, from Holyrood), A a 6, A b 6, A c 10, C 8, D 11, E 10, F 12, H 8, I 11. The purpose is concealed in A, a, b, c, and for the best effect should be concealed, or at least simulated, as in B, D, G, I, where a wedding is the pretence, Mary Hamilton's own wedding in D. The queen directs Mary to put on black or brown, A a 6, A b 6, A c 10; she will not put on black or brown, but white, gold, red, to shine through Edinburgh town, A a 7, A b 7, A c 11, B 9, C 9, D 13, E 11, H 10, K 6, N 5,

O 5. When she went up the Canongate, A a 8, b 8, c 13, L 6, up the Parliament stair, A a 9, b 9, c 14, D 16, up the Tolbooth stair, C 12, E 14, H 15, I 17, came to the Netherbow Port, G 10, I 18, M 6, she laughed loudly or lightly, A a 8, b 8, c 13, D 16, E 14, G 10, H 15, I 18, L 6, M 6; the heel, lap, came off her shoe, A a 9, b 9, c 14, C 12, the corks from her heels did flee, I 17; but ere she came down again she was condemned to die, A a 9, b 9, c 14, C 12, D 16, E 14, H 15, I 17; but when she reached the gallows-foot, G 10, I 18, M 6, ere she came to the Cowgate Head, L 6, when she came down the Canongate, A a 8, b 8, c 13, the tears blinded her eyes. She calls for a bottle of wine, that she may drink to her well-wishers and they may drink to her, A a 12, b 10, c 17, B 14; cf. D 19, 20, G 13. She adjures sailors, travellers, not to let her father and mother get wit what death she is to die, A a 14, b 12, c 19, B 15, C 13, D 20, F 15, G 13, H 21, I 23, L 7, M 8, or know but that she is coming home, A a 13, b 11, B 16, C 14, D 19, E 15, F 16, G 14, H 20, I 22, L 8. Little did her mother think when she cradled her (brought her from home, F 18) what lands she would travel and what end she would come to, A a 15, c 21, B 17, 18, C 15, D 17, G 15, I 25, J 9, N 9, R; as little her father, when he held her up, A a 16, c 22, C 16, brought her over the sea, F 17. Yestreen the queen had four Maries, to-night she'll have but three (see above); yestreen she washed Queen Mary's feet, etc., and the gallows is her reward to-day, A a 17, b 13, B 20, C 17, G 11, 12, H 19, I 20, 21, N 8.

It is impossible to weave all the versions into an intelligible and harmonious story. In E 10, F 12, H 8 the intention to bring Mary to trial is avowed, and in A c 9, B 8<sup>5,6</sup>, F 10, K 5, M 5 she is threatened with death. In

\* Deceivin, Abbey, are of course savin misunderstanding. One of the reciters of D (42) gave 'savin.'

D 12, H 9, J 7, N 4, the queen is made to favor, and not inhibit, gay colors. Mary may laugh when she goes up the Parliament stair, but not when she goes up the Tolbooth stair. She goes up the Canongate to the Parliament House to be tried, but she would not go down the Canongate again, the Tolbooth being in the High Street, an extension of the Canongate, and the Parliament House in the rear. The tears and alaces and oholes as Mary goes by, A a 10, c 15, B 10, C 10, D 14, E 12, F 13, H 11, I 16, are a sufficiently effective incident as long as Mary is represented to be unsuspicious of her doom, as she is in D 15, G 9, I 15, 16; but in A a 11, c 16, B 11, C 11, H 12, 22, she forbids condolement, because she deserves to die for killing her babe, which reduces this passage to commonplace. Much better, if properly introduced, would be the desperate ejaculation, Seek never grace at a graceless face! which we find in E 13, F 14, H 13, N 7.

At the end of B the king tells Mary Hamilton to come down from the scaffold, but she scorns life after having been put to public shame. So in D, with queen for king.

In A a 4, b 4, 13, G 5 the queen is "the auld queen," and yet Mary Stuart.

E, from 16, F, from 19, are borrowed from No 95, 'The Maid freed from the Gallows:' see II, 346. G 8 (and I 13, taken from G) is derived from 'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet,' D a 11, e 10, g 11: see II, 187, 196, 197. The rejection of black and brown, A 7, C 9, D 13, etc., or of green, K 6, is found in the same ballad, C 10, E 16, F 12, 15, etc., B 20. B 21 is perhaps from 'The Laird of Waristoun:' see further on, A 9, B 10, C 4. I 12, 14 look like a souvenir of 'Fair Janet,' No 64.

There are not a few spurious passages. Among these are the extravagance of the queen's bursting in the door, F 8; the platitude, of menial stamp, that the child, if saved, might have been an honor to the mother, D 10, L 3, O 4; the sentimentality of H 3, 16.

Allan Cunningham has put the essential incidents of the story into a rational order,

that of A, for example, with less than usual of his glistening and saccharine phraseology: Songs of Scotland, I, 348. Aytoun's language is not quite definite with regard to the copy which he gives at II, 45, ed. 1859: it is, however, made up from versions previously printed.

When Mary Stuart was sent to France in 1548, she being then between five and six, she had for companions "sundry gentlewomen and noblemen's sons and daughters, almost of her own age, of the which there were four in special of whom every one of them bore the same name of Mary, being of four sundry honorable houses, to wit, Fleming, Livingston, Seton, and Beaton of Creich; who remained all four with the queen in France during her residence there, and returned again in Scotland with her Majesty in the year of our Lord 1561:" Lesley, History of Scotland, 1830, p. 209. We still hear of the Four Maries in 1564, Calendar of State Papers (Foreign), VII, 213, 230; cited by Burton, IV, 107. The ballad substitutes Mary Hamilton and Mary Carmichael for Mary Livingston and Mary Fleming; but F 3, 12 has Livingston. N, of late recitation, has Heaton for Seton and Michel for Carmichael.

D 4, etc. In 'Tam Lin,' No 39, Janet pulls the rose to kill or scathe away her babe; A 19, 20, F 8, I 24, 25 (probably repeated from A). In G 18, 19, the herb of 15 and the rose of 17 becomes the pile of the gravel green, or of the gravel gray; in H 5, 6 Janet pulls an unspecified flower or herb (I, 341 ff).

We have had in 'The Twa Brothers,' No 49, a passage like that in which Mary begs sailors and travellers not to let her parents know that she is not coming home; and other ballads, Norse, Breton, Romaic, and Slavic, which present a similar trait, are noted at I, 436 f, II, 14. To these may be added Passow, p. 400, No 523; Jeannaraki, p. 116, No 118; Sakellarios, p. 98, No 31; Puymaigre, 1865, p. 62, Bujeaud, II, 210 (Liebrecht); also Guillon, p. 107, Nigra, No 27, A, B, pp. 164, 166, and many copies of 'Le Déserteur,' and some of 'Le Plongeur,' 'La ronde du Battoir.'

Scott thought that the ballad took its rise

from an incident related by Knox as occurring in "the beginning of the regiment of Mary, Queen of Scots." "In the very time of the General Assembly," says Knox, "there comes to public knowledge a heinous murder committed in the court, yea, not far from the queen's own lap; for a French woman that served in the queen's chamber had played the whore with the queen's own apothecary. The woman conceived and bare a child, whom, with common consent, the father and the mother murdered. Yet were the cries of a new-born bairn heard; search was made, the child and mother was both deprehended, and so were both the man and the woman damned to be hanged upon the public street of Edinburgh."\* "It will readily strike the reader," says Scott, "that the tale has suffered great alterations, as handed down by tradition; the French waiting-woman being changed into Mary Hamilton, and the queen's apothecary † into Henry Darnley. Yet this is less surprising when we recollect that one of the heaviest of the queen's complaints against her ill-fated husband was his infidelity, and that even with her personal attendants." This General Assembly, however, met December 25, 1563, and since Darnley did not come to Scotland until 1565, a tale of 1563, or of 1563-4, leaves him unscathed.

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in his preface to *A, Ballad Book*, 1824, p. 18, observes: "It is singular that during the reign of the Czar Peter, one of his empress's attendants, a Miss Hamilton, was executed for the murder of a natural child. . . . I cannot help thinking that the two stories have been confused in the ballad, for if Marie Hamilton was exe-

cuted in Scotland, it is not likely that her relations resided beyond seas; and we have no proof that Hamilton was really the name of the woman who made a slip with the queen's apothecary." Sharpe afterwards communicated details of the story ‡ to Scott, who found in them "a very odd coincidence in name, crime and catastrophe:" *Minstrelsy*, 1833, III, 296, note. But Sharpe became convinced "that the Russian tragedy must be the original" (note in Laing's edition of the *Ballad Book*, 1880, p. 129); and this opinion is the only tenable one, however surprising it may be or seem that, as late as the eighteenth century, the popular genius, helped by nothing but a name, should have been able so to fashion and color an episode in the history of a distant country as to make it fit very plausibly into the times of Mary Stuart.

The published accounts of the affair of the Russian Mary Hamilton differ to much the same degree as some versions of the Scottish ballad. The subject has fortunately been reviewed in a recent article founded on original and authentic documents. §

When the Hamiltons first came to Russia does not appear. Artemon Sergheievitch Matveief, a distinguished personage, minister and friend of the father of Peter the Great, married a Hamilton, of a Scottish family settled at Moscow, after which the Hamilton family ranked with the aristocracy. The name of Mary's father, whether William or Daniel, is uncertain, but it is considered safe to say that she was niece to Andrei Artemonovitch Matveief, son of the Tsar Alexei's friend. Mary Hamilton was cre-

\* History of the Reformation, Knox's Works, ed. Laing, II, 415 f. Knox continues: "But yet was not the court purged of whores and whoredom, which was the fountain of such enormities; for it was well known that shame hasted marriage betwix John Semple, called the Dancer, and Mary Livingston, surnamed the Lusty. What brut the Maries and the rest of the dancers of the court had, the ballads of that age did witness, which we for modesty's sake omit." This Mary Livingston is one of the Four Marys, but, as already said, is mentioned in version F only of our ballad.

† "In this set of the ballad" [D], says Motherwell, "from its direct allusion to the use of the savin tree, a clue is perhaps afforded for tracing how the poor mediciner mentioned by Knox should be implicated in the crime of Mary

Hamilton." Maidment goes further: "The reference to the use of the savin tree in Motherwell induces a strong suspicion that the lover was a mediciner." Maidment should have remembered that there is a popular pharmacopœia quite independent of the professional. No apothecary prescribes in 'Tam Lin'.

‡ In an extract from Gordon's History of Peter the Great, Aberdeen, 1755, II, 308 f.

§ 'Maid-of-Honor Hamilton,' by M. I. Semcfsky, in Slovo i Dyelo (Word and Deed), 1885, St Petersburg, 3d edition, p. 187. I am indebted to Professor Vinogradof, of the University of Moscow, for pointing out this paper, and to Miss Isabel Florence Haggood for a summary of its contents.

ated maid-of-honor to the Empress Catharine chiefly on account of her beauty. Many of Catharine's attendants were foreigners; not all were of conspicuous families, but Peter required that they should all be remarkably handsome. Mary had enjoyed the special favor of the Tsar, but incurred his anger by setting afloat a report that Catharine had a habit of eating wax, which produced pimples on her face. The empress spoke to her about this slander; Mary denied that she was the author of it; Catharine boxed her ears, and she acknowledged the offence. Mary Hamilton had been having an amour with Ivan Orlof, a handsome aide-de-camp of Tsar Peter, and while she was under the displeasure of her master and mistress, the body of a child was found in a well, wrapped in a court-napkin. Orlof, being sent for by Peter on account of a missing paper, thought that his connection with Mary had been discovered, and in his confusion let words escape him which Peter put to use in tracing the origin of the child. The guilt was laid at Mary's door; she at first denied the accusation, but afterwards made a confession, exonerating Orlof, however, from all participation in the death of the babe; and indeed it was proved that he had not even known of its birth till the information came to him in the way of court-gossip. Both were sent to the Petropaulovsk fortress, Orlof on April 4, Mary on April 10, 1718. Orlof was afterwards discharged without punishment. Mary, after being twice subjected to torture, under which she confessed to having previously destroyed two children,\* was condemned to death November 27, 1718, and executed on March 14, 1719, the Tsar attending. She had attired herself in white silk, with black ribbons, hoping thereby to touch Peter's heart. She fell on her knees and implored a pardon. But a law against the murder of illegitimate children had recently been promulgated afresh

and in terms of extreme severity. Peter turned aside and whispered something to the executioner; those present thought he meant to show grace, but it was an order to the headsmen to do his office. The Tsar picked up Mary's head and kissed it, made a little discourse on the anatomy of it to the spectators, kissed it again, and threw it down. That beautiful head is said to have been kept in spirits for some sixty years at the Academy of Sciences in St Petersburg.

It will be observed that this adventure at the Russian court presents every material feature in the Scottish ballad, and even some subordinate ones which may or may not have been derived from report, may or may not have been the fancy-work of singers or reciters. We have the very name, Mary Hamilton; she is a maid-of-honor; she has, as some versions run, an intrigue with the king, and has a child, which she destroys; she rolls the child in a napkin and throws it into a well (rolls the child in her handkerchief, apron, and, throws it in the sea); she is charged with the fact and denies; according to some versions, search is made and overwhelming proof discovered; † she is tried and condemned to die; she finds no grace. The appeal to sailors and travellers in the ballad shows that Mary Hamilton dies in a foreign land — not that of her ancestors. The king's coming by in B 22 (cf. D 22, 23) may possibly be a reminiscence of the Tsar's presence at the execution, and Mary's dressing herself in white, etc., to shine through Edinburgh town a transformation of Mary's dressing herself in white to move the Tsar's pity at the last moment; but neither of these points need be insisted on.

There is no trace of an admixture of the Russian story with that of the French woman and the queen's apothecary, and no ballad about the French woman is known to have existed.

\* The parentage of these was not ascertained. Some accounts make Mary Hamilton to have been Peter's mistress: for example [J. B. Schärer's], *Anecdotes intéressantes et secrètes de la cour de Russie*, London, 1792, II, 272 ff. See also *Mélanges de Littérature, etc.*, par François-Louis,

comte d'Escherny, Paris, 1811, I, 7 f. (The white gown with black ribbons is here.)

† "Hamilton, imperturbable, niait. Menzikoff engagea l'empereur à faire une perquisition dans les coffres d'Hamilton, où l'on trouva le corps du délit, l'arrière-faix et du linge ensanglanté." Schärer, *Anecdotes*, p. 274.

We first hear of the Scottish ballad in 1790, when a stanza is quoted in a letter of Robert Burns (see R). So far as I know, but one date can be deduced from the subject-matter of the ballad; the Netherbow Port is standing in G, I, M, and this gate was demolished in 1764. The ballad must therefore have arisen between 1719 and 1764. It is remark-

able that one of the very latest of the Scottish popular ballads should be one of the very best.

I a is translated by Gerhard, p. 149; Aytoun's ballad by Knortz, Schottische Balladen, p. 76, No 24.

### A

a. Sharpe's Ballad Book, 1824, p. 18. b. Communicated by the late John Francis Campbell, as learned from his father about 1840. c. Aungervyle Society's publications, No V, p. 5 (First Series, p. 85); "taken down early in the present century from the lips of an old lady in Annandale."

1 WORD's gane to the kitchen,  
And word's gane to the ha,  
That Marie Hamilton gangs wi bairn  
To the hichest Stewart of a'.

2 He's courted her in the kitchen,  
He's courted her in the ha,  
He's courted her in the laigh cellar,  
And that was warst of a'.

3 She's tyed it in her apron  
And she's thrown it in the sea;  
Says, Sink ye, swim ye, bonny wee babe!  
You'll neer get mair o me.

4 Down then cam the auld queen,  
Goud tassels tying her hair:  
'O Marie, where's the bonny wee babe  
That I heard greet sae sair?'

5 'There never was a babe intill my room,  
As little designs to be;  
It was but a touch o my sair side,  
Come oer my fair bodie.'

6 'O Marie, put on your robes o black,  
Or else your robes o brown,  
For ye maun gang wi me the night,  
To see fair Edinbro town.'

7 'I winna put on my robes o black,  
Nor yet my robes o brown;  
But I'll put on my robes o white,  
To shine through Edinbro town.'

8 When she gaed up the Cannogate,  
She laughd loud laughters three;  
But whan she cam down the Cannogate  
The tear blinded her ee.

9 When she gaed up the Parliament stair,  
The heel cam aff her shее;  
And lang or she cam down again  
She was condemnd to dee.

10 When she cam down the Cannogate,  
The Cannogate sae free,  
Many a ladie lookd oer her window,  
Weeping for this ladie.

11 'Ye need nae weep for me,' she says,  
'Ye need nae weep for me;  
For had I not slain mine own sweet babe,  
This death I wadna dee.

12 'Bring me a bottle of wine,' she says,  
'The best that eer ye hae,  
That I may drink to my weil-wishers,  
And they may drink to me.

13 'Here's a health to the jolly sailors,  
That sail upon the main;  
Let them never let on to my father and mother  
But what I'm coming hame.

14 'Here's a health to the jolly sailors,  
That sail upon the sea;  
Let them never let on to my father and mother  
That I cam here to dee.

15 'Oh little did my mother think,  
The day she cradled me,  
What lands I was to travel through,  
What death I was to dee.



16 'Oh little did my father think,  
The day he held up me,  
What lands I was to travel through,  
What death I was to dee.

17 'Last night I washd the queen's feet,  
And gently laid her down;

And a' the thanks I've gotten the nicht  
To be hangd in Edinbro town!

18 'Last nicht there was four Maries,  
The nicht there 'l be but three;  
There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.'

## B

Motherwell's MS., p. 337.

1 THERE were ladies, they lived in a bower,  
And oh but they were fair!  
The youngest o them is to the king's court,  
To learn some unco lair.

2 She hadna been in the king's court  
A twelve month and a day,  
Till of her they could get na wark,  
For wantonness and play.

3 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha,  
And word is up to Madame the Queen,  
And that is warst of a',  
That Mary Hamilton has born a bairn,  
To the highest Stewart of a'.

4 'O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,  
O rise, and tell to me  
What thou did with thy sweet babe  
We sair heard weep by thee.'

5 'Hold your tongue, madame,' she said,  
'And let your folly be;  
It was a shouir o sad sickness  
Made me weep sae bitterlie.'

6 'O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,  
O rise, and tell to me  
What thou did with thy sweet babe  
We sair heard weep by thee.'

7 'I put it in a piner-pig,  
And set it on the sea;  
I bade it sink, or it might swim,  
It should neer come hame to me.'

8 'O rise, O rise, Mary Hamilton,  
Arise, and go with me;

There is a wedding in Glasgow town  
This day we 'll go and see.'

9 She put not on her black clothing,  
She put not on her brown,  
But she put on the glistening gold,  
To shine thro Edinburgh town.

10 As they came into Edinburgh town,  
The city for to see,  
The bailie's wife and the provost's wife  
Said, Och an alace for thee!

11 'Gie never alace for me,' she said,  
'Gie never alace for me;  
It's all for the sake of my poor babe,  
This death that I maun die.'

12 As they gaed up the Tolbuith stair,  
The stair it was sae hie,  
The bailie's son and the provost's son  
Said, Och an alace for thee!

13 'Gie never alace for me,' she said,  
'Gie never alace for me!  
It's all for the sake of my puir babe,  
This death that I maun die.'

14 'But bring to me a cup,' she says,  
'A cup bot and a can,  
And I will drink to all my friends,  
And they 'll drink to me again.'

15 'Here's to you all, travellers,  
Who travels by land or sea;  
Let na wit to my father nor mother  
The death that I must die.'

16 'Here's to you all, travellers,  
That travels on dry land;  
Let na wit to my father nor mother  
But I am coming hame.'

- 17 'Little did my mother think,  
First time she cradled me,  
What land I was to travel on,  
Or what death I would die.
- 18 'Little did my mother think,  
First time she tied my head,  
What land I was to tread upon,  
Or where I would win my bread.
- 19 'Yestreen Queen Mary had four Maries,  
This night she 'll hae but three;  
She had Mary Seaton, and Mary Beaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.
- 20 'Yestreen I wush Queen Mary's feet,  
And bore her till her bed;

This day she's given me my reward,  
This gallows-tree to tread.

- 21 'Cast off, cast off my gown,' she said,  
'But let my petticoat be,  
And tye a napkin on my face,  
For that gallows I downa see.'
- 22 By and cum the king himsell,  
Lookd up with a pitiful ee:  
'Come down, come down, Mary Hamilton,  
This day thou wilt dine with me.'
- 23 'Hold your tongue, my sovereign leige,  
And let your folly be;  
An ye had a mind to save my life,  
Ye should na shamed me here.'

## C

Motherwell's MS. p. 265; from Mrs Crum, Dumbarton,  
7 April, 1825.

- 1 THERE lived a lord into the west,  
And he had dochters three,  
And the youngest o them is to the king's court,  
To learn some courtesie.
- 2 She was not in the king's court  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till she was neither able to sit nor gang,  
Wi the gaining o some play.
- 3 She went to the garden,  
To pull the leaf aff the tree,  
To tak this bonnie babe frae her breast,  
But alas it would na do!
- 4 She rowed it in her handkerchief,  
And threw it in the sea:  
'O sink ye, swim ye, wee wee babe!  
Ye 'll get nae mair o me.'
- 5 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha,  
That Mary Myle she goes wi child  
To the highest Steward of a'.
- 6 Down and came the queen hersell,  
The queen hersell so free:

'O Mary Myle, whare is the child  
That I heard weep for thee?'

- 7 'O hold your tongue now, Queen,' she says,  
'O hold your tongue so free!  
For it was but a shower o the sharp sickness,  
I was almost like to die.'
- 8 'O busk ye, busk ye, Mary Myle,  
O busk, and go wi me;  
O busk ye, busk ye, Mary Mile,  
It's Edinburgh town to see.'
- 9 'I 'll no put on my robes o black,  
No nor yet my robes [o] brown;  
But I 'll put on my golden weed,  
To shine thro Edinburgh town.'
- 10 When she went up the Cannongate-side,  
The Cannongate-side so free,  
Oh there she spied some ministers' lads,  
Crying Och and alace for me!
- 11 'Dinna cry och and alace for me!  
Dinna cry o[c]h and alace for me!  
For it's all for the sake of my innocent babe  
That I come here to die.'
- 12 When she went up the Tolbooth-stair,  
The lap cam aff her shoe;  
Before that she came down again,  
She was condemned to die.

13 'O all you gallant sailors,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let neither my father nor mother know  
The death I am to die !

14 'O all you gallant sailors,  
That sail upon the faem,  
Let neither my father nor mother know  
But I am coming hame !

15 'Little did my mother know,  
The hour that she bore me,

What lands I was to travel in,  
What death I was to die.

16 'Little did my father know,  
When he held up my head,  
What lands I was to travel in,  
What was to be my deid.

17 'Yestreen I made Queen Mary's bed,  
Kembed doun her yellow hair;  
Is this the reward I am to get,  
To tread this gallows-stair !'

## D

Motherwell's MS., p. 267; from the recitation of Miss  
Nancy Hamilton and Mrs Gentles, January, 1825.

1 THERE lives a knight into the north,  
And he had daughters three;  
The ane of them was a barber's wife,  
The other a gay ladie.

2 And the youngest of them is to Scotland gane,  
The queen's Mary to be,  
And a' that they could say or do,  
Forbidden she woudna be.

3 The prince's bed it was sae saft,  
The spices they were sae fine,  
That out of it she couldna lye  
While she was scarce fifteen.

4 She's gane to the garden gay  
To pu of the savin tfee;  
But for a' that she could say or do,  
The babie it would not die.

5 She's rowed it in her handkerchief,  
She threw it in the sea;  
Says, Sink ye, swim ye, my bonnie babe!  
For ye'll get nae mair of me.

6 Queen Mary came tripping down the stair,  
Wi the gold strings in her hair:  
'O whare 's the little babie,' she says,  
'That I heard greet sae sair?'

7 'O hold your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,  
Let all those words go free !

It was mysell wi a fit o the sair colic,  
I was sick just like to die.'

8 'O hold your tongue, Mary Hamilton,  
Let all those words go free!  
O where is the little babie  
That I heard weep by thee?'

9 'I rowed it in my handkerchief,  
And threw it in the sea;  
I bade it sink, I bade it swim,  
It would get nae mair o me.'

10 'O wae be to thee, Marie Hamilton,  
And an ill deid may you die!  
For if ye had saved the babie's life  
It might hae been an honour to thee.

11 'Busk ye, busk ye, Marie Hamilton,  
O busk ye to be a bride!  
For I am going to Edinburgh toun,  
Your gay wedding to bide.

12 'You must not put on your robes of black,  
Nor yet your robes of brown:  
But you must put on your yellow gold stuffs,  
To shine thro Edinburgh town.'

13 'I will not put on my robes of black,  
Nor yet my robes of brown;  
But I will put on my yellow gold stuffs,  
To shine thro Edinburgh town.'

14 As she went up the Parliament Close,  
A riding on her horse,  
There she saw many a cobler's lady,  
Sat greeting at the cross.

- 15 'O what means a' this greeting?  
I'm sure its nae for me;  
For I'm come this day to Edinburgh town  
Weel wedded for to be.'
- 16 When she gade up the Parliament stair,  
She gied loud lauchters three;  
But ere that she came down again,  
She was condemned to die.
- 17 'O little did my mother think,  
Thè day that she prinned my gown,  
That I was to come sae far frae hame  
To be hangid in Edinburgh town.
- 18 'O what'll my poor father think,  
As he comes thro the town,  
To see the face of his Molly fair  
Hanging on the gallows-pin!
- 19 'Here's a health to the marineres,  
That plough the raging main!  
Let neither my mother nor father know  
But I'm coming hame again!
- 20 'Here's a health to the sailors,  
That sail upon the sea!  
Let neither my mother nor father ken  
That I came here to die!
- 21 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
This night she'll hae but three;  
There was Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.'
- 22 'O hald your tongue, Mary Hamilton,  
Let all those words go free!  
This night eer ye be hanged  
Ye shall gang hame wi me.'
- 23 'O hald your tongue, Queen Mary, my dame,  
Let all those words go free!  
For since I have come to Edinburgh toun,  
It's hanged I shall be,  
And it shall neer be said that in your court  
I was condemned to die.'

## E

Buchan's MSS, II, 186.

- 1 'My father was the Duke of York,  
My mother a lady free,  
Mysell a dainty damsell,  
Queen Mary sent for me.
- 2 'Yestreen I washd Queen Mary's feet,  
Kam'd down her yellow hair,  
And lay a' night in the young man's bed,  
And I'll rue t for evermair.
- 3 'The queen's kale was aye sae het,  
Her spice was aye sae fell,  
Till they gart me gang to the young man's bed,  
And I'd a' the wyte mysell.
- 4 'I was not in the queen's service  
A twelvemonth but barely ane,  
Ere I grew as big wi bairn  
As ae woman could gang.
- 5 'But it fell ance upon a day,  
Was aye to be it lane,
- I did take strong travelling  
As ever yet was seen.'
- 6 Ben it came the queen hersell,  
Was a' gowd to the hair;  
'O where's the bairn, Lady Maisry,  
That I heard greeting sair?'
- 7 Ben it came the queen hersell,  
Was a' gowd to the chin:  
'O where's the bairn, Lady Maisry,  
That I heard late yestreen.'
- 8 'There is no bairn here,' she says,  
'Nor never thinks to be;  
'T was but a stoun o sair sickness  
That ye heard seizing me.'
- 9 They sought it out, they sought it in,  
They sought it but and ben,  
But between the bolster and the bed  
They got the baly slain.
- 10 'Come busk ye, busk ye, Lady Maisdry,  
Come busk, an go with me;

- For I will on to Edinburgh,  
And try the verity.'
- 11 She woud not put on the black, the black,  
Nor yet wad she the brown,  
But the white silk and the red scarlet,  
That shin'd frae town to town.
- 12 As she gaed down thro Edinburgh town  
The burghers' wives made meen,  
That sic a dainty damsel  
Sud ever hae died for sin.
- 13 'Make never meen for me,' she says,  
'Make never meen for me;  
Seek never grace frae a graceless face,  
For that ye 'll never see.'
- 14 As she gaed up the Tolbooth stair,  
A light laugh she did gie;  
But lang ere she came down again  
She was condemned to die.
- 15 'A' you that are in merchants-ships,  
And cross the roaring faem,  
Hae nae word to my father and mother,  
But that I 'm coming hame.
- 16 'Hold your hands, ye justice o peace,  
Hold them a little while!  
For yonder comes my father and mother,  
That's travell'd mony a mile.
- 17 'Gie me some o your gowd, parents,  
Some o your white monie,  
To save me frae the head o yon hill,  
Yon greenwood gallows-tree.'
- 18 'Ye 'll get nane o our gowd, daughter,  
Nor nane o our white monie;  
For we hae travell'd mony a mile,  
This day to see you die.'
- 19 'Hold your hands, ye justice o peace,  
Hold them a little while!  
For yonder comes him Warenston,  
The father of my chile.
- 20 'Give me some o your gowd, Warenston,  
Some o your white monie,  
To save me frae the head o yon hill,  
Yon greenwood gallows-tree.'
- 21 'I bade you nurse my bairn well,  
And nurse it carefullie,  
And gowd shoud been your hire, Maisry,  
And my body your fee.'
- 22 He's taen out a purse o gowd,  
Another o white monie,  
And he's tauld down ten thousand crowns,  
Says, True love, gang wi me.

## F

Skene MS., p. 61.

- 1 My father was the Duke of York,  
My mother a lady free,  
Mysel a dainty demosell,  
Queen Mary sent for me.
- 2 The queen's meat, it was sae sweet,  
Her clothing was sae rare,  
It made me lang for Sweet Willie's bed,  
An I 'll rue it ever maer.
- 3 Mary Beaton, and Mary Seaton,  
And Lady Livingston, three,  
We 'll never meet in Queen Mary's bower,  
Now Maries tho ye be.
- 4 Queen Mary sat in her bower,  
Sewing her silver seam;  
She thought she heard a baby greet,  
But an a lady meen.
- 5 She threw her needle frae her,  
Her seam out of her hand,  
An she is on to Lady Mary's bower,  
As fast as she could gang.
- 6 'Open yer door, Lady Mary,' she says,  
'And lat me come in;  
For I hear a baby greet,  
But an a lady meen.'
- 7 'There is na bab in my bower, madam,  
Nor never thinks to be,

- But the strong pains of gravel  
This night has seized me.'
- 8 She pat her fit to the door,  
But an her knee,  
Baith of brass and iron bands  
In flinders she gard flee.
- 9 She pat a hand to her bed-head,  
An ither to her bed-feet,  
An bonny was the bab  
Was blabbering in its bleed.
- 10 'Wae worth ye, Lady Mary,  
An ill dead sall ye die!  
For an ye widna kept the bonny bab,  
Ye might ha sen 't to me.'
- 11 'Lay na the wate on me, madam,  
Lay na the wate on me!  
For my fas love bare the brand at his side  
That gared my barrine die.'
- 12 'Get up, Lady Beaton, get up, Lady Seton,  
And Lady Livinstone three,  
An we will on to Edinburgh,  
An try this gay lady.'
- 13 As she came to the Cannongate,  
The burgers' wives they cryed  
Hon ohon, ochree! . . . . .
- 14 'O had you still, ye burgers' wives,  
An make na meen for me;  
Seek never grace of a graceless face,  
For they hae nane to gie.
- 15 'Ye merchants and ye mariners,  
That trade upon the sea,  
O dinna tell in my country  
The dead I 'm gaen to die!
- 16 'Ye merchants and ye mariners,  
That sail upo the faeme,  
O dinna tell in my country  
But that I 'm comin hame!
- 17 'Little did my father think,  
Whan he brought me our the sea,  
That he wad see me yellow locks  
Hang on a gallow's tree.
- 18 'Little did my mither think  
Whan she brought me fra hame,  
That she maught see my yellow loks  
Han[g] on a gallow-pin.
- 19 'O had your hand a while!  
. . . . .  
For yonder comes my father,  
I 'm sure he 'l borrow me.
- 20 'O some of your goud, father,  
An of your well won fee,  
To save me [frae the high hill]  
[And] frae the gallow-tree!'
- 21 'Ye 's get nane of my goud,  
Nor of my well won fee,  
For I would gie five hundred pown  
To see ye hangit hie.'
- 22 'O had yer hand a while!  
. . . . .  
Yonder is my love Willie,  
Sure he will borrow me.
- 23 'O some o your goud, my love Willie,  
An some o yer well won fee,  
To save me frae the high hill,  
And fra the gallow-tree!'
- 24 'Ye 's get a' my goud,  
And a' my well won fee,  
To save ye fra the headin-hill,  
And frae the gallow-tree.'

## G

Manuscript of Scottish Songs and Ballads, copied by a granddaughter of Lord Woodhouselee, 1840-50, p. 51.

- 1 O MARY HAMILTON to the kirk is gane,  
Wi ribbons in her hair;

An the king thoct mair o Marie  
Then onie that were there.

- 2 Mary Hamilton 's to the preaching gane,  
Wi ribbons on her breast;  
An the king thoct mair o Marie  
Than he thoct o the priest.

- 3 Syne word is thro the palace gane,  
I heard it tauld yestreen,  
The king loes Mary Hamilton  
Mair than he loes his queen.
- 4 A sad tale thro the town is gaen,  
A sad tale on the morrow;  
Oh Mary Hamilton has born a babe,  
An slain it in her sorrow!
- 5 And down then cam the auld queen,  
Goud tassels tied her hair:  
'What did ye wi the wee wee bairn  
That I heard greet sae sair?'
- 6 'There neer was a bairn into my room,  
An as little designs to be;  
'T was but a stitch o my sair side,  
Cam owre my fair bodie.'
- 7 'Rise up now, Marie,' quo the queen,  
'Rise up, an come wi me,  
For we maun ride to Holyrood,  
A gay wedding to see.'
- 8 The queen was drest in scarlet fine,  
Her maidens all in green;  
An every town that they cam thro  
Took Marie for the queen.
- 9 But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
As she rode oure the lea,  
That she was gaun to Edinbro town  
Her doom to hear and dree.
- 10 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
She laughed loud laughters three;  
But when she reached the gallows-tree,  
The tears blinded her ee.
- 11 'Oh aften have I dressed my queen,  
An put gowd in her hair;  
The gallows-tree is my reward,  
An shame maun be my share!
- 12 'Oh aften hae I dressed my queen,  
An saft saft made her bed;  
An now I've got for my reward  
The gallows-tree to tread!
- 13 'There's a health to all gallant sailors,  
That sail upon the sea!  
Oh never let on to my father and mither  
The death that I maun dee!
- 14 'An I charge ye, all ye mariners,  
When ye sail owre the main,  
Let neither my father nor mither know  
But that I'm comin hame.
- 15 'Oh little did my mither ken,  
That day she cradled me,  
What lands I was to tread in,  
Or what death I should dee.
- 16 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The nicht she'll hae but three;  
There's Marie Seaton, an Marie Beaton,  
An Marie Carmichael, an me.'

## H

Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 252; a North Country version.

- 1 'WHAN I was a babe, and a very little babe,  
And stood at my mither's knee,  
Nae witch nor warlock did unfauld  
The death I was to dree.
- 2 'But my mither was a proud woman,  
A proud woman and a bauld;  
And she hired me to Queen Mary's bouer,  
When scarce eleven years auld.
- 3 'O happy, happy is the maid,  
That's born of beauty free!
- 4 Word's gane up and word's gane doun,  
An word's gane to the ha,  
That Mary Hamilton was wi bairn,  
An na body kend to wha.
- 5 But in and cam the queen hersel,  
Wi gowd plait on her hair:  
Says, Mary Hamilton, whare is the babe  
That I heard greet sae sair?

It was my dimpling rosy cheeks  
That's been the dule o me;  
And was be to that weirdless wicht,  
And a' his witcherie!'

- 6 'There is na babe within my bower,  
And I hope there neer will be ;  
But it's me wi a sair and sick colic,  
And I'm just like to dee.'
- 7 But they looked up, they looked down,  
Between the bowsters and the wa,  
It's there they got a bonnie lad-bairn,  
But its life it was awa.
- 8 'Rise up, rise up, Mary Hamilton,  
Rise up, and dress ye fine,  
For you maun gang to Edinbruch,  
And stand afore the nine.
- 9 'Ye'll no put on the dowie black,  
Nor yet the dowie brown ;  
But ye'll put on the robes o red,  
To sheen thro Edinbruch town.'
- 10 'I'll no put on the dowie black,  
Nor yet the dowie brown ;  
But I'll put on the robes o red,  
To sheen thro Edinbruch town.'
- 11 As they gaed thro Edinbruch town,  
And down by the Nether-bow,  
There war monie a lady fair  
Siching and crying, Och how !
- 12 'O weep na mair for me, ladies,  
Weep na mair for me !  
Yestreen I killed my ain bairn,  
The day I deserve to dee.
- 13 'What need ye hech and how, ladies ?  
What need ye how for me ?  
Ye never saw grace at a graceless face,  
Queen Mary has nane to gie.'
- 14 'Gae forward, gae forward,' the queen she said,  
'Gae forward, that ye may see ;
- For the very same words that ye hae said  
Sall hang ye on the gallows-tree.'
- 15 As she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,  
She gried loud lauchters three ;  
But or ever she cam down again,  
She was condemnd to dee.
- 16 'O tak example frae me, Maries,  
O tak example frae me,  
Nor gie your hve to courtly lords,  
Nor heed their witchin' ee.
- 17 'But wae be to the Queen hersel,  
She nicht hae pardond me ;  
But sair she 's striven for me to hang  
Upon the gallows-tree.
- 18 'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
The nicht she'll hae but three ;  
There was Mary Beatoun, Mary Seaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.
- 19 'Aft hae I set pearls in her hair,  
Aft hae I lac'd her gown,  
And this is the reward I now get,  
To be hangd in Edinbruch town !
- 20 'O a' ye mariners, far and near,  
That sail ayont the faem,  
O dinna let my father and mither ken  
But what I am coming hame !
- 21 'O a' ye mariners, far and near,  
That sail ayont the sea,  
Let na my father and mither ken  
The death I am to dee !
- 22 'Sae, weep na mair for me, ladies,  
Weep na mair for me ;  
The mither that kills her ain bairn  
Deserves weel for to dee.'

## I

a. Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1833, III, 294, made up from various copies. b. Three stanzas (23, 18, 19) in the first edition of the *Minstrelsy*, 1802, II, 154, from recitation.

- 1 MARIE HAMILTON's to the kirk gane,  
Wi ribbons in her hair ;

The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton  
Than ony that were there.

- 2 Marie Hamilton's to the kirk gane,  
Wi ribbons on her breast ;  
The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton  
Then he listend to the priest.



- 3 Marie Hamilton 's to the kirk gane,  
Wi gloves upon her hands ;  
The king thought mair o Marie Hamilton,  
Than the queen and a' her lands.
- 4 She hadna been about the king's court  
A month, but barely one,  
Till she was beloved by a' the king's court,  
And the king the only man.
- 5 She hadna been about the king's court  
A month, but barely three.  
Till frae the king's court Marie Hamilton,  
Marie Hamilton durstna be.
- 6 The king is to the Abbey gane,  
To pu the Abbey-tree,  
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,  
But the thing it wadna be.
- 7 O she has rowd it in her apron,  
And set it on the sea :  
'Gae sink ye, or swim ye, bonny babe !  
Ye 's get nae mair o me.'
- 8 Word is to the kitchen gane,  
And word is to the ha,  
And word is to the noble room,  
Among the ladies a',  
That Marie Hamilton 's brought to bed,  
And the bonny babe 's mist and awa.
- 9 Scarcely had she lain down again,  
And scarcely fa'en asleep,  
When up then started our gude queen,  
Just at her bed-feet,  
Saying, Marie Hamilton, where 's your babe ?  
For I am sure I heard it greet.
- 10 'O no, O no, my noble queen,  
Think no such thing to be !  
'T was but a stitch into my side,  
And sair it troubles me.'
- 11 'Get up, get up, Marie Hamilton,  
Get up and follow me ;  
For I am going to Edinburgh town,  
A rich wedding for to see.'
- 12 O slowly, slowly raise she up,  
And slowly put she on,  
And slowly rode she out the way,  
Wi mony a weary groan.
- 13 The queen was clad in scarlet,  
Her merry maids all in green,  
And every town that they cam to,  
They took Marie for the queen.
- 14 'Ride hooly, hooly, gentlemen,  
Ride hooly now wi me !  
For never, I am sure, a wearier burd  
Rade in your cumpanie.'
- 15 But little wist Marie Hamilton,  
When she rade on the brown,  
That she was gaen to Edinburgh town,  
And a' to be put down.
- 16 'Why weep ye so, ye burgess-wives,  
Why look ye so on me ?  
O I am going to Edinburgh town  
A rich wedding for to see !'
- 17 When she gaed up the Tolbooth stairs,  
The corks frae her heels did flee ;  
And lang or eer she cam down again  
She was condemnd to die.
- 18 When she cam to the Netherbow Port,  
She laughed loud laughers three ;  
But when she cam to the gallows-foot,  
The tears blinded her ee.
- 19 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The night she 'll hae but three ;  
There was Marie Seaton, and Marie Beaton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.
- 20 'O often have I dressd my queen,  
And put gold upon her hair ;  
But now I 've gotten for my reward  
The gallows to be my share.
- 21 'Often have I dressd my queen,  
And often made her bed ;  
But now I 've gotten for my reward  
The gallows-tree to tread.
- 22 'I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
When ye sail ower the faem,  
Let neither my father nor mother get wit  
But that I 'm coming hame !
- 23 'I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let neither my father nor mother get wit  
This dog's death I 'm to die !

- 24 'For if my father and mother got wit,  
And my bold brethren three,  
O mickle wad be the gude red blude  
This day wad be split for me !

- 25 'O little did my mother ken,  
That day she cradled me,  
The lands I was to travel in,  
Or the death I was to die !'

## J

Harris MS., fol. 10 b ; " Mrs Harris and others."

- 1 My mother was a proud, proud woman,  
A proud, proud woman and a bold ;  
She sent me to Queen Marie's bour,  
When scarcely eleven years old.
- 2 Queen Marie's bread it was sae sweet,  
An her wine it was sae fine,  
That I hae lien in a young man's arms,  
An I rued it aye synsyne.
- 3 Queen Marie she cam doon the stair,  
Wi the goud kamis in her hair :  
'Oh whare, oh whare is the wee wee babe  
I heard greetin sae sair ?'
- 4 'It's no a babe, a babie fair,  
Nor ever intends to be ;  
But I mysel, wi a sair colic,  
Was seek an like to dee.'
- 5 They socht the bed baith up an doon,  
Frae the pillow to the straw,  
An there they got the wee wee babe,  
But its life was far awa.

- 6 'Come doon, come doon, Marie Hamilton,  
Come doon an speak to me ;  
. . . . .

- 7 'You'll no put on your dowie black,  
Nor yet your dowie broun ;  
But you'll put on your ried, ried silk,  
To shine through Edinborough toun.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 8 'Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The nicht she'll hae but three ;  
There was Marie Bethune, an Marie Seaton,  
An Marie Carmichael, an me.

- 9 'Ah, little did my mother ken,  
The day she cradled me,  
The lands that I sud travel in,  
An the death that I suld dee.'

- 10 Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The nicht she has but three ;  
For the bonniest Marie amang them a'  
Was hanged upon a tree.

## K

Motherwell's MS., p. 96 ; from Jean Macqueen, Largs.

- 1 QUEEN MARY had four serving-maids,  
As braw as braw could be,  
But ane o them has fa'n wi bairn,  
And for it she maun die.
- 2 But whan the babie it was born,  
A troubled woman was she ;  
She rowed it up in a handkerchief,  
And flang it in the sea.
- 3 Out then spoke a bonnie wee burd,  
And it spak sharp and keen :  
'O what did ye do wi your wee babie,  
Ye had in your arms yestreen ?'

- 4 'O I tyed it up in a napkin,  
And flang it in the sea ;  
I bade it sink, I bade it soom,  
'Twad get nae mair o me.'

- 5 Out and spak King Henrie,  
And an angry man was he :  
'A' for the drowning o that wee babe  
High hanged ye shall be.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 6 'I'll no put on a gown o black,  
Nor yet a gown o green,  
But I'll put on a gown o gowd,  
To glance in young men's een.

- 7 'O gin ye meet my father or mother,  
Ye may tell them frae me,  
'T was for the sake o a wee wee bairn  
That I came here to die.
- 8 'Yestreen four Maries made Queen Mary's  
bed,  
This nicht there'll be but three,

A Mary Beaton, a Mary Seaton,  
A Mary Carmichael, and me.

- 9 'O what will my three brithers say,  
When they come hame frae see,  
When they see three locks o my yellow hair  
Hinging under a gallows-tree !'

---

**L**

Motherwell's MS., p. 280; from the recitation of Mrs  
Trail of Paisley.

- 1 DOWN and cam the queen hersell,  
Wi the goud links in her hair :  
'O what did you do wi the braw lad bairn  
That I heard greet sae sair ?'
- 2 'There was never a babe into my room,  
Nor ever intends to be ;  
It was but a fit o the sair colic,  
That was like to gar me die.'
- 3 Down and cam the king himsell,  
And an angry man was he :  
'If ye had saved that hraw child's life,  
It might hae been an honour to thee.'
- 4 They socht the champer up and down,  
And in below the bed,  
And there they fand a braw lad-bairn  
Lying lapperin in his blood.
- 5 She rowed it up in her apron green,  
And threw it in the sea :

'Een sink or swim, you braw lad bairn !  
Ye'll neer get mair o me.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 6 When she gaed up the Cannogate,  
She gied loud laughters three ;  
But or she cam to the Cowgate Head  
The tears did blind her ee.
- 7 'Come a' ye jovial sailors,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Tell neither my father nor mother  
The death that I'm to die !
- 8 'Come a' ye jovial sailors,  
That sail upon the main,  
See that ye tell baith my father and mother  
That I'm coming sailing hame !
- 9 'My father he's the Duke of York,  
And my mother's a gay ladie,  
And I mysell a pretty fair lady,  
And the king fell in love with me.'

---

**M**

Maidment's North Countrie Garland, p. 19.

- 1 THEN down cam Queen Marie,  
Wi gold links in her hair,  
Saying, Marie Mild, where is the child,  
That I heard greet sae sair ?
- 2 'There was nae child wi me, madam,  
There was nae child wi me ;  
It was but me in a sair cholic,  
When I was like to die.'

- 3 'I'm not deceived,' Queen Marie said,  
'No, no, indeed not I !  
So Marie Mild, where is the child ?  
For sure I heard it cry.'
- 4 She turned down the blankets fine,  
Likewise the Holland sheet,  
And underneath, there strangled lay  
A lovely baby sweet.
- 5 'O cruel mother,' said the queen,  
'Some fiend possessed thee ;

But I will hang thee for this deed,  
My Marie thou be !'

\* \* \* \* \*

6 When she cam to the Netherbow Port  
She laught loud laughters three;  
But when she cam to the gallows-foot,  
The saut tear blinded her ee.

7 'Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
The saut she 'll hae but three;

There was Marie Seton, and Marie Beaton,  
And Marie Carmichael, and me.

8 'Ye mariners, ye mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let not my father or mother wit  
The death that I maun die !

9 'I was my parents' only hope,  
They neer had ane but me ;  
They little thought when I left hame,  
They should nae mair me see !'

### N

Murison MS., p. 33 ; from recitation at Old Deer, 1876.

1 THE streen the queen had four Maries,  
This nicht she 'll hae but three ;  
There 's Mary Heaton, an Mary Beaton,  
An Mary Michel, an me,  
An I mysel was Mary Mild,  
An flower oer a' the three.

2 Mary's middle was aye sae neat,  
An her clothing aye sae fine,  
It caused her lie in a young man's airms,  
An she 's ruet it aye sin syne.

3 She done her doon yon garden green,  
To pull the deceivin tree,  
For to keep back that young man's bairn,  
But forward it would be.

4 'Ye winna put on the dowie black,  
Nor yet will ye the broon,  
But ye 'll put on the robes o red,  
To shine through Edinburgh toon.'

5 She hasna pitten on the dowie black,  
Nor yet has she the broon,  
But she 's pitten on the robes o red,  
To shine thro Edinburgh toon.

6 When she came to the mariners' toon,  
The mariners they were playin,  
. . . . .

7 'Ye needna play for me, mariners,  
Ye needna play for me ;  
Ye never saw grace in a graceless face,  
For there 's nane therein to be.

8 'Seven years an I made Queen Mary's bed,  
Seven years an I combed her hair,  
An a handsome reward noo she 's gien to me,  
Gien me the gallows-tows to wear !

9 'Oh little did my nither think,  
The day she cradled me,  
What road I 'd hae to travel in,  
Or what death I 'd hae to dee !'

### O

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, I, xix, from recitation.

1 THERE lived a lord into the south,  
And he had dochters three,  
And the youngest o them went to the king's  
court,  
To learn some courtesie.

2 She rowd it in a wee wee clout  
. . . . .

3 She rowd it in a wee wee clout  
And flang't into the faem.  
Saying, Sink ye soon, my bonny babe !  
I 'll go a maiden hame.

4 'O woe be to you, ye ill woman,  
An ill death may ye die !  
Gin ye had spared the sweet baby's life,  
It might hae been an honour to thee.'

5 She wadna put on her gowns o black,  
Nor yet wad she o brown,  
But she wad put on her gowns o gowd,  
To glance through Embro town.

6 'Come saddle not to me the black,' she says,  
'Nor yet to me the brown,  
But come saddle to me the milk-white steed,  
That I may ride in renown.'

## P

Kinloch's MSS, VII, 95, 97.

My father's the Duke of Argyll,  
My mither's a lady gay,  
And I mysel am a dainty dame,  
And the king desired me.

He schawd [me] up, he shawed me down,  
He schawd me to the ha;  
He schawd me to the low cellars,  
And that was waurst of a'.

## Q

Letters from and to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, ed.  
Allardyce, 1888, II, 272, in a letter from Sharpe to W.  
Scott [1823].

1 THE Duke of York was my father,  
My mother a lady free,

Myself a dainty damosell,  
Queen Marie sent for me.

2 The queen's meat it was sae sweet,  
Her cleiding was sae rare,  
It gart me grien for sweet Willie,  
And I'll rue it evermair.

## R

Burns, in a letter to Mrs Dunlop, January 25, 1790;  
Currie, II, 290, 1800.

LITTLE did my mother think,  
That day she cradled me,

What land I was to travel in,  
Or what death I should die!

A. b. 1. There's news is gaen in the kitchen,  
There's news is gaen in the ha,  
There's news is gaen in the laigh cellar,  
And that was warst of a'.

2. There's news is gaen in the kitchen,  
There's news is gaen in the ha',  
That Mary Hamilton's gotten a wean,  
And that was warst of a'.

3<sup>1</sup>. She's rowed. 3<sup>2</sup>. She's cuist it.  
3<sup>3</sup>. My bonnie bairn ga sink or swim.  
3<sup>4</sup>. Ye's no hear mair. 4<sup>1</sup>. Then doon.  
4<sup>2</sup>. Wi tasslets.  
4<sup>3</sup>. Cri'n, M. H., whaur's the bairn.  
4<sup>4</sup>. That *wanting*.  
5<sup>1</sup>. There's no a bairn in a' the toon.  
5<sup>2</sup>. Nor yet. 5<sup>3</sup>. 'Twas but a steek in.  
6<sup>1</sup>. And ye maun.

6<sup>4</sup>. And ye maun awa wi me the morn.  
7<sup>1</sup>. I'se no. 7<sup>4</sup>. To see fair. 8<sup>1</sup>. And when.  
8<sup>2</sup>. And when. 8<sup>4</sup>. tear stood in.  
9<sup>1</sup>. And when. 9<sup>2</sup>. heel slipped off.  
9<sup>3</sup>. And when she cam doon the Parliament  
stair.  
10, 11 *wanting*. 12<sup>1</sup>. But bring: she cried.  
13<sup>1</sup>, 14<sup>1</sup>. And here's to the jolly sailor lad.  
13<sup>2</sup>, 14<sup>2</sup>. sails: faem.  
13<sup>3</sup>. And let not my father nor mother get wit.  
13<sup>4</sup>. that I shall come again.  
14<sup>3</sup>. But let, as in 13<sup>3</sup>.  
14<sup>4</sup>. O the death that I maun dee.  
15, 16 *wanting*. 17<sup>1</sup>. auld queen's.  
17<sup>2</sup>. And I laid her gently.  
17<sup>3</sup>. I hae gotten the day. 17<sup>4</sup>. Is to.  
18<sup>1</sup>. night the queen had.  
18<sup>2</sup>. This night she'll hae.  
18<sup>3</sup>. M. Beton and M. Seton.

- c. *Begins*: This nicht the queen has four Maries,  
Each fair as she can be;  
There's Marie Seton, etc.

3<sup>1</sup>. The bairn's tyed. 3<sup>2</sup>. And thrown intill.  
4<sup>1</sup>. O sink.

*After 3*:

Oh I have born this bonnie wee babe  
Wi mickle toil and pain;  
Gae hame, gae hame, you bonnie wee babe!  
For nurse I dare be nane.

4<sup>1</sup>. Then down cam Queen Marie.  
4<sup>2</sup>. Saying, Marie mild, where is the babe.  
5<sup>1</sup>. There was nae babe.  
5<sup>2</sup>. There was na babe wi me.  
5<sup>3</sup>. o a sair cholic.

*After 5 (mostly spurious)*:

The queen turned down the blankets fine,  
Likewise the snae-white sheet,  
And what she saw caused her many a tear,  
And made her sair to greet.

O cruel mither, said the queen,  
A fiend possessed thee:  
But I will hang thee for this deed,  
My Marie though thou be.

*After 7*:

And some they mounted the black steed,  
And some mounted the brown,  
But Marie mounted her milk-white steed,  
And rode foremost thro the town.

8<sup>3</sup>. But when. *After 12*:

Yestreen the queen had four Maries,  
The nicht she'll hae but three;  
There was M. S., and M. B.  
And M. C., and me.

13 *wanting*. 14<sup>1</sup>. Ye mariners, ye mariners.  
14<sup>2</sup>. L[et] not my father and mother wit.  
14<sup>4</sup>. The death that I maun dee.

*After 14*:

I was my parents' only hope,  
They neer had ane but me;  
They little thought, when I left hame,  
They should nae mair me see.

17 *wanting*. 18<sup>1</sup>. there were.  
*Largely taken from a, 1, 2, 6-12, 15, 16 being literally repeated.*

- B. 3<sup>3</sup>. us up. 8<sup>4</sup>. *wrongly*:  
And we'll ride into Edinburgh town,  
High hanged thou shalt be.

- C. 9<sup>2</sup>. *Altered from* I'll put on my brown.  
*Var. between 9<sup>2</sup> and 9<sup>3</sup>:*  
Nor I'll no put on my suddling silks,  
That I wear up and down.  
up and down *altered from* ilka day.

10<sup>1</sup>. went *altered from* gaed.  
13<sup>1</sup>, 14<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

- D. *From two reciters, which accounts for the alterations and insertions.*

1<sup>1</sup>. *Altered from* There was a lord lived in the north.  
2<sup>1</sup>. *Altered from* And the third.  
2<sup>2</sup>. *Altered from* that he.  
4<sup>1</sup>. gay added later.  
4<sup>2</sup>. *Altered from* And pued the saving tree.  
4<sup>3</sup>. *for inserted later.* 4<sup>4</sup>. *it inserted later.*  
7<sup>3</sup>. a fit o inserted later.  
7<sup>4</sup>. *Altered from* I am just.  
9. *After 9, Motherwell wrote* A stanza wanting, and subsequently added 10. 11.  
12<sup>2</sup>. *Originally*, gold stars.  
13. *Originally*,  
She did not put on her robes of black,  
Nor yet her robes of brown,  
But she put on her yellow gold stars (stays?).

14. *Originally*,  
And when she came into Edinburgh, (bad reading)  
And standing at the cross,  
There she saw all the coblers' wives,  
Sat greeting at the cross.

15<sup>3,4</sup>. *Originally*, For I am come to, etc..  
Weeded for to be.

*A marginal note by Motherwell, opposite the last line, but erased, has* A rich wedding to sie.

16<sup>1</sup>. stair *altered from* close.

19, 20. *Written in the margin, after those which follow.*

23<sup>3,4</sup> and And, 23<sup>4</sup>, *are of later insertion.*

- E. *For the seven stanzas after 15, see* No 95. II.  
346.

F. 3. Mary Beaton & Mary Seaton & Lady Livingston  
Three we 'll [*or will*] never meet  
In queen Mary's bower  
Now Maries tho ye be.

13<sup>2</sup>. then cryed. 14<sup>1</sup>. had your. 18<sup>4</sup>. pine.  
*For the six stanzas after 18, see No 95, II, 346.*

G. 1<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

H. 3, 16, 17, 22 *are put into smaller type as being evidently spurious.*

I. a. 24 *is certainly spurious, and reduces the pathos exceedingly.*

b. 18<sup>4</sup>. tear.

23. O ye mariners, mariners, mariners,  
That sail upon the sea,  
Let not my father nor mother to wit  
The death that I maun die!

K. From Jean Macqueen, Largo, in the MS.

"More likely to be Largs, which is on the Clyde, than Largo, on the east coast": note of Mr J. B. Murdoch.

4<sup>1</sup>. Oh.

6 *is the last stanza but one in the MS.*

L. 9 *might better be 1.*

N. Variations.

1<sup>34</sup>. There 's Mary Beaton, an Mary Seaton,  
An Mary Carmichael, an me;  
An I mysel, Queen Mary's maid,  
Was flower oer a' the three.

2<sup>1</sup>. sae jimp. 2<sup>3</sup>. She loved to lie.  
3<sup>2</sup>. the savin tree.

3<sup>4</sup>. But the little wee babe came to her back,  
An forward it would be.

8 *is 4 in the MS.*

O. "The unfortunate heroine's name is Mary Moil": Finlay, p. xix.

## 174

### EARL BOTHWELL

'Earle Bodwell,' Percy MS., p. 272; Hales and Furnivall, II, 260.

PRINTED in Percy's Reliques, with changes, 1765, II, 197, 'The Murder of the King of Scots;' with some restorations of the original readings, 1794, II, 200.

This ballad represents, 8, 13, that the murder of Darnley was done in revenge for his complicity in the murder of Riccio: in which there may be as much truth as this, that the queen's resentment of Darnley's participation in that horrible transaction may have been operative in inducing her assent — such assent as she gave — to the conspiracy against the life of her husband.

2. Darnley came to Scotland in February, 1565 (being then but just turned of nineteen), not sent for, but very possibly with

some hope of pleasing his cousin, 'the queen [dowager] of France,' to whom he was married in the following July. His inglorious career was closed in February, 1567.

5. On the fatal evening of the ninth of March, 1566, Riccio was sitting in the queen's cabinet with his cap on; "and this sight was perhaps the more offensive that a few Scotsmen of good rank seem to have been in attendance as domestics." \*

6. The ballad should not be greatly in excess as to the number of the daggers, since Riccio had fifty-six [fifty-two] wounds.

\* Bedford and Randolph to the Council, Wright's Queen Elizabeth, etc., p. 227; Burton, History of Scotland, IV, 145.

7. After Riccio had been dragged out of the queen's cabinet, Darnley fell to charging the queen with change in her ways with him since "yon fellow Davie fell in credit and familiarity" with her. In answer to his reproaches and interpellations her Majesty said to him that he was to blame for all the shame that was done to her; "for the which I shall never be your wife nor lie with you, nor shall never like well till I gar you have as sore a heart as I have presently."\*

9-14. A large quantity of powder was fired in the room below that in which "the worthy king" slept, but the body of Darnley and that of his servant were found lying at a considerable distance from the house, without any marks of having been subject to the explosion. One theory of the circumstances was that the two had been strangled in their beds, and removed before the train was lighted; another account is that Darnley, who would naturally hear some stir in the house, made his escape with his page, but "was intercepted and strangled after a desperate resistance, his cries for mercy being heard by some women in the nearest house."† Bothwell, though the author of all these proceedings

and personally superintending the execution of them, did not openly appear.

It will be observed that King James says that his father [MS. mother] was hanged on a tree, in 'King James and Brown,' No 180, 8<sup>2</sup>.

Bothwell and Huntly, who by virtue of their offices had apartments in the palace, not being in sympathy with the conspirators, are said in the *Diurnal of Occurrents*, p. 90, to have broken through a window, in fear of their lives, and to have let themselves down by a cord. Bothwell, as the champion of the queen against the confederate lords, might naturally be supposed by the minstrel to take a personal interest in revenging Riccio.

15, 16. The Regent Murray is here described as 'bitterly banishing' Mary, wherefore she durst not remain in Scotland, but fled to England. The queen escaped from Lochleven Castle on the second of May, 1568, and took refuge in England on the sixteenth. We must suppose the ballad to have been made not long after.

Translated by Bodmer, II, 51, from Percy's *Reliques*.

1 Woe worth thee, woe worth thee, false Scott-  
lande!

Ffor thou hast euer wrought by a sleight;  
For the worthiest prince *that* euer was borne,  
You hanged vnder a cloud by night.

2 The Queene of France a letter wrote,  
And sealed itt with hart and ringe,  
And bade him come Scotland *with*in,  
And shee wold marry him and crowne him  
*king*.

3 To be a *king*, itt is a pleasant thing,  
To bee a prince vnto a peere;  
But you haue heard, and so haue I too,  
A man may well by gold to deere.

4 There was an Italian in that place,  
Was as wel beloued as euer was hee;  
Lord David was his name,  
Chamberlaine vnto the queene was hee.

5 Ffor if the king had risen forth of his place,  
He wold haue sitt him downe in the cheare,  
And tho itt beseeemed him not soe well,  
Altho the king had bene present there.

6 Some lords in Scotland waxed wonderous  
wroth,  
And quarrelld with him for the nonce;  
I shall you tell how itt befall;  
Twelue daggers were in him all att once.

\* Ruthven's Relation, p. 30 f, London, 1699.

† The Historie of King James the Sext, p. 6; *Diurnal of Occurrents*, p. 105 f; Tytler's History, VII, 83.



- 7 When this queene see the chamberlaine was  
slaine,  
For him her cheeks shee did weete,  
And made a vow for a twelue month and a  
day  
The *king* and shee wold not come in one  
sheete.
- 8 Then some of the *lords* of Scotland waxed  
wrothe,  
And made their vow vehementlye,  
'For death of the queenes chamberlaine  
The *king* himselfe he shall dye.'
- 9 They strowed his chamber ouer with gunpow-  
der,  
And layd greene rushes in his way;  
Ffor the traitors thought *that* night  
The worthy king for to betray.
- 10 To bedd the worthy *king* made him bowne,  
To take his rest, *that* was his desire;  
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,  
But his chamber was on a blasing fyer.
- 11 Vp he lope, and a glasse window broke,  
He had thirty foote for to ffall;  
Lord Bodwell kept a priuy wach  
Vnderneath his castle-wall:
- 'Who haue wee heere?' sayd Lord Bodwell;  
'Answer me, now I doe call.'
- 12 'King Henery the Eighth my vncle was;  
Some pittie show for his sweet sake!  
Ah, Lord Bodwell, I know thee well;  
Some pittie on me I pray thee take!'
- 13 'I 'le pittie thee as much,' he sayd,  
'And as much favor I 'le show to thee  
As thou had on the queene's chamberlaine  
*That* day thou deemedst him to dye.'
- 14 Through halls and towers this king they ledd,  
Through castles and towers *that* were hye,  
Through an arbor into an orchard,  
And there hanged him in a peare tree.
- 15 When the gouernor of Scotland he heard tell  
*That* the worthy king he was slaine,  
He hath banished the queene soe bitterlye  
*That* in Scotland shee dare not remaine.
- 16 But shee is fled into merry England,  
And Scotland to a side hath laine,  
And through the Queene of Englands good  
grace  
Now in England shee doth remaine.

6<sup>2</sup>. noncett, with tt blotted out. (?) *Furnivall*.  
6<sup>4</sup>, 7<sup>2</sup>. 12. 10<sup>3</sup>. sleepee. 11<sup>2</sup>. 30.

12<sup>1</sup>. 8<sup>th</sup>. 13<sup>1</sup>. *Partly pared away. Furnivall*.  
16<sup>2</sup>. to aside.

## 175

## THE RISING IN THE NORTH

'Risinge in the Northe,' Percy MS., p. 256; Hales and Furnivall, II, 210.

PRINTED in Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 250,  
"from two MS. copies, one of them in the edi-  
tor's folio collection. They contained con-  
siderable variations, out of which such read-  
ings were chosen as seemed most poetical and

consonant to history." Bearing in mind Per-  
cy's express avowal that he "must plead  
guilty to the charge of concealing his own  
share in amendments under some such gen-  
eral title as a modern copy, or the like," one

would conclude without hesitation that there was but a single authentic text in this case, as in others. Percy notes on the margin of his manuscript: "N. B. To correct this by my other copy, which seems more modern. The other copy in many parts preferable to this." But this note would seem to be a private memorandum. Or are we to suppose that Percy might employ, from habit perhaps, the same formula, not to say artifice, with himself as with the public? In notes in the Folio to 'Northumberland betrayed by Douglas' (No 176), Percy speaks of a second copy of that ballad also as being in his possession, and describes it as containing much which is omitted in the other, and as beginning like 'The Earl of Westmoreland,' (No 177). Of the beginning of this last he says, in a note in the Folio, "these lines are given in one of my *old* copies to Lord Northumberland." "Old copies" is staggering; for any one who examines the variations of the texts in the Reliques from the texts in the Folio will find them of the same character and style as Percy's acknowledged improvements of other ballads, and will be compelled to impute them to the editor or his double.\*

The earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, having for a time succeeded, by exuberant professions, in allaying very sufficiently grounded suspicions of their loyal dealing, at last, upon receiving the Queen's summons to London, found compliance unsafe, and went into rebellion. They took this step with but half a heart and against their judgment, overcome by the clamor and urgency of a portion of their fellow-conspirators. The intent of the insurgents was, in Northumberland's own words, "the reformation of religion, and the preservation of the Queen of Scots, whom they accounted by God's law and man's law to be right heir, if want

should be of issue of the Queen's Majesty's body." These two causes, they were confident, were favored by the larger number of noblemen within the realm.† Protestantism had no hold in the north, and the Queen's officers in those parts were, for the moment, not strong enough to make opposition. With leaders of energy and military skill, and a good chest to draw upon,‡ the rising would have been highly dangerous. As things were, it collapsed in five weeks without the shedding of a drop of blood; but hundreds of simple people were subsequently hanged.

The earls, with others, among whom Richard Norton, then sheriff of York, was the most conspicuous, entered Durham in arms on Sunday, the fourteenth of November (1569). They went to the minster, overthrew the communion-table, tore the Bible and service-books, replaced the old altar (which had been thrown into a rubbish-heap), and had mass said. The next day they turned southwards, with nobody to molest or stop them in their rear or in front. The Earl of Sussex was collecting a force at York, but it came in slowly, and it could not be trusted. "To get the more credit among the favorers of the old Romish religion, they had a cross, with a banner of the five wounds, borne after them, sometime by old Norton, sometime by others" (Holinshed). They proceeded to Ripon, Wetherby, and Clifford Moor (Bramham Moor) near Tadcaster. "Their main body was at Wetherby and Tadcaster, their advanced horse were far down across the Ouse." Their numbers, according to Holinshed, never exceeded about two thousand horse and five thousand foot. Tutbury, where Mary Stuart was confined, was but a little more than fifty miles from their advance; they proposed to release the Queen of Scots, and then to move on London, or wait for a rising in the south.

\* To save appearances, we may understand "old copies" to mean copies restored or brought nearer to what is imagined to have been the original form. The variations will be given in notes as *pièces justificatives*.

† Sir Cuthbert Sharp, *Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569*, p. 202; a collection of many original papers pertaining to this rising, with much subsidiary information. But the story should be read in the eighteenth chapter of Mr

Froude's *Reign of Elizabeth*. Both works have been used here *passim*; Froude in the edition of New York, 1870.

‡ Northumberland, on being asked how much money he spent in the quarrel, says, "about one hundred and twenty pound." The Queen's proclamation, Nov. 24, declares that the earls were two persons as ill chosen for the reformation of any great matters as any could be in the realm, for they were both in poverty, etc. Sharp, pp. 208, 66; also 290.

Mary Stuart, at the nick of time, was removed to Coventry. On the twenty-fourth we hear that the rebels were drawn back to Knaresborough and Boroughbridge; on the thirtieth, that they are returned into the Bishopric. There they laid siege to Barnard Castle, which Sir George Bowes was obliged to surrender on December twelfth; on the fifteenth the earls were still at Durham. On the thirteenth the earls of Warwick and Clinton, commanders of the Army of the South, met at Wetherby with a combined force of eleven thousand foot and above twelve hundred horse, "eager to encounter the rebels, if they would abide." But on the sixteenth the "lords rebels" warned their footmen to shift for themselves, and fled with such horse as they had left into Northumberland. The twenty-second of December, the Earl of Sussex, qui cunctando restituit rem, Lord Hunsdon, who had been joined with him in command, and Sir Ralph Sadler, who had been deputed to watch him, write to the Queen: "The earls rebels, with their principal confederates and the Countess of Northumberland, did the twentieth of this present in the night, flee into Liddesdale with about a hundred horse; and there remain under the conduction of Black Ormiston, one of the murderers of the Lord Darnley, and John of the Side and the Lord's Jock, two notable thieves of Liddesdale, and the rest of the rebels be utterly scaled."\*

The ballad, which is the work of a loyal but not unsympathetic minstrel, gives but a cursory and imperfect account of "this geere." Earl Percy has come to the conclusion that he must fight or flee; his lady urges him thrice over to go to the court, and right himself, but he tells her that his treason is known well enough; if he follows her advice she will never see him again. He sends a letter to Master Norton, urging that gentleman to ride with him. Norton asks counsel of his son Christopher, who advises him not to go back from the word he has spoken, and much

pleases his father thereby. He asks his nine sons how many of them will take part with him. All but the eldest at once answer that they will stand by him till death: Francis Norton, the eldest, will not advise acting against the crown. Coward Francis, thou never tookest that of me! says the father. Francis will go with his father, but unarmed, and he wishes an ill death to them that strike the first stroke against the crown. There is a muster at Wetherby, and Westmoreland and Northumberland are there with their proper banners,† and with another setting forth the Lord on the cross. Sir George Bowes "rising to make a spoil," they besiege him in a castle to which he retires, easily win the outer walls, but cannot win the inner. Word comes to the Queen of the rebels in the north; she sends thirty thousand men against them, under the "false" Earl of Warwick, and they never stop till they reach York. (A gap occurs here, which need not be a large one, considering the leaps taken already.) Northumberland is gone, Westmoreland vanished, and Norton and his eight sons fled.

5-10. The Countess of Northumberland would have been the last person to give such advice as is attributed to her. "His wife, being the stouter of the two, doth encourage him to persevere, and rideth up and down with the army, so as the grey mare is the better horse." Hunsdon to Cecil, November twenty-sixth, MS. cited by Froude.

11-27. Richard Norton, miscalled Francis in 40, was a man of seventy-one when he engaged in the rising, and the father of eleven sons and eight daughters. Seven of the sons were involved in the rebellion. Francis, the eldest son, so far from standing out, took a prominent part with his father. But what is said of Francis is true of William, the fourth son. Sir George Bowes says of him: "I neither heard or could perceive William Norton to deal with any office or charge amongst the rebels, but, as I have heard

\* Sharp, p. 113.

† The dun-bull of the Nevilles is given in Sharp, p. 37, and one greyhound's head, with what may pass for a golden

collar, at p. 316; the three dogs are not warranted. Percy's half-moon is improperly mixed up with the banner of the five wounds in 31.

it affirmed, he both refused the taking charge of horsemen when it was offered unto him, and also *would wear no armor*. Farther, upon my departure from the castle [Barnard Castle], he came to me, and in the way as he rode with me, he entered to declare that he greatly misliked of all their doings and practices, saying that he was there amongst them for his father's sake, and to accompany him, and otherways he never had been with them," etc. MS. cited by Sharp, p. 284.

Christopher Norton deserves the distinction accorded him in the ballad. "Christopher had been among the first to enroll himself a knight of Mary Stuart. His religion had taught him to combine subtlety with courage, and through carelessness or treachery, or his own address, he had been admitted into Lord Scrope's guard at Bolton Castle. There he was allowed to assist his lady's escape, should escape prove possible; there he was able to receive messages and carry them; there, to throw the castellan off his guard, he pretended to flirt with her attendants, and twice at least, by his own confession, closely as the prisoner was watched, he contrived to hold private communications with her." (Froude, *Reign of Elizabeth, III*, 505, where follow lively particulars of these two encounters.) Christopher was the only one of the Nortons who is known to have suffered the death-pen-

alty of treason; it was "after he had beheld the death of his uncle, as well his quartering as otherwise, knowing and being well assured that he himself must follow the same way." (Sharp, p. 286.) Richard Norton, the father, fled to Flanders with his sons Francis and Sampson, and all three seem to have died there.

33 f. Sussex to Cecil: Dec. 6. "The rebels have shot three days together at the wall of the outer ward, but they have done no hurt." Dec. 8. "The rebels have won the first ward." Sir George Bowes' men leaped the walls, one day some eighty at a time, and the next day seven or eight score of the best disposed, who had been appointed to guard the gates, suddenly set them open, and went to the rebels; whereupon Sir George was driven to composition, and there was no need to take the inner walls.\*

A considerable number of "balletts" were called forth by the northern rebellion, and a few of these have been preserved. See Arber, *Stationers' Registers*, I, 404-6, 407-9, 413-15; *A Collection of Seventy-Nine Blackletter Ballads*, etc., 1870, pp. xxv, 1, 56, 231, 239.

The copy in the *Reliques* is translated by Seckendorf, *Musenalmanach*, 1807, p. 103; by Doenniges, p. 102.

1 LISTEN, liuely lordings all,  
And all *that* beene this place within:  
If you 'le giue eare vnto my songe,  
I will tell you how this geere did begin.

2 It was the good Erle of Westmorlande,  
A noble erle was called hee,  
And he wrought treason against the crowne;  
Alas, itt was the more pittye!

3 And soe itt was the Erle of Northumberland,  
Another good noble erle was hee;  
They tooke both vpon one part,  
Against the crowne they wolden bee.

4 Earle Percy is into his garden gone,  
And after walkes his awne ladye:  
'I heare a bird sing in my eare  
That I must either fight or flee.'

5 'God forbidd,' shee sayd, 'good my lord,  
That euer soe *that* it shalbee!  
But goe to London to the court,  
And faire ffall truth and honestye!'

6 'But nay, now nay, my ladye gay,  
That euer it shold soe bee;  
My treason is knowen well enough;  
Att the court I must not bee.'

\* Sharp, pp. 92, 95, 97 f.

- 7 'But goe to the court yet, good my lord,  
Take men enowe with thee;  
If any man will doe you wronge,  
Your warrant they may bee.'
- 8 'But nay, now nay, my lady gay,  
For soe itt must not bee;  
If I goe to the court, ladye,  
Death will strike me, and I must dye.'
- 9 'But goe to the court yett, [good] my lord,  
I my-selfe will ryde with thee;  
If any man will doe you wronge,  
Your borrow I shalbee.'
- 10 'But nay, now nay, my lady gay,  
For soe it must not bee;  
For if I goe to the court, ladye,  
Thou must me neuer see.'
- 11 'But come hither, thou litle foot-page,  
Come thou hither vnto mee,  
For thou shalt goe a message to Master Norton,  
In all the hast *that euer* may bee.'
- 12 'Comend me to *that* gentleman;  
Bring him here this letter from mee,  
And say, I pray him earnestlye  
*That* hee will ryde in my companye.'
- 13 But one while the foote-page went,  
Another while he rann;  
Vntill he came to Master Norton,  
The foot-page neuer blanne.
- 14 And when he came to Master Norton,  
He kneeled on his knee,  
And tooke the letter betwixt his hands,  
And lett the gentleman it see.
- 15 And when the letter itt was reade,  
Affore all his companye,  
I-wis, if you wold know the truth,  
There was many a weeping eye.
- 16 He said, Come hither, Kester Norton,  
A fine fellow thou seemes to bee;  
Some good counsell, Kester Norton,  
This day doe thou giue to mee.
- 17 'Marry, I 'le giue you counsell, ffather,  
If you 'le take counsell att me,  
*That* if you haue spoken the word, father,  
*That* backe againe you doe not flee.'
- 18 'God a mercy! Christopher Nortton,  
I say, God a merceye!  
If I doe liue and scape with liffe,  
Well advanced shalt thou bee.'
- 19 'But come you hither, my nine good sonnes,  
In mens estate I thinke you bee;  
How many of you, my children deare,  
On my *part that* wilbe?'
- 20 But eight of them did answer soone,  
And spake ffull hastilye;  
Sayes, We wilbe on *your part*, ffather,  
Till the day *that* we doe dye.
- 21 'But God a mercy! my children deare,  
And euer I say God a mercy!  
And yett my blessing you shall haue,  
Whether-soeuer I liue or dye.'
- 22 'But what sayst thou, thou Ffrancis Nortton,  
Mine eldest sonne and mine heyre trulye?  
Some good counsell, Ffrancis Nortton,  
This day thou giue to me.'
- 23 'But I will giue you counsell, ffather,  
If you will take counsell att mee;  
For if you wold take my counsell, father,  
Against the crowne you shold not bee.'
- 24 'But ffye vpon thee, Ffrancis Nortton!  
I say ffye vpon thee!  
When thou was younge and tender of age  
I made ffull much of thee.'
- 25 'But *your* head is white, ffather,' he sayes,  
'And *your* beard is wonderous gray;  
Itt were shame ffor *your* countrye  
If you shold rise and fflee away.'
- 26 'But ffye vpon thee, thou coward Ffrancis!  
Thou neuer tookest *that* of mee!  
When thou was younge and tender of age  
I made too much of thee.'
- 27 'But I will goe with you, father,' quoth hee;  
'Like a naked man will I bee;  
He *that* strikes the first stroake against the  
crowne,  
An ill death may hee dye!'

- 28 But then rose vpp Master Nortton, *that*  
*esquier,*  
 With him a full great companye ;  
 And then the erles they comen downe  
 To ryde in his companye.
- 29 Att Whethersbye the mustered their men,  
 Vpon a full fayre day ;  
 Thirteen thousand there were seene  
 To stand in battel ray.
- 30 The Erle of Westmoreland, he had in his  
*ancyent*  
 The dunn bull in sight most hye,  
 And three doggs with golden collers  
 Were sett out royallye.
- 31 The Erle of Northumberland, he had in his  
*ancyent*  
 The halfe moone in sight soe hye,  
 As the *Lord* was crucifyed on the crosse,  
 And set forthe pleasantlye.
- 32 And after them did rise good Sir George  
 Bowes,  
 After them a spoyle to make ;  
 The erles returned backe againe,  
 Thought *euere that knight* to take.
- 33 This barron did take a castlle then,  
 Was made of lime and stone ;  
 The vttermost walls were ese to be woon ;  
 The erles haue woon them anon.
- 34 But tho they woone the vttermost walls,  
 Quickly and anon,  
 The innermost walles the cold not winn ;  
 The were made of a rocke of stone.
- 35 But newes itt came to leeu London,  
 In all the speede *that euer* might bee ;  
 And word it came to our royall queene  
 Of all the rebels in the north countrye.
- 36 Shee turned her grace then once about,  
 And like a royall queene shee sware ;  
 Sayes, I will ordaine them such a breake-fast  
 As was not in the north this thousand yeere !
- 37 Shee caused thirty thousand men to be made,  
 With horsses and harneis all quicklye ;  
 And shee caused thirty thousand men to be  
 - made,  
 To take the rebels in the north countrye.
- 38 They tooke with them the false Erle of War-  
 wicke,  
 Soe did they many another man ;  
 Vntill they came to Yorke castle,  
 I-wis they neuer stinted nor blan.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- 39 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 'Spread thy ancyent, Erle of Westmoreland !  
 The halfe-moone ffaine wold wee see !'
- 40 But the halfe-moone is fled and gone,  
 And the dun bull vanished awaye ;  
 And Ffrancis Norton and his eight sonnes  
 Are fled away most cowardlye.
- 41 Ladds with mony are counted men,  
 Men without mony are counted none ;  
 But hold your tounge ! why say you soe ?  
 Men wilbe men when mony is gone.

3<sup>4</sup>. *their for the.*

7<sup>4</sup>. *they altered in MS. from them.*

18<sup>1</sup>. *amercy ; and afterwards.* 19<sup>1</sup>. 9.

20<sup>1</sup>. 8<sup>2</sup>. 21<sup>2</sup>. *godamercy.* 29<sup>2</sup>. 13000.

30<sup>2</sup>. *Duñ : m for nn. Furnivall.*

30<sup>2</sup>. 3.

34<sup>2</sup>. *innermost.* 35<sup>2</sup>. *all they.* 36<sup>2</sup>. 1000.

37<sup>1,2</sup>. 30000.

38<sup>2</sup>. *Only half the n in many. Furnivall.*

*And for & throughout.*

*Variations of the copy in Percy's Reliques,*  
 1765, I, 250.

12<sup>4</sup>. *Lithe and listen unto mee,*  
*And I will sing of a noble earle,*  
*The noblest earle in the north countrie.*

2, 3 *wanting.*

4<sup>2</sup>. *after him walkes his faire.*

4<sup>2</sup>. *mine.*

- 5<sup>4,2</sup>. Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,  
That eer such harm should hap to thee.
- 6<sup>1</sup>, 8<sup>1</sup>, 10<sup>1</sup>, 24<sup>1</sup>. Now *for* But.  
6<sup>2,3</sup>. Alas thy counsell suits not mee ;  
Mine enemies prevail so fast.
- 6<sup>4</sup>. That at : I may. 7<sup>1</sup>. O goe.  
7<sup>2</sup>. And take thy gallant men.  
7<sup>3</sup>. any dare to doe.  
7<sup>4</sup>. Then your warrant.  
8<sup>1</sup>. thou lady faire.  
8<sup>2</sup>. The court is full of subtiltie. 8<sup>3</sup>. And if.  
8<sup>4</sup>. Never more I may thee see.  
9<sup>1</sup>. Yet goe to the court, my lord, she sayes.  
9<sup>2</sup>. And I : will goe wi. ryde *in ed.* 1794.  
9<sup>3</sup>. At court then for my dearest lord.  
9<sup>4</sup>. His faithfull borrowe I will.  
10<sup>1</sup>. lady deare.
- 10<sup>2,4</sup>. Far lever had I lose my life,  
Than leave among my cruell foes  
My love in jeopardy and strife.
- 11<sup>1</sup>. come thou : my little.  
11<sup>3</sup>. To maister Norton thou must goe.  
12<sup>2</sup>. And beare this letter here fro mee.  
12<sup>3</sup>. And say that earnestly I praye.  
12<sup>4</sup>. That *wanting*.  
13<sup>1</sup>. But *wanting* : little footpage.  
13<sup>2</sup>. And another.  
13<sup>3</sup>. to his journeyes end.  
13<sup>4</sup>. little footpage.  
14<sup>1</sup>. When to that gentleman he came.  
14<sup>2</sup>. Down he knelt upon.
- 14<sup>3,4</sup>. Quoth he, My lord commendeth him,  
And sends this letter unto thee.  
*The reading of the Folio is restored in ed.*  
1794.  
15<sup>2</sup>. Affore that goodlye.  
15<sup>3</sup>. you the truthe wold know.  
16<sup>1</sup>. thither, Christopher.  
16<sup>2</sup>. A gallant youth thou seemst.
- 16<sup>3,4</sup>. What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,  
Now that good earle 's in jeopardy.
17. Father, my counselle 's fair and free ;  
That earle he is a noble lord.  
And whatsoever to him you hight,  
I wold not have you breake your word.
- 18<sup>1,3</sup>. Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,  
Thy counsell well it liketh mee,  
And if we speed, and
- 18<sup>4</sup>. thou shalt. 19<sup>1</sup>. But *wanting*.  
19<sup>2</sup>. Gallant men I trowe.  
19<sup>4</sup>. Will stand by that good earle and mee.  
20<sup>1</sup>. But *wanting* : answer make.  
20<sup>2</sup>. Eight of them spake hastilie.
- 20<sup>3,4</sup>. O father, till the daye we dye,  
We 'll stand by that good earle and thee.
- 21<sup>1</sup>. Gramercy now, my children deare,  
You shoue yourselves right bold and brave ;  
And whethersoer I live or dye,  
A fathers blessing you shal have.
- 22<sup>1</sup>. O Francis.
- 22<sup>2,4</sup>. Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire ;  
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast,  
Whatever it bee, to mee declare.
- 23 *wanting, and instead, this stanza, like 25 :*  
Father, you are an aged man,  
Your head is white, your bearde is gray ;  
It were a shame, at these your yeares,  
For you to ryse in such a fray.
- 24, 26. *For these :*  
Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,  
Thou never learnedst this of mee ;  
When thou wert yong and tender of age,  
Why did I make soe much of thee ?
- 27<sup>1,2</sup>. But, father, I will wend with you,  
Unarmd and naked will I bee.
- 27<sup>3</sup>. And he : the first stroake *wanting*.  
27<sup>4</sup>. Ever an.
28. Then rose that reverend gentleman,  
And with him came a goodlye band,  
To join with the brave Earl Percy,  
And all the flower o Northumberland.
29. With them the noble Nevill came,  
The earle of Westmorland was hee ;  
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,  
Thirteen thousand faire to see.

30<sup>1,2</sup>. Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,  
The dun bull he raysd on hye.

30<sup>3</sup>. And *wanting*: collars brave.

30<sup>4</sup>. Were there sett out most.

31. Earl Percy there his ancyent spred,  
The half moone shining all soe faire;  
The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,  
And the five wounds our Lord did  
beare.

32<sup>1</sup>. Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye  
rose.

32<sup>2</sup>. some spoyle.

32<sup>3</sup>. Those noble earles turnd.

32<sup>4</sup>. And aye they vowed that.

33. That baron he to his castle fled,  
To Barnard castle then fled hee;  
The uttermost walles were eathe to win,  
The earles have wonne them presentlie.

34. The uttermost walles were lime and bricke;  
But thoughe they won them soon anone,  
Long eer they wan the innermost walles,  
For they were cut in rocke of stone.

35<sup>1</sup>. Then newes unto leewe London came.

35<sup>2</sup>. ever may. 35<sup>3</sup>. word is brought.

35<sup>4</sup>. Of the rysing in.

36<sup>1</sup>. Her grace she turned her round about.

36<sup>2</sup>. swore. 36<sup>3</sup>. Sayes *wanting*.

36<sup>4</sup>. As never was in the North before.

37<sup>1</sup>. be raysd. 37<sup>2</sup>. harnais faire to see.

37<sup>3</sup>. And *wanting*: be raised.

37<sup>4</sup>. the earles i th'.

38<sup>1,2</sup>. Wi them the false Earle Warwick went,  
Th' earle Sussex and the lord Hunsden.

38<sup>3</sup>. to Yorke castle came. 38<sup>4</sup>. stint ne.

39. Now spread thy ancyent, Westmorland,  
Thy dun bull faine would we spye;  
And thou, the Earl o Northumberland,  
Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.

40<sup>1</sup>. the dun bulle is.

40<sup>2</sup>. the half moone vanished.

40<sup>3,4</sup>. The Earles, though they were brave and  
bold,  
Against soe many could not stay.

41. Thee, Norton, wi thine eight good sonnes,  
They doomd to dye, alas! for ruth!  
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,  
Nor them their faire and blooming  
youth.

Wi them full many a gallant wight  
They cruellye bereavd of life,  
And many a childe made fatherlesse,  
And widowed many a tender wife.

## 176

### NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS

'Northumberland betrayd by Dowglas,' Percy MS., p. 259; Hales and Furnivall, II, 217.

PRINTED in Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 257,  
"from two copies [which contained great variations, 1794, I, 297], one of them in the Editor's folio MS." In this manuscript Percy makes these notes. "N. B. My other copy is more correct than this, and contains much which is omitted here. N. B. The other

copy begins with lines the same as that in page 112 [that is, the 'Earl of Westmoreland']. The minstrels often made such changes."

See the preface to the foregoing ballad as to the probable character of the copy, which "contains much that is omitted here."



The Earl of Sussex writes on December 22d that, the next morning after Northumberland and Westmorland took refuge in Liddesdale, Martin Eliot and others of the principal men of the dale raised a force against the earls, Black Ormiston, and the rest of their company, and offered fight; but in the end, Eliot, wishing to avoid a feud, said to Ormiston that "he would charge him and the rest before the Regent for keeping of the rebels of England, if he did not put them out of the country, and that if they [the earls] were in the country after the next day, he would do his worst against them and all that maintained them." Whereupon the earls were driven to quit Liddesdale and to fly to one of the Armstrongs in the Debateable Land, leaving the Countess of Northumberland "at John of the Sydes house, a cottage not to be compared to any dog-kennel in England." Three days later Sussex and Sadler write that "the Earl of Northumberland was yesterday [the 24th], at one in the afternoon, delivered by one Hector, of Harlaw wood, of the surname of the Armstrongs, to Alexander Hume, to be carried to the Regent."\* The Regent took Northumberland to Edinburgh, and on the second of January, 1570, committed him to the castle of Lochleven, attended by two servants.†

The sentiment of Scotsmen, and especially of borderers, was outraged by this proceeding: "for generally, all sorts, both men and women, cry out for the liberty of their country; which is, to succor banisht men, as themselves have been received in England not long

since, and is the freedom of all countries, as they allege."‡

Northumberland remained in confinement at Lochleven until June, 1572. Meanwhile the Countess of Northumberland, who had escaped to Flanders, had been begging money to buy her husband of the Scots, and had been negotiating with Douglas of Lochleven to that effect. She was ready to give the sum demanded, which seems to have been two thousand pounds, as soon as sufficient assurance could be had that her husband would be liberated upon payment of the money. Lord Hunsdon discussed the surrender of Northumberland with the Earl of Morton and the Commendator of Dunfermling, on the occasion of their coming to Berwick to treat about the pacification of the troubles in Scotland. "They made recital of the charges that the lord of Lochleven hath been at with the said earl, and how the earl hath offered the lord of Lochleven four thousand marks sterling, to be paid presently to him in hand, to let him go. Notwithstanding, both he and the rest shall be delivered to her Majesty upon reasonable consideration of their charges." (November 22, 1571.) Political considerations turned the scale, and on the seventh of June Lord Hunsdon paid the two thousand pounds which the countess had offered, and Northumberland was put into his hands. Hunsdon had the earl in custody at Berwick until the following August. He was then made over to Sir John Forster, Warden of the Middle Marches, taken to York and there beheaded (August 27th, 1572).§

\* Sharp, pp. 114 f, 118. "My lord Regent convened with Martin Eliot that he should betray Thomas, Earl of Northumberland, who was fled in Liddesdale out of England for refuge, in this manner: that is to say, the said Martin caused Heckie Armstrong desire my lord of Northumberland to come and speak with him under trust, and caused the said earl believe that, after speaking, if my lord Regent would pursue him, that he and his friends should take plain part with the Earl of Northumberland. And when the said earl came with the same Heckie Armstrong to speak the said Martin, he caused certain light-horsemen of my lord Regent's, with others his friends, to lie at await, and when they should see the said earl and the said Martin speaking together, that they should come and take the said earl; and so as was devised, so came to pass." *Diurnal of Occurrences*, p. 154.

† From a letter of January 6, we learn that the Earl of Northumberland was then in Edinburgh, attended by James Swyno, William Burton, and others. James Swyno is apparently the chamberlain of the hall. Sharp, p. 139.

‡ Lord Hunsdon, Sharp, p. 125.

§ Sharp, pp. 324-29. To whom the money went, if to anybody besides William Douglas, we are not distinctly told. Tytler intimates that Morton had a share: "this base and avaricious man sold his unhappy prisoner to Elizabeth," VII, 395. There was baseness enough without the addition of avarice: "The Earl of Northumberland was rendered to the Queen of England, forth of the castle of Lochleven, by a certain condition made betwix her and the Earl of Morton for gold. . . . And indeed this was unthankfully remembered, for when Morton was banisht from Scotland he found no such kind man to him in England as this earl

The ballad-minstrel acquaints us with circumstances concerning the surrender of Northumberland which are not known to any of the historians. One night, when many gentlemen are supping at Lochleven Castle, William Douglas, the laird of the castle, rallies the earl on account of his sadness; there is to be a shooting in the north of Scotland the next day, and to this Douglas has engaged his word that Percy shall go. Percy is ready to ride to the world's end in Douglas's company. Mary Douglas, William's sister, interposes: her brother is a traitor, and has taken money from the Earl [Morton?] to deliver Percy to England. Northumberland will not believe this; the surrender of a banished man would break friendship forever between England and Scotland. Mary Douglas persists; he had best let her brother ride his own way, and he can tell the English lords that he cannot be of the party because he is in an isle of the sea (an obstacle which must appear to us not greater for one than for the other); and while her brother is away she will carry Percy to Edinburgh Castle, and deliver him to Lord Hume, who has already suffered loss in his behalf. But if he will not give credence to her, let him come on her right hand, and she will shew him something. Percy never loved witchcraft, but permits his chamberlain to go with the lady. Mary Douglas's mother was a witch-woman, and had taught her daughter something of her art. She shows the chamberlain through the belly of a ring many Englishmen who are on the await for his master, among them Lord Hunsdon, Sir William Drury, and Sir John Forster, though at that moment they are thrice fifty mile distant. The chamberlain goes back to his lord weeping, but the relation of what he has seen produces no effect. Percy says he has been in Lochleven almost three years and has never had an 'outrake' (outing); he will not hear a word to hinder him from going to the shooting. He twists

from his finger a gold ring — left him when he was in Harlaw wood — and gives it to Mary Douglas, with an assurance that, though he may drink, he will never eat, till he is in Lochleven again. Mary faints when she sees him in the boat, and Percy once and again proposes to go back to see how she fares; but William Douglas treats the fainting very lightly; his sister is crafty enough to beguile thousands like them. When they have sailed the first fifty mile (it will be borne in mind that the Douglas castle is described as being on an isle of the sea), James Swynard, the chamberlain,\* asks how far it is to the shooting, and gets an alarming answer: fair words make fools fair; whenever they come to the shooting, they will think they have come soon enough! Jamie carries this answer to his master, who finds nothing discouraging in it; it was meant only to try his mettle. But after sailing fifty miles more, Percy himself calls to Douglas and asks what his purpose is. "Look that your bridle be strong and your spurs be sharp," says Douglas (but 49<sup>1</sup> is probably corrupted). "This is mere flouting," replies Percy; "one Armstrong has my horse, another my spurs and all my gear." Fifty miles more of the sea, and they land Lord Percy at Berwick, a deported, "extradited" man!

14. The Countess of Northumberland was sheltered for some time at Hume Castle (Sir C. Sharp's Memorials, pp. 143, 146, 150, 344, ff). The castle was invested, and by direction of Lord Hume, then absent in Edinburgh, was surrendered without resistance, in the course of Sussex's destructive raid in April, 1570. Cabala, ed. 1663, p. 175. See also *Diurnal of Occurrents*, p. 170.

19. Witchcraft was rife at the epoch of this ballad, nor was the imputation of it confined to hags of humble life. The Lady Buccleuch, the Countess of Athole, and the Lady Foulis were all accused of practising the black art. Nothing in that way was charged upon Lady

was." *Historie of King James the Sext*, p. 106 f. Sir Richard Maitland, who spares Morton and Lochleven no epithets in his spirited invective against those who delivered the Earl of Northumberland, says that they "of his bluide

resavit the pygrall pryce," but does not charge Morton with an act of ingratitude.

\* Stanza 43 is corrupted.

Douglas of Lochleven, the mother of William Douglas and of the Regent Murray; but Lady Janet Douglas, sister of the Earl of Angus, had been burnt in 1537 for meditating the death of James V by poison or witchcraft, and it is possible, as Percy has suggested, that this occurrence may have led to the attribution of sorcery to Lady Douglas of Lochleven.\*

Mary Douglas shows Northumberland's chamberlain, through the hollow of her ring, the English lords who are waiting for his master "thrice fifty mile" distant, at Berwick. In a Swiss popular song the infidelity of a lover is revealed by a look through a finger-ring. People on the Odenberg hear a drum-beat, but see nothing. A wizard makes one after another look through a ring made by bowing the arm against the side; they see armed men going into and coming out of the hill. So Biarco is enabled to see Odin on his white horse by looking through Ruta's bent arm.†

32, 33. The day after Northumberland was put into his hands, Hunsdon writes to Burghley: "For the earl, I have had no great talk with him; but truly he seems to follow his old humours, readier to talk of hawks and hounds than anything else." (Sharp, p. 330.)

51. It was their old manner, as Robin Hood says, to leave but little behind; but what is recorded is that, when "the earls were driven to leave Liddesdale and to fly to one of the Armstrongs upon the Bateable, . . . the Liddesdale men stole my lady of Northumberland's horse, and her two women's horses, and ten other horses." Sussex to Cecil, Sharp, p. 114 f.

52. Percy "left Lochleven with joy, under the assurance that he should be conveyed in a Scottish vessel to Antwerp. To his surprise and dismay he found himself, after a short voyage, at Coldingham." Lingard's History, VI, 137, London, 1854.

The copy in the Reliques is translated by Doenniges, p. 111.

- 
- 1 Now list and lithe, you gentlemen,  
And I 'st tell you the veretye,  
How they haue dealt with a banished man,  
Driuen out of his countrie.
  - 2 When as hee came on Scottish ground,  
As woe and wonder be their amonge!  
Ffull much was there traitorye  
The wrought the Erle of Northumberland.
  - 3 When they were att the supper sett,  
Beffore many goodly gentlemen,  
The ffell a flouting and mocking both,  
And said to the Erle of Northumberland:
  - 4 'What makes you be soe sad, my lord,  
And in your mind soe sorrowfullye?  
In the north of Scotland to-morrow there's a  
shooting,  
And thither thou 'st goe, my Lord Percy.

- 5 'The buttes are sett, and the shooting is  
made,  
And there is like to be great royaltie,  
And I am sworne into my bill  
Thither to bring my Lord Pearcy.'
- 6 'I 'le giue thee my hand, Douglas,' he sayes,  
'And be the faith in my bodye,  
If *that* thou wilt ryde to the worlds end,  
I 'le ryde in thy companye.'
- 7 And then bespake the good ladye,  
Marry a Douglas was her name:  
'You shall byde here, good English lord;  
My brother is a traiterous man.
- 8 'He is a traitor stout and stronge,  
As I 'st tell you the veretye;  
For he hath tane liuerance of the Erle,  
And into England he will liuor thee.'

\* Kirkpatrick Sharpe's Historical Account of Witchcraft in Scotland, pp. 38-54, ed. 1884.

† Rochholz, Schweizersagen aus dem Aargau, II, 162; Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, p. 783 f, ed. 1876, and Saxo Grammaticus (p. 34, ed. 1576, Holder, p. 66), quoted by Grimm. These citations are furnished by Liebrecht, Göttin-

gen Gelehrte Anzeigen, 1868, p. 1899, who finds hydromancy in st. 26, where, however, all that seems to be meant is that the mother would let her daughter see from Lochleven what was doing in London. Of dactylomancy proper there is something in Delrio, IV, ii. 6, 4, 5, p. 547, ed. 1624.

- 9 'Now hold thy tounge, thou goodlye ladye,  
And let all this talking bee;  
Ffor all the gold *that* 's in Loug Leuen,  
William wold not liur mee.
- 10 'It wold breake truce betweene England and  
Scotland,  
And freinds againe they wold neuer bee,  
If he shold liur a bani[s]ht erle,  
Was driuen out of his owne countrie.'
- 11 'Hold *your* tounge, my lord,' shee sayes,  
'There is much ffalsehood them amonge;  
When you are dead, then they are done,  
Soone they will part them freinds againe.
- 12 'If you will giue me any trust, my lord,  
I 'le tell you how you best may bee;  
You 'st lett my brother ryde his wayes,  
And tell those English lords, trulye,
- 13 'How *that* you cannot with them ryde,  
Because you are in an ile of the sea;  
Then, ere my brother come againe,  
To Edenborrow castle I 'le carry thee.
- 14 'I 'le liur you vnto the Lord Hume,  
And you know a trew Scothe lord is hee,  
For he hath lost both land and goods  
In ayding of *your* good bodye.'
- 15 'Marry, I am woe, woman,' he sayes,  
'*That* any freind fares worse for mee;  
For where one saith it is a true tale,  
Then two will say it is a lye.
- 16 'When I was att home in my [realme],  
Amonge my tennants all trulye,  
In my time of losse, wherin my need stooode,  
They came to ayd me honestlye.
- 17 'Therefore I left a many a child ffatherlese,  
And many a widdow to looke wanne;  
And therefore blame nothing, ladye,  
But the woefull warres *which* I began.'
- 18 'If you will giue me noe trust, my lord,  
Nor noe credencee you will give mee,  
And you 'le come lither to my right hand,  
Indeed, my lord, I 'le lett you see.'
- 19 Saies, I neuer loued noe witchcraft,  
Nor neuer dealt with treacherye,  
But euermore held the hye way;  
Alas, *that* may be seene by mee!
- 20 'If you will not come *your* selfe, my lord,  
You 'le lett *your* chamberlaine goe with mee,  
Three words *that* I may to him speake,  
And soone he shall come againe to thee.'
- 21 When Iames Swynard came *that* lady before,  
Shee let him see thorrow the weme of her  
ring  
How many there was of English lords  
To wayte there for his *master* and him.
- 22 'But who beene yonder, my good ladye,  
*That* walkes soe royallye on yonder greene?'  
'Yonder is Lord Hunsden, Iamye,' she  
saye[d],  
'Alas, hee 'le doe you both tree and teene!'
- 23 'And who beene yonder, thou gay ladye,  
*That* walkes soe royallye him beside?'  
'Yond is Sir William Drurye, Iamye,' shee  
sayd,  
'And a keene captain hee is, and tryde.'
- 24 'How many miles is itt, thou good ladye,  
Betwixt yond English lord and mee?'  
'Marry, thrise fifty mile, Iamye,' shee sayd,  
'And euen to seale and by the sea.
- 25 'I neuer was on English ground,  
Nor neuer see itt with mine eye,  
But as my witt and wisdomes serues,  
And as [the] booke it telleth mee.
- 26 'My mother, shee was a witch woman,  
And part of itt shee learned mee;  
Shee wold let me see out of Lough Leuen  
What they dyd in London eytye.'
- 27 'But who is yonde, thou good laydye,  
*That* comes yonder with an osterne fface?'  
'Yond 's Sir Iohn Forster, Iamye,' shee sayd;  
'Methinkes thou sholdest better know him  
then I.'  
'Euen soe I doe, my goodlye ladye,  
And euer alas, soe woe am I!'
- 28 He pulled his hatt ouer his eyes,  
And, Lord, he wept soe tenderlye!  
He is gone to his *master* againe.  
And euen to tell him the veretye.

- 29 'Now hast thou beene with Marry, Iamy,' he sayd,  
 'Euen as thy tounge will tell to mee;  
 But if thou trust in any womans words,  
 Thou must refraine good companye.'
- 30 'It is noe words, my lord,' he sayes;  
 'Yonder the men shee letts me see,  
 How many English lords there is  
 Is wayting there for you and mee.
- 31 'Yonder I see the *Lord* Hunsden,  
 And hee and you is of the third degree;  
 A greater enemye, indeed, my Lord,  
 In England none haue yee.'
- 32 'And I haue beene in Lough Leuen  
 The most part of these yeeeres three:  
 Yett had I neuer noe out-rake,  
 Nor good games *that* I cold see.
- 33 'And I am thus bidden to yonder shooting  
 By William Douglas all trulye;  
 Therefore speake neuer a word out of thy  
 mouth  
 That thou thinkest will hinder mee.'
- 34 Then he writhe the gold ring of his finger  
 And gaue itt to *that* ladye gay;  
 Sayes, *That* was a legacye left vnto mee  
 In Harley woods where I cold bee.
- 35 'Then farewell hart, and farewell hand,  
 And farewell all good companye!  
*That* woman shall neuer beare a sonne  
 Shall know soe much of *your* prinitye.'
- 36 'Now hold thy tounge, ladye,' hee sayde,  
 'And make not all this dole for mee,  
 For I may well drinke, but I 'st neuer eate,  
 Till againe in Lough Leuen I bee.'
- 37 He tooke his boate att the Lough Leuen,  
 For to sayle now ouer the sea,  
 And he hath cast vpp a siluer wand,  
 Saies, Fare thou well, my good ladye!  
 The ladye looked ouer her left sholder;  
 In a dead swoone there fell shee.
- 38 'Goe backe againe, Douglas!' he sayd,  
 'And I will goe in thy companye,  
 For sudden sicknesse yonder lady has tane,  
 And euer, alas, shee will but dye!
- 39 'If ought come to yonder ladye but good,  
 Then blamed sore *that* I shall bee,  
 Because a banished man I am,  
 And driuen out of my owne countrey.'
- 40 'Come on, come on, my lord,' he sayes,  
 'And lett all such talking bee;  
 There 's ladyes enow in Lough Leuen  
 And for to cheere yonder gay ladye.'
- 41 'And you will not goe *your* selfe, my lord,  
 You will lett my chamberlaine go with  
 mee;  
 Wee shall now take our boate againe,  
 And soone wee shall ouertake thee.'
- 42 'Come on, come on, my lord,' he sayes,  
 'And lett now all this talking bee;  
 Ffor my sister is craftye enoughe  
 For to beguile thousands such as you and  
 mee.'
- 43 When they had sayled fifty myle,  
 Now fifty mile vpon the sea,  
 Hee had fforgotten a message *that* hee  
 Shold doe in Lough Leuen trulye:  
 Hee asked, how ffar it was to *that* shooting  
*That* William Douglas promised mee.
- 44 'Now faire words makes fooles faine,  
 And *that* may be seene by thy *master* and  
 thee;  
 Ffor you may happen think itt soone enoughe  
 When-euer you *that* shooting see.'
- 45 Iamy pulled his hatt now ouer his browe,  
 I wott the teares fell in his eye;  
 And he is to his *master* againe,  
 And ffor to tell him the veretye.
- 46 'He sayes fayre words makes fooles faine,  
 And *that* may be seene by you and mee,  
 Ffor wee may happen thinke itt soone enoughe  
 When-euer wee *that* shooting see.
- 47 'Hold vpp thy head, Iamy,' the erle sayd,  
 'And neuer lett thy hart fayle thee;  
 He did itt but to proue thee *with*,  
 And see how thow wold take *with* death  
 trulye.'
- 48 When they had sayled other fifty mile,  
 Other fifty mile vpon the sea,

Lord Percy called to him, himself,  
And sayd, Douglas, what wilt thou doe with  
mee?

49 'Looke *that* your brydle be wight, my lord,  
*That* you may goe as a shipp att sea ;  
Looke *that* your spurres be bright and sharpe,  
*That* you may pricke her while shee 'le  
awaye.'

50 'What needeth this, Douglas,' he sayth,  
'*That* thou needest to floute mee ?

6<sup>1</sup>. my Land. 15<sup>4</sup>. 2.

16<sup>3</sup>. *This line is partly pared away. Furnivall.*

18<sup>4</sup>. Loric, or Louerd ; or Lord, *with one stroke too many. Furnivall.*

20<sup>3</sup>. 3. 22<sup>1</sup>. ny for my. 24<sup>3</sup>. 3<sup>re</sup> 50.

31<sup>2</sup>. 3<sup>4</sup>. 32<sup>2</sup>. 3.

33<sup>4</sup>. *Partly cut away by the binder. Furnivall.*

43<sup>4,2</sup>, 48<sup>3,2</sup>, 52<sup>2,2</sup>. 50.

52<sup>4</sup>. land for lord. And for & throughout.

*Variations of Percy's Reliques, 1765, I, 258.*

1-3. *Cf. the next ballad, 1-3.*

How long shall fortune faile me nowe,  
And harrowe me with fear and dread?  
How long shall I in bale abide,  
In misery my life to lead?

To fall from my bliss, alas the while!  
It was my sore and heavye lott;  
And I must leave my native land,  
And I must live a man forgot.

One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,  
A Scot he is much bound to mee;  
He dwelleth on the border-side,  
To him I'll goe right privlie.

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,  
With a heavy heart and wel-away,  
When he with all his gallant men  
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came.  
They dealt with him all treacherouslye;  
For they did strip that noble earle,  
And ever an ill death may they dye!

For I was counted a horsseman good  
Before *that* euer I mett with thee.

51 'A ffalse Hector hath my horsse,  
And euer an euill death may hee dye!  
And Willye Armestronge hath my spurres  
And all the geere belongs to mee.'

52 When the had sayled other fifty mile,  
Other fifty mile vpon the sea,  
The landed low by Barwicke-side;  
A deputed lord landed Lord Percye.

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,  
To shew him where his guest did hide,  
Who sent him to the Lough-leven,  
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,  
He halched him right courteouslie;  
Sayd, Welcome, welcome, noble earle,  
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee.

When he had in Lough-leven been  
Many a month and many a day,  
To the regent the lord-warden sent,  
That bannisht earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,  
And wrote a letter fair to see,  
Saying, Good my lord, grant me my boon,  
And yield that banisht man to mee.

Earle Percy at the supper sate,  
With many a goodly gentleman;  
The wylie Douglas then bespake,  
And thus to flyte with him began.

4<sup>3,4</sup>. To-morrow a shootinge will bee held  
Among the lords of the North countrye.

5<sup>1</sup>. sett, the shooting's.

5<sup>2</sup>. there will be.

6<sup>1</sup>. hand, thou gentle Douglas: he sayes *wanting*.

6<sup>2</sup>. And here by my true faith, quoth hee.

6<sup>3</sup>. If thou: wordes. 6<sup>4</sup>. I will.

7<sup>1</sup>. bespake a lady faire.

8<sup>2</sup>. As I tell you in privitie.

8<sup>3</sup>. he has. hath, 1794.

8<sup>4</sup>. Into England nowe to 'liver.

9. Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,  
The regent is a noble lord;  
Ne for the gold in all England  
The Douglas wold not break his word.

When the regent was a banisht man,  
With me he did faire welcome find;  
And whether weal or woe betide,  
I still shall find him true and kind.

10<sup>1</sup>. Tween England and Scotland 't wold break  
truce. Betweene: it, 1794.

10<sup>2</sup>. If they.

11, 12. Alas! alas! my lord, she says,  
Nowe mickle is their traitorie;  
Then let my brother ride his ways,  
And tell those English lords from thee.

13<sup>1</sup>. with him.

14-17. 'To the Lord Hume I will thee bring;  
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,  
And he will lose both land and life  
Ere he with thee will break his word.'

'Much is my woe,' Lord Percy sayd,  
'When I thinke on my own countrie;  
When I thinke on the heavey happe  
My friends have suffered there for mee.

'Much is my woe,' Lord Percy sayd,  
'And sore those wars my minde distresse;  
Where many a widow lost her mate,  
And many a child was fatherlesse.

'And now that I, a banisht man,  
Shold bring such evil happe with mee,  
To cause my faire and noble friends  
To be suspect of treacherie,

'This rives my heart with double woe;  
And lever had I dye this day  
Then thinke a Douglas can be false,  
Or ever will his guest betray.' he will,  
1794.

18. 'If you 'll give me no trust, my lord,  
Nor unto mee no credence yield,  
Yet step one moment here aside,  
He shoue you all your foes in field.'

19<sup>1,2</sup>. Lady, I never loved witchcraft,  
Never dealt in privy wyle.

19<sup>1</sup>. Of truth and honoure, free from guile.

20<sup>1</sup>. If you 'll.

20<sup>2</sup>. Yet send your chamberlaine with.

20<sup>3</sup>. Let me but speak three words with him.

20<sup>4</sup>. And he.

21<sup>1</sup>. James Swynard with that lady went.

21<sup>2</sup>. She showed him through.

21<sup>3</sup>. many English lords there were.

21<sup>4</sup>. Waiting for.

22<sup>1</sup>. And who walkes yonder.

22<sup>2</sup>. That walkes *wanting*.

22<sup>3</sup>. O yonder is the lord Hunsden.

22<sup>4</sup>. you drie and teene. 23<sup>1</sup>. who beth.

23<sup>2</sup>. so proudly.

23<sup>3</sup>. That is: Iamy *wanting*.

23<sup>4</sup>. And *wanting*. 24<sup>1</sup>. itt, madame.

24<sup>2</sup>. lords.

24<sup>3,4</sup>. Marry, it is thrice fifty miles,

To sayl to them upon the sea.

25<sup>2</sup>. Ne never sawe.

25<sup>3,4</sup>. But as my book it sheweth mee,

And through my ring I may descrye.

26<sup>1</sup>. witch ladye. 26<sup>2</sup>. And of her skille she.

27<sup>1</sup>. thou lady faire.

27<sup>2</sup>. That looketh with sic an.

27<sup>3,4</sup>. Yonder is Sir John Foster, quoth shee,

Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace.

27<sup>5,6</sup>. *wanting*.

28<sup>1</sup>. downe over his browe.

28<sup>2</sup>. And in his heart he was full woe. He  
wept; his heart he was full of woe, 1794.

28<sup>3,4</sup>. And he is gone to his noble lord,  
Those sorrowfull tidings him to show.

29. Now nay, now nay, good James Swynard,  
I may not believe that witch ladie;  
The Douglasses were ever true,  
And they can neer prove false to mee.

30, 31 *wanting*.

32<sup>1</sup>. I have now in Lough-leven been.

32<sup>2</sup>. And I have never had. Yett have I never  
had, 1794.

32<sup>4</sup>. Ne no good.

33. Therefore I 'll to yond shooting wend,  
As to the Douglas I have hight;  
Betide me weale, betide me woe,  
He neer shall find my promise light.

34<sup>1</sup>. He writhe a gold ring from.

34<sup>2</sup>. that faire ladie. that gay ladie, 1794.

34<sup>3</sup>. Sayes, It was all that I cold save.

35. And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord?  
Then farewell truth and honestie!  
And farewell heart, and farewell hand!  
For never more I shall thee see.

36 *wanting.*

37<sup>1,2</sup>. The wind was faire, the boatmen calld,  
And all the saylors were on borde;  
Then William Douglas took to his boat,  
And with him went that noble lord.

37<sup>3,4</sup>. Then he cast up a silver wand,  
Says, Gentle lady, fare thee well!  
The lady fett a sigh soe deepe,  
And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

38, 39. Now let us goe back, Douglas, he sayd,  
A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie;  
If ought befall yond lady but good,  
Then blamed for ever I shall bee.

40<sup>2</sup>. Come on, come on, and let her bee.

40<sup>4</sup>. For to: that gay.

41. 'If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,  
Let me goe with my chamberlaine;  
We will but comfort that faire lady,  
And wee will return to you againe.

42<sup>2,4</sup>. 'Come on, come on, and let her bee;  
My sister is crafty, and wold beguile  
A thousand such as you and mee.

43<sup>2</sup>. Now *wanting: restored*, 1794.

43<sup>3,4</sup> *wanting.*

43<sup>5,6</sup>. Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas  
When they shold that shooting see.

44<sup>1</sup>. Faire words, quoth he, they make.

44<sup>2</sup>. And that by thee and thy lord is seen.

44<sup>3</sup>. You may hap to.

44<sup>4</sup>. Ere you that shooting reach, I ween.

45<sup>1</sup>. his hatt pulled over.

45<sup>2,4</sup>. He thought his lord then was betrayd;  
And he is to Earle Percy againe,  
To tell him what the Douglas sayd.

46 *wanting.*

47<sup>1</sup>. head, man, quoth his lord,

47<sup>2,4</sup>. Nor therefore let thy courage fail;  
He did it but to prove thy heart,  
To see if he cold make it quail.

48<sup>1</sup>. had other fifty sayld.

48<sup>3</sup>. calld to the Douglas himselfe. to D., 1794.

48<sup>4</sup>. Sayd, What wilt thou nowe doe.

49<sup>2</sup>. And your horse goe swift as ship.

50<sup>1</sup>. sayd. sayth, 1794.

50<sup>2</sup>. What needest thou to flyte with mee.

51<sup>1</sup>. he hath. hath, 1794.

51<sup>2</sup>. Who dealt with mee so treacherouslie.

51<sup>3</sup>. A false Armstrong he hath. hath, 1794.

51<sup>4</sup>. geere that. geere, 1794.

52<sup>2</sup>. landed him at Berwick towne. *MS. reading restored*, 1794.

52<sup>4</sup>. The Douglas landed Lord Percie.

*MS. reading restored with 'laird' for land.*

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,  
It was, alas! a sorrowful sight;  
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,  
Who ever was a gallant wight.

## 177

### THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND

'Earle of Westmorlande,' Percy MS., p. 112; Hales and Furnivall, I, 292.

"THESE lines," says Percy in a note in his MS. to 1<sup>1</sup>, "are given in one of my old copies to Lord Northumberland; they seem here cor-

rupted." The first three stanzas, with extensive variations, begin 'Northumberland betrayed by Douglas,' as printed in the Reliques,



I, 258, 1765. It will be remarked that Percy does not allege that he has an old copy of this ballad, though he implies he has one of the other, 'Northumberland betrayed by Douglas.'

The earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, as has been seen, upon being forced to leave Liddesdale, took refuge for a short time with one of the Armstrongs, John of the Side (cf. st. 3). They parted company, and Westmoreland, Lady Northumberland, Francis Norton, and others, were received by Sir Thomas Ker at Fernihurst, near Jedburgh; Old Norton, Markenfield, and others, by Buccleuch at Bransholm. Lady Northumberland shortly after removed to Hume Castle. The Regent Murray sent a secret messenger to persuade Fernihurst and Buccleuch to render into his hands the "Earl of Westmoreland and the other her Majesty's principal rebels being in their bounds," Jan. 14, 1570 (cf. st. 9). Westmoreland escaped to Flanders in the autumn of 1570, "with very slight means." He was very desirous to make his peace with Elizabeth, but the efforts he made were unsuccessful, and he wore out thirty-one years in the Low Countries, a pensioner of Spain, dying at Newport in November, 1601. The countess, his wife, daughter of the poet Surrey, a highly educated and in every way admirable woman, was treated by Elizabeth as innocent of treason (she was a zealous Protestant), and was granted a decent annuity for the support of herself and her three daughters. The Countess of Northumberland fled to Flanders in 1570, and lived on the King of Spain's bounty, separated from her children, and with no consolation but such as she derived from her intense religious and theological convictions, until 1596.\*

The ballad-story is that after the flight (as it is described) from Bramham ('Bramaball') Moor, Westmoreland sought refuge with Jock Armstrong on the west border, who also "took"† or sheltered Old Norton and other of the rebels. Neville does not think the

Debateable Land safe, and goes to Scotland, to Hume Castle, where all the banished men find welcome. The Regent is minded to write to Lord Hume to see whether he can be brought to surrender the fugitives, but on second thoughts, being at deadly feud with Hume, he concludes that writing will serve no purpose. (10<sup>1</sup> is not very intelligible.) He will rather send for troops from Berwick, and take the men by force. Lord Hume gets knowledge of the Regent's intention, and removes his guests to the castle of 'Camelye.' But still Neville sees that there is no biding even in Scotland, and he and his comrades take a noble ship, to be mariners on the sea.

So far the ballad, it will be perceived, has an historical substratum, though details are incorrect; what follows is pure fancy work, or rather an imitation of stale old romance.

After cruising three months, a large ship is sighted. Neville calls Markenfield to council. The latter, who knows every banner that is borne, knows whether any man that he has once laid eyes on is friend or foe, knows every language that is spoken, and who has besides (st. 39) a gift of prophecy. By the serpent and the serpent's head and the mole in the midst, Markenfield is able to say that the ship is Don John of Austria's, and he advises flight. This counsel (which would have lost Neville much glory and a hundred pounds a day) does not please the earl; he orders his own standard of the Dun Bull to be displayed. Don John sends a pinnace, with a herald, to fetch the name of the master of the ship he has met. Neville refuses to give up his name until he knows the master of the other vessel; the herald informs him that it is Duke John of Austria, who lives in Seville; then says the Briton, Charles Neville is my name, and in England I was Earl of Westmoreland. The herald makes his report, and is sent back to invite the nobleman to Don John's ship; for Don John had read in the 'Book of Mable' that a Briton, Charles Neville, 'with a child's voice,' should come over

\* Sharp's Memorials, pp. 138, 142, 298 ff, 346 ff.

† The most favorable interpretation has been given to 'Now hath Armstrong taken. The meaning is rather, per-

haps, that Armstrong has detained Neville and his followers.

the sea. Neville is courteously received; Don John desires to see his men; it is but a small company, says the earl, and calls in Markenfield the prophet, Dacres, Master Norton and four sons, and John of Carnabye. These are all my company, says Neville; when we were in England, our prince and we could not agree. The duke says Norton and his sons shall go to France, and also Dacres, who shall be a captain; Neville and Markenfield shall go to Seville, and the two others (there is but one other, John of Carnabye) are to go with Dacres. Neville will not part with men who have known him in weal and woe, and the duke says that, seeing he has so much manhood, he shall part with none of them. Both ships land at Seville, where the duke recommends Neville to the queen as one who wished to serve her as captain. The queen, first acquainting herself with his name, makes Neville captain over forty thousand men, to keep watch and ward in Seville, and to war against the heathen soldan. The soldan, learning in Barbary that a venturesome man is in Seville, sends him, through the queen, a challenge to single combat, both lands to be joined in one according to the issue of the fight. The queen declines this particular challenge, but promises the soldan a fight every day for three weeks, if he wishes it. Neville overhears all this and offers the queen to fight the soldan; she thinks it great pity that Neville should die, though he is a banished man. Don John informs the queen that he has read in the Book of Mable that a Briton was to come over the sea, Charles Neville by name, with a child's voice, and that this man there present hath heart and hand. (62 is corrupted.) The queen's council put their heads together, and it is determined that Neville shall fight with the soldan. The battle is to come off at the Headless Cross. Neville wishes to see the queen's ensign. In the ensign is a broken sword, with bloody hands and a headless cross. The all-knowing Markenfield pronounces that these are a token that the prince has suffered a sore overthrow. Neville orders his Dun Bull to be set up and trumpets to blow, makes

Markenfield captain over his host during his absence, and rides to the headless cross, where he finds the soldan, a foul man to see. The soldan cries out, Is it some kitchen-boy that comes to fight with me? Neville replies with a commonplace: thou makest\* so little of God's might, the less I care for thee. After a fierce but indecisive fight of an hour, the soldan, with a glance at his antagonist, says, No man shall overcome me except it be Charles Neville. Neville, without avowing his name, waxes bold, and presently strikes off the soldan's head. The queen comes out of the city with a procession, takes the crown from her head, and wishes to make him king on the spot, but Neville informs her that he has a wife in England. So the queen calls for a penman and writes Neville down for a hundred pound a day, for which he returns thanks, and proffers his services as champion if ever her Grace shall stand in need.

4. Martinfield is Thomas Markenfield of York, one of the most active promoters of the rising. He had been long a voluntary exile on account of religion, but returned to England the year before the rebellion. He fled to the continent with Westmoreland and the Nortons, and had a pension of thirty-six florins a month from Spain.

By Lord Dakers should be meant Edward, son of William, Lord Dacre, for he is in the list of fugitive rebels demanded of the Regent Murray by Lord Sussex. He fled to Flanders. But Leonard Dacre may be intended, who, though he did not take part with the earls, engaged in a rebellion of his own in February, 1570, fought and lost a battle, and like the rest fled to Flanders.

5. Only two of Richard Norton's sons went to the Low Countries with their father, Francis and Sampson. John Carnaby of Langley is in a list of persons indicted for rebellion. (Sharp, p. 230.) No reason appears why he should be distinguished.

11. Captain Reed, one of the captains of Berwick, was suspected of having to do with the rebels, and on one occasion was observed

\* 71<sup>3</sup>. 'spekest see litle.'

to be in company with some of the Nortons, in arms. He was committed to ward, but Lord Hunsdon stood his friend and brought him through safely. Sharp, p. 15 f.

21 ff. Don John's sole connection with the

rebels seems to have been the paying of their pensions for the short time during which he was governor of the Netherlands, 1576-78. Westmoreland's pension was two hundred florins a month. (Sharp, p. 223, note.)

1 'How long shall fortune faile me now,  
And keepe me heare in deadlye dreade?  
How long shall I in bale abide,  
In misery my life to leade?

2 'To ffall from my rose, it was my chance;  
Such was the Queene of England free;  
I tooke a lake, and turned my backe,  
On Bramaball More shee caused me flye.

3 'One gentle Armstrong *that* I doe ken,  
Alas, with thee I dare not mocke!  
Thou dwellest soe far on the west border,  
Thy name is called the *Lord Iocke*.'

4 Now hath Armstrong taken noble Nevill,  
And as one Martinfield did *profecye*;  
He hath taken the *Lord Dakers*,  
A lords sonne of great degree.

5 He hath taken old *Master Norton*,  
And sonnes four in his companye;  
Hee hath taken another gentleman,  
Called *Iohn of Carnabie*.

6 Then bespake him *Charles Nevill*;  
To all his men, I wott, sayd hee,  
Sayes, I must into *Scotland* fare;  
Soe nie the borders is noe biding for me.

7 When he came to *Humes Castle*,  
And all his noble companye;  
The *Lord Hume* halched them right soone,  
Saying, Banished men, welcome to mee!

8 They had not beene in *Humes Castle*  
Not a month and dayes three,  
But the regent of *Scotland* and he got witt  
*That* banished men there shold be.

9 'I 'le write a letter,' sayd the regent then,  
'And send to *Humes Castle* hastilye,  
To see whether *Lord Hume* wilbe soe good  
To bring the banished men vnto mee.

10 'That lord and I hane beene att deadlye  
fuyde,  
And hee and I cold neuer agree;  
Writing a letter, *that* will not serue;  
The banished men must not speake with  
me.

11 'But I will send for the garrison of *Barwicke*,  
*That* they will come all with speede,  
And with them will come a noble captaine,  
*Which* is called *Captain Reade*.'

12 Then the *Lord Hume* he got witt  
They wold seeke vnto *Nevill*, where he did  
lye;  
He tooke them out of the castle of *Hume*,  
And brought them into the castle of *Came-*  
lye.

13 Then bespake him *Charles Nevill*,  
To all his men, I wott, spoke hee,  
Sayes, I must goe take a noble shippe,  
And wee 'le be marriners vpon the sea.

14 I 'le seeke out fortune where it doth lye;  
In *Scotland* there is noe byding for mee;  
Then the tooke leaue with fayre *Scotland*,  
For they are sealing vpon the sea.

15 They had not sayled vpon the sea  
Not one day and monthes three,  
But they were ware of a Noble shippe,  
*That* fūe topps bare all soe hye.

16 Then *Nevill* called to *Martinfeeld*,  
Sayd, *Martinfeeld*, come hither to mee;  
Some good counsell, *Martinfeeld*,  
I pray thee giue it vnto mee.

17 Thou told me when I was in *England* fayre,  
Before *that* I did take the sea,  
Thou neuer sawst noe banner borne  
But thou wold ken it with thine eye.

- 18 Thou neuer saw noe man in the face,  
 If thou had seene before with thine eye,  
 [But] thou coldest haue kend thy freind by  
 thy foe,  
 And then haue told it vnto mee.
- 19 Thou neuer heard noe speeche spoken,  
 Neither in Greeke nor Hebrewē,  
 [But] thou coldest haue answered them in any  
 language,  
 And then haue told it vnto mee.
- 20 'Master, master, see you yonder faire an-  
 cyent?  
 Yonder is the serpent and the serpents head,  
 The mould-warpe in the midst of itt,  
 And itt all shines with gold soe redde.
- 21 'Yonder is Duke Iohn of Austria,  
 A noble warryour on the sea,  
 Whose dwelling is in Ciuill land,  
 And many men, God wot, hath hee.'
- 22 Then bespake him Martinfeelde,  
 To all his fellowes, I wot, said hee,  
 Turne our noble shipp about,  
 And *that*'s a token *that* wee will flee.
- 23 'Thy counsell is not good, Martinfeeld;  
 Itt falleth not out fitting for mee;  
 I rue the last time I turnd my backe;  
 I did displeace my prince and the countrey.'
- 24 Then bespake him noble Nevill,  
 To all his men, I wott, sayd hee,  
 Sett me vp my faire Dun Bull,  
 With gilden hornes hee beares all soe hye.
- 25 And I will passe yonder noble Duke,  
 By the leaue of mild Marye;  
 For yonder is the Duke of Austria,  
*That* trauellis now vpon the sea.
- 26 And then bespake this noble Duke,  
 Vnto his men then sayd hee,  
 Yonder is sure some nobleman,  
 Or else some youth *that* will not flee.
- 27 I will put out a pinace fayre,  
 A harold of armes vpon the sea,  
 And goe thy way to yonder noble shippe,  
 And bring the *masters* name to mee.
- 28 When the herald of armes came before noble  
 Nevill,  
 He fell downe low vpon his knee:  
 'You must tell me true what is your name,  
 And in what countrey your dwelling may  
 bee.'
- 29 '*That* will I not doe,' sayd noble Nevill,  
 'By Mary mild, *that* mayden free,  
 Except I first know thy *masters* name,  
 And in what country his dwelling may bee.'
- 30 Then bespake the herald of armes,  
 O *that* he spoke soe curteouslye!  
 Duke Iohn of Austria is my *masters* name,  
 'He will neuer lene it vpon the sea.
- 31 He hath beene in the citey of Rome,  
 His dwelling is in Ciuillee:  
 'Then wee are poore Brittons,' the Nevill can  
 say,  
 'Where wee trauell vpon the sea.
- 32 'And Charles Nevill itt is my name,  
 I will neuer lene it vpon the sea;  
 When I was att home in England faire,  
 I was the Erle of Westmoreland,' sayd hee.
- 33 Then backe is gone this herald of armes  
 Whereas this noble duke did lye;  
 'Loe, yonder are poore Brittons,' can he say,  
 'Where the trauell vpon the sea.
- 34 'And Charles Nevill is their *masters* name,  
 He will neuer lene it vpon the sea;  
 When he was at home in England fayre,  
 He was the Erle of Westmoreland, said hee.'
- 35 Then bespake this noble duke,  
 And euer he spake soe hastilye,  
 And said, Goe backe to yonder noble-man,  
 And bid him come and speake with me.
- 36 For I haue read in the Booke of Mable,  
 There shold a Brittainē come ouer the sea,  
 Charles Nevill with a child's voice:  
 I pray God *that* it may be hee.
- 37 When these two nobles they didden meete,  
 They halched eche other right curteouslye;  
 Yett Nevill halched Iohn the sooner  
 Because a banished man, alas! was hee.

- 38 'Call in *your men*,' sayd this noble duke,  
 'Faine *your men* *that* I wold see;'  
 'Euer alas!' said noble Nevill,  
 'They are but a litle small companye.'
- 39 First he called in Martinfeild,  
*That Martinfeild that cold prophecy;*  
 He call[ed] in then *Lord Dakers*,  
 A lords sonne of high degree.
- 40 Then called he in old *Master Nortton*,  
 And sonnes four in his companye;  
 He called in one other gentleman,  
 Called Iohn of Carnabye.
- 41 'Loe! these be all my men,' said noble Nevill,  
 'And all *that's* in my companye;  
 When we were att home in England fayre,  
 Our prince and wee cold not agree.'
- 42 Then bespake this noble duke:  
 To try *your* manhood on the sea,  
 Old *Master Nortton* shall goe *ouer* into France,  
 And his sonnes four in his companye.
- 43 And my *lord Dakers* shall goe over into  
 Ffrance,  
 There a captaine ffor to bee;  
 And those two other gentlemen wold goe with  
 him,  
 And for to fare in his companye.
- 44 And you *your-selfe* shall goe into Ciuill land,  
 And Marttinfeild *that* can prophecy;  
 'That will I not doe,' sayd noble Nevill,  
 'By Mary mild, *that* mayden free.
- 45 'For the haue knowen me in wele and woe,  
 In neede, scar[s]nesse and pouertye;  
 Before I 'le part with the worst of them,  
 I 'le rather part with my life,' sayd hee.
- 46 And then bespake this noble duke,  
 And euer he spake soe courteouslye;  
 Sayes, You shall part with none of them,  
 There is soe much manhood in *your* bodye.
- 47 Then these two noblemen labored together,  
 Pleasantlye vpon the sea;  
 Their landing was in Ciuill land,  
 In Ciulle that ffaire citey.
- 48 Three nights att this dukes Nevill did lye,  
 And serued like a nobleman was hee;
- Then the duke made a supplication,  
 And sent it to the queene of Ciullee.
- 49 Saying, Such a man is *your* citey within,  
 I mett him pleasantlye vpon the sea;  
 He seemes to be a noble man,  
 And captaine to *your* Grace he faine wold  
 bee.
- 50 Then the queene sent for [these] noble men  
 For to come into her companye;  
 When Nevill came before the queene,  
 Hee kneeled downe vpon his knee.
- 51 Shee tooke him vp by the lilly-white hand,  
 Said, Welcome, my lord, hither to me;  
 You must first tell me *your* name,  
 And in what cuntrye thy dwelling may bee.
- 52 He said, Charles Nevill is my name;  
 I will neuer lene it in noe cuntrye;  
 When I was att home in England fayre,  
 I was the Erle of Westmorland trulye.
- 53 The queene made him captaine ouer forty  
 thousand,  
 Watch and ward within Ciuill land to keepe,  
 And for to warr against the heathen soldan,  
 And for to helpe her in her neede.
- 54 When the heathen soldan he gott witt,  
 In Barbarye where he did lye,  
 Sainge, Such a man is in yonder citey within,  
 And a bold venturer by sea is hee,
- 55 Then the heathen soldan made a letter,  
 And sent it to the queene instantlye,  
 And all that heard this letter reade  
 Where it was rehersed in Ciullee.
- 56 Saying, Haue you any man *your* land within  
 Man to man dare fight with mee?  
 And both our lands shalbe ioyned in one,  
 And cristened lands they both shalbe.
- 57 Shee said, I haue noe man my land within  
 Man to man dare fight with thee;  
 But every day thou shalt haue a battell,  
 If it be for these weekes three.
- 58 All beheard him Charles Nevill,  
 In his bedd where he did lye,  
 And when he came the queene before,  
 He fell downe low vpon his knee.

- 59 'Grant me a boone, my noble dame,  
For Chrissts loue *that* dyed on tree;  
Ffor I will goe fight with yond heathen soldan,  
If you will bestowe the manhood on mee.'
- 60 Then bespake this curteous queene,  
And euer shee spoke soe curteouslye:  
Though you be a banished man out of *your*  
realme,  
It is great pitye *that* thou shold dye.
- 61 Then bespake this noble duke,  
As hee stood hard by the queenes knee:  
As I haue read in the Booke of Mable,  
There shall a Brittone come ouer the sea,
- 62 And Charles Nevill shold be his name;  
But a childs voyce, I wott, hath hee,  
And if he be in Christendome;  
For hart and hand this man hath hee.
- 63 Then the queenes counsell cast their heads to  
gether,  
.  
.  
.  
*That* Nevill shold fight with the heathen sol-  
dan  
*That* dwelt in the citey of Barbarye.
- 64 The battell and place appointed was  
In a fayre greene, hard by the sea,  
And they shood meete att the Headless Crosse,  
And there to fight right manfullye.
- 65 Then Nevill cald for the queenes ancient,  
And faine *that* ancient he wold see;  
The brought him forth the broken sword,  
With bloodye hands therein trulye.
- 66 The brought him forth the headless crosse,  
In *that* ancenynt it was seene;  
'O this is a token,' sayd Martinnefeld,  
'*That* sore ouerthrowen this prince hath  
beene.
- 67 'O sett me vp my fayre Dun Bull,  
And trumpetts blow me farr and nee,  
Vntill I come within a mile of the Headlesse  
Crosse,  
*That* the Headlesse Crosse I may see.'
- 68 Then lighted downe noble Nevill,  
And sayd, Martinnefeld, come hither to me;  
Heere I make thee choice captain over my host  
Vntill againe I may thee see.
- 69 Then Nevill rode to the Headless Crosse,  
Which stands soe fayre vpon the sea;  
There was he ware of the heathen soldan,  
Both fowle and vglye for to see.
- 70 Then the soldan began for to call;  
Twise he called lowd and hye,  
And sayd, What is this? Some kitchin boy  
*That* comes hither to fight with mee?
- 71 Then bespake him Charles Nevill,  
But a childs voyce, I wott, had hee:  
'Thou spekest soe litle of Gods might,  
Much more lesse I doe care for thee.'
- 72 Att the first meeting *that* these two mett,  
The heathen soldan and the christen man,  
The broke their speares quite in sunder,  
And after *that* on foote did stand.
- 73 The next meeting *that* these two mett,  
The swapt together with swords soe fine;  
The fought together till they both swett,  
Of blowes *that* were both derf and dire.
- 74 They fought an houre in battell strong;  
The soldan marke[d] Nevill with his eye;  
'There shall neuer man me ouercome  
Except it be Charles Nevill,' sayd hee.
- 75 Then Nevill he waxed bold,  
And cunning in fight, I wott, was hee;  
Euen att the gorgett of the soldans iacke  
He stroke his head of presentlye.
- 76 Then kneeled downe noble Nevill,  
And thanked God for his great grace,  
*That* he shold come soe farr into a strang[e]  
land,  
To ouercome the soldan in place.
- 77 Hee tooke the head vpon his sword-poynt,  
And carryed it amongst his host soe fayre;  
When the saw the soldans head,  
They thanked God on their knees there.
- 78 Seuen miles from the citey the queene him  
mett,  
With procession *that* was soe fayre;  
Shee tooke the crowne beside her heade,  
And wold haue crowned him *king* there.
- 79 'Now nay! Now nay! my noble dame,  
For soe, I wott, itt cannott bee;

I haue a ladye in England fayre,  
And wedded againe I wold not bee.\*

- 80 The queene shee called for her penman,  
I wot shee called him lowd and hye,  
Saying, Write him downe a hundred pound a  
day,  
To keepe his men more merrylye.

81 'I thanke your Grace,' sayd noble Nevill,  
'For this worthy gift you haue giuen to me;  
If euer your Grace doe stand in neede,  
Champion to your Highnesse again I'le  
bee.'

1<sup>l</sup>. feare for dreade. 2<sup>l</sup>. fayre for free.

2<sup>l</sup>. my for me. 5<sup>2</sup>, 40<sup>2</sup>, 42<sup>4</sup>. 4.

5<sup>4</sup>. Carnakie: cf. 40<sup>4</sup>. 8<sup>2</sup>, 15<sup>2</sup>, 48<sup>1</sup>, 57<sup>4</sup>. 3.

8<sup>2</sup>. he & god. 14<sup>1</sup>. fortune. 15<sup>4</sup>. 5.

20<sup>3</sup>. middest flitt. 35. The Second Part.

37<sup>1</sup>, 43<sup>2</sup>, 47<sup>1</sup>, 72<sup>1</sup>, 73<sup>1</sup>. 2. 48<sup>1</sup>. Ciuillee. In  
this and the like names following, the u

has only one stroke in the MS., as often  
happens. The letter is not meant for c,  
clearly, as it has not the accent or beak of  
a c. Furnivall.

53<sup>1</sup>. 40000. 55<sup>3</sup>. all they? all these?

62<sup>2</sup>. ben. 70<sup>2</sup>. 2<sup>o</sup>. 78<sup>1</sup>. 7. 80<sup>2</sup>. 100<sup>3</sup>.

And for & always.

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### CAPTAIN CAR, OR, EDMO O GORDON

A. Cotton MS. Vespasian, A. xxv, No 67, fol. 187, of the last quarter of the 16th century,\* British Museum; Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 137; Büldeker, in *Jahrbuch für romanische und englische Sprache und Literatur*, XV, 126, 1876 (very incorrectly); Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society, 1880-86, Appendix, p. 52†, edited by F. J. Furnivall.

B. Percy MS., p. 34; Hales and Furnivall, I, 79.

C. Percy Papers, from a servant of Rev. Robert Lamb's, 1766.

D. 'Edmo of Gordon,' an ancient Scottish Poem. Never

before printed. Glasgow, printed and sold by Robert and Andrew Foulis, 1755, small 4°, 12 pages. Ritson, *Scottish Songs*, II, 17.

E. 'Edmo o Gordon,' Kinloch MSS, V, 384.

F. The New Statistical Account of Scotland, V, 846, 1845; 'Loudoun Castle,' *The Ballads and Songs of Ayrshire*, J. Paterson and C. Gray, 1st Series, p. 74, Ayr, 1846.

G. 'The Burning o Loudon Castle,' Motherwell's MS., p. 543.

FIRST printed by the Foulises, Glasgow, 1755, after a copy furnished by Sir David Dalrymple, "who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady." This information we derive from Percy, who inserted the Dalrymple ballad in his *Reliques*, 1765, I, 99,

\* This is the date given me. It is very near to that of the event.

"improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas recovered from a fragment . . . in the Editor's folio MS." Seven stanzas of the enlarged copy were adopted from this MS., with changes; 16<sup>2,4</sup>, 30, 35, 36, are Percy's own; the last three of the Glasgow edition are dropped. Herd's copy, *The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 234, is from

Percy's Reliques; so is Pinkerton's, Scottish Tragic Ballads, 1781, p. 43, with the omission of the seventh stanza and many alterations. Ritson, Scottish Songs, 1794, II, 17, repeats the Glasgow copy; so the Campbell MSS, I, 155, and Finlay, I, 85. The copy in Buchan's Gleanings, p. 180, is Percy's, with one stanza from Ritson. Of twelve stanzas given in Burton's History of Scotland, V, 70 f., 3-6 are from Percy's Reliques (modified by E, a fragment obtained by Burton), the rest from D.

During the three wretched and bloody years which followed the assassination of the regent Murray, the Catholic Earl of Huntly, George Gordon, was one of the most eminent and active of the partisans of the queen. Mary created him her lieutenant-governor, and his brother, Adam Gordon, a remarkably gallant and able soldier, whether so created or not, is sometimes called the queen's deputy-lieutenant in the north. Our ballad is concerned with a minor incident of the hostilities in Aberdeenshire between the Gordons and the Forbeses, a rival but much less powerful clan, who supported the Reformed faith and the regency or king's party.\*

"The queen's lieutenant-deputy in the north, called Sir Adam Gordon of Auchindown, knight, was very vigilant in his function; for suppressing of whom the Master of Forbes was directed, with the regent's commission. But the first encounter, which was upon the ninth day of October [1571], Auchindown obtained such victory that he slew of the Forbeses a hundred and twenty persons, and lost very few of his own." This was the battle of Tulliangus, on the northern slope of the hills of Coreen, some thirty miles north-west of Aberdeen. Both parties having been reinforced, an issue was tried again on the twentieth of November at Crabstane, in the vicinity of Aberdeen, where Adam Gordon inflicted a severe defeat on the Forbeses.†

"But what glory and renown," says the contemporary History of King James the Sixth, "he [Gordon] obtained of these two victories was all cast down by the infamy of his next attempt; for immediately after this last conflict he directed his soldiers to the castle of Towie, desiring the house to be rendered to him in the queen's name; which was obstinately refused by the lady, and she burst forth with certain injurious words. And the soldiers being impatient, by command of their leader, Captain Ker, fire was put to the house, wherein she and the number of twenty-seven persons were cruelly burnt to the death."

Another account, reported by a contemporary who lived in Edinburgh, is that "Adam Gordon sent Captain Ker to the place of Toway, requiring the lady thereof to render the place of Carrigill to him in the queen's name, which she would noways do; whereof the said Adam having knowledge, moved in ire towards her, caused raise fire thereintill, wherein she, her daughters, and other persons were destroyed, to the number of twenty-seven or thereby."‡ This was in November, 1571.

We have a third report of this outrage from Richard Bannatyne, also a contemporary, a man, it may be observed, bitterly hostile to the queen's party. "Adam of Gordon . . . went to the house of Towie, which he burnt and twenty four persons in the same, never one escaping but one woman that came through the corns and hather which was cast to the house-sides, whereby they were smothered. This was done under assurance; for the laird of Towie's wife, being sister to the lady Crawford (and also died within the house), sent a boy to the laird in time of the truce (which was for the space of twelve hours) to see on what conditions they should render the house. In the mean time, Adam Gordon's men laid the corns and tim-

\* Lieut.-Col. H. W. Lumsden has very kindly allowed me a discretionary use of an unpublished paper of his upon the historical basis of this ballad, and I freely avail myself of his aid, all responsibility remaining, of course, with me.

† The Historie of King James the Sext, p. 95 ff. The History of the Feuds and Conflicts among the Clans, etc.,

p. 51 ff, in Miscellanea Scotica, vol. I. Diurnal of Occurrences, pp. 251, 253, 255.

‡ Diurnal of Occurrences, p. 255. What place is meant by Carrigill here is of no present consequence, since it was Towie that was burnt. Many writers, as Tytler, VII, 367, following Crawford's spurious Memoirs, p. 240, 1706, make the number that perished in the house thirty-seven.



bers and hather about the house, and set all on fire."\*

Buchanan puts the incident which mainly concerns us between the fights of Tullianus and Crabstone; so does Archbishop Spottiswood. "Not long after" the former, says the archbishop, who was a child of six when the affair occurred, Adam Gordon "sent to summon the house of Tavoy, pertaining to Alexander Forbes. The lady refusing to yield without direction from her husband, he put fire unto it and burnt her therein with children and servants, being twenty-seven persons in all. This inhuman and barbarous cruelty made his name odious, and stained all his former doings; otherwise he was held both active and fortunate in his enterprises."†

Buchanan dispatches the burning of the house in a line: *Domus Alexandri Forbesii, cum uxore pregnante, liberis et ministris, cremata*. Ed. 1582, fol. 248 b.

Towie was a place of no particular importance; judging both by the square keep that remains, which is described as insignificant, and by the number of people that the house contained, it must have been a small place. It is therefore more probable that Captain Ker burnt Towie while executing a general commission to harry the Forbeses than that this house should have been made a special object. But whether this were so or not, it is evident from the terms in which the transaction is spoken of by contemporaries, who were familiarized to a ferocious kind of warfare,‡ that there must have been something quite beyond the common in Captain Ker's proceedings on this occasion, for they are denounced even in those days as infamous, inhuman, and barbarously cruel, and the name of Adam Gordon is said to have been made odious by them.

It is not to be disguised that the language

employed by Spottiswood might be so interpreted as to signify that Ker did not act in this dreadful business entirely upon his own responsibility; and the second of the four writers who speak circumstantially of the affair even intimates that Ker applied to his superior for instructions. On the other hand, the author of the History of James the Sixth says distinctly that the house was fired by the command of Ker, whose soldiers were rendered impatient by an obstinate refusal to surrender, accompanied with opprobrious words. The oldest of the ballads, also, which is nearly coeval with the occurrence, speaks only of Captain Car, knows nothing of Adam Gordon. On the other hand, Bannatyne knows nothing, or chooses to say nothing, of Captain Car: Adam Gordon burns the house, and even does this during a truce. It may be said that, even if the act were done without the orders or knowledge of Adam Gordon, he deserves all the ill fame which has fallen to him, for not punishing, or at least discharging, the perpetrator of such an outrage. But this would be applying the standards of the nineteenth century (and its very best standards) to the conduct of the sixteenth. It may be doubted whether there was at that time a man in Scotland, nay, even a man in Europe, who would have turned away a valuable servant because he had cruelly exceeded his instructions.§

A favorable construction, where the direct evidence is conflicting, is due to Adam Gordon because of his behavior on two other occasions, one immediately preceding, and the other soon following, the burning of the house of Towie. We are told that he used his victory at Crabstone "very moderately, and suffered no man to be killed after the fury of the fight was past. Alexander Forbes of Strath-gar-neck, author of all these troubles

\* Journal of the Transactions in Scotland during the contest between the adherents of Queen Mary and those of her son, 1570, 1571, 1572, 1573, p. 302 f., Edinburgh, 1806.

† History of the Church of Scotland, ed. 1666, p. 259.

‡ "For many miserable months Scotland presented a sight which might have drawn pity from the hardest heart: her sons engaged in a furious and constant butchery of each other; . . . nothing seen but villages in flames, towns be-

leagured by armed men, women and children flying from the cottages where their fathers or husbands had been massacred; . . . prisoners tortured, or massacred in cold blood, or hung by forties and fifties at a time." Tytler, VII, 370.

§ These are nearly the words of Lieut.-Col. Lumsden, upon whom I am very glad to lean. That Ker was a valuable officer is well known.

betwixt these two families, was taken at this battle, and as they were going to behead him Auchindown caused stay his execution. He entertained the Master of Forbes and the rest of the prisoners with great kindness and courtesy, he carried the Master of Forbes along with him to Strathbogie, and in end gave him and all the rest leave to depart." \* And again, after another success in a fight called The Bourd of Brechin, in the ensuing July, he caused all the prisoners to be brought before him, they expecting nothing but death, and said to them: "My friends and brethren, have in remembrance how God has granted to me victory and the upper hand of you, granting me the same vantage ['vand and sching'] to punish you wherewith my late father and brother were punished at the Bank of Fair; and since, of the great slaughter made on the Queen's Grace's true subjects, and most filthily of the hanging of my soldiers here by the Earl of Lennox; and since, by the hanging of ten men in Leith, with other unlawful acts done contrary to the laws of arms; and I doubt not, if I were under their dominion, as you are under mine, that I should die the death most cruelly. Yet notwithstanding, my good brethren and countrymen, be not afraid nor fear not, for at this present ye shall incur no danger of your bodies, but shall be treated as brethren, and I shall do to you after the commandment of God, in doing good for evil, forgetting the cruelty done to the queen and her faithful subjects, and receiving you as her faithful subjects in time coming. Who promised to do the same, and for assurance hereof each found surety. After which the Regent past hastily out of Sterling to Dundee, charging all manner of man to follow him, with twenty days victuals, against the

said Adam Gordon. But there would never a man in those parts obey the charge, by reason of the bond made before and of the great gentleness of the said Adam." †

After the Pacification of February, 1573, Adam Gordon obtained license to go to France and other parts beyond sea, for certain years, on condition of doing or procuring nothing to the hurt of the realm of Scotland; but for private practices of his, contrary to his promise, in conjunction with Captain Ker and others, he was ordered to return home, 12th May, 1574. His brother, the Earl of Huntly, upon information of these unlawful practices in France, was committed to ward, and when released from ward had to give security to the amount of £20,000. Adam Gordon returned in July, 1575, "at the command of the regent," with twenty gentlemen who had gone to France with him, and was in ward in 1576. He died at St. Johnston in October, 1580, "of a bleeding." As he was of tender age in 1562, he must still have been a young man.‡

Thomas Ker was a captain "of men of war"; that is, a professional soldier. As such he is mentioned in one of the articles of the Pacification, where it is declared that Captain Thomas Ker, Captain James Bruce, and Captain Gilbert Wauchop, with their respective lieutenants and ensigns, and two other persons, "shall be comprehended in this present pacification, as also all the soldiers who served under their charges, for deeds of hostility and crimes committed during the present troubles." He was accused of being engaged in practices against the regency, as we have already seen, in 1574. He was released from ward upon caution in February, 1575. 1578, 26th July, he was summoned to appear be-

\* The History of the Feuds and Conflicts among the Clans, p. 54 f.

† Diurnal of Occurrents, p. 304 f. Also The Historie of King James the Sext, p. 111.

As to the 'Bank of Fair,' otherwise called Corrichie, the Earl of Huntly and two of his sons, John and Adam, were made prisoners at the battle there in 1562. The father, a corpulent man, "by reason of the throng that pressed him, expired in the hands of his takers." John was executed, but Adam was spared because of his tender age. (Spottiswood, p. 187.)

Tytler observes of Adam Gordon: "In his character we find a singular mixture of knightly chivalry with the ferocity of the highland freebooter. . . . Such a combination as that exhibited by Gordon was no infrequent production in these dark and sanguinary times." VII. 367. But it would have been a good thing to cite other instances.

‡ Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, II, 355 f., 420, 480, 720. Diurnal of Occurrents, p. 350. Chronicle of Aberdeen, in The Miscellany of the Spalding Club, II, 53.

fore the king and council to answer to such things as should be inquired of him. He is mentioned as a burgher of Aberdeen 1588, 1591. 1593, 3d March, he is required to give caution to the amount of 1000 merks that he will not assist the earls of Huntly and Errol. His "counsail and convoy was chiefly usit" in an important matter at Balmorinnes in 1594, at which battle he "behavit himself so valiantly" that he was knighted on the field. November 4, 1594, Captain Thomas Ker and James Ker, his brother, are ordered to be denounced as rebels, having failed to appear to answer touching their treasurable assistance to George, sometime Earl of Huntly; and this seems to be the latest notice of him that has been recovered.\*

In the Genealogy of the family of Forbes drawn up by Matthew Lumsden in 1580, and continued to 1667 by William Forbes, p. 43 f., ed. 1819, we read: "John Forbes of Towie married — Grant, daughter to John Grant of Bandallach, who did bear to him a son who was unmercifullie murdered in the castle of Corgaffe; and after the decease of Bandallach's daughter, the said John Forbes married Margaret Campbell, daughter to Sir John Campbell of Calder, knight, who did bear him three sons, Alex. Forbes of Towie, John Forbes, thereafter of Towie, and William

Forbes. . . . The said John Forbes of Towie, after the murder of Margaret Campbell, married — Forbes, a daughter to the Reires," by whom he had a son, who, as also a son of his own, died in Germany. Alexander and William, sons of Margaret Campbell, died without succession, and by the death of an only son of John, junior, the house of Towie became extinct. "The rest of the said Margaret Campbell's bairns, with herself, were unmercifullie murdered in the castle of Corgaffe." †

According to the Lumsden genealogy, then, Margaret Campbell, with her younger children, and also a son of her husband, John Forbes of Towie, by a former marriage, were murdered at the castle of Corgaffe. Corgarf is a place "*exigui nominis*," some fifteen miles west of Towie, and, so far as is known, there is nothing to connect this place with the Forbes family. ‡ Three sixteenth-century accounts, and a fourth by an historian who was born before the event, make Towie to be the scene of the "murder," and Towie we know to have been in the possession of a member of the house of Forbes for several generations. Since Lumsden wrote only nine years after the event, and was more particularly concerned with the Forbes family than any of the other writers referred to, his statement cannot be preemptorily set aside. But we

\* Register of the Privy Council, II, 199, 725; III, 10; V, 46, 187. Register of the Great Seal, No 1554, vol. V. Miscellany of the Spalding Club, III, 163. *Historie of King James the Sext*, pp 339 f., 342. The so-called ballad in Dalzell's *Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*, II, 347, which was in circulation as a broadside.

† That a Margaret Campbell was the wife of John Forbes of Towie in 1556-63 appears from the Register of the Great Seal of Scotland, Nos 1124, 1404, 1469. But Lieut.-Col. Lumsden remarks that Sir John Campbell of Calder had no daughter of the name of Margaret, and that there is no record of such a marriage in the Cawdor papers. It may be observed in passing that Buchanan's and Spottiswood's error (as it seems to be) of substituting Alexander Forbes for John might easily arise, since, according to the Genealogy, John's father, one of his brothers, a son, and a grandson, all bore the name Alexander.

‡ "After making considerable researches upon the subject, I am come to the conclusion that it was Towie House that was burnt. Corgarf never was in possession of a Forbes." (Joseph Robertson, Kinloch MSS, VI, 28.) What is said of Corgarf in the View of the Diocese of Aberdeen, 1732, Robertson, Collections for a History of the Shires of Aberdeen and Banff, pp. 611, 616, is derived from Lumsden.

Robert Gordon, writing about 1654, says, "*Non procul a fontibus [Donæ] jacet Corgarf, exigui nominis.*" A description of the parish of Strathdon, written about 1725, in Macfarlane's *Geographical Collections*, MS., says of Corgarf, "This is an old castle belonging to the earls of Mar, but nothing remarkable about it:" pp. 26, 616, of the work last cited. The *Statistical Accounts of Scotland* give no light; the older tells the story of Corgarf, the later of both Corgarf and Towie, and the one is as uncritical as the other.

John Forbes of Towie (Tolleis) is one of a long list of that name in an order of the Lords of Council concerning an action of the Forbes clan against the Earl of Huntly in 1573; and in another paper, dated July, 1578, which has reference to the same action, the Forbeses complain that "sum of thair housis, wyifis and bairnis being thairin, were all uterlie wraikit and brount." (Robertson, *Illustrations*, etc., IV, 762, 765.) Bearing in mind the latitude of phrasology customary in indictments, we are perhaps under no necessity of thinking that the atrocity of Towie was but one of several instances of houses burnt, wives (women) and bairns being therein. There may be those who will think it plausible that "Carrigill" in the *Diurnal of Occurrents* should be Corgarf, and that both were burnt.

may owe Corgarf to the reviser of 1667, although he professes not to have altered the substance of his predecessor's work.

Reverting now to the ballad, we observe that none of the seven versions, of which one is put towards the end of the sixteenth century, one is of the seventeenth century, two are of the eighteenth, and the remainder from tradition of the present century, lay the scene at Towie. E, which is of this century, has Cargarf. A, B, the oldest copies (both English), give no name to the castle. Crechynbroghe in A, Bittonsborrow in B, are not the name of the castle that is burned, but of a castle suggested for a winter retirement by one of Car's men, and rejected by the captain. The fragment C (English again) also names no place. D transfers the scene from the north to the house of Rodes, near Dunse, in Berwickshire, and F, G to Loudoun castle in Ayrshire; the name of Gordon probably helping to the localizing of the ballad in the former case, and that of Campbell, possibly, in the other.

Captain Car is the leader of the bloody band in A, B; he is lord of Eastertown A 6, 13, of Westertown B 5, 9; but 'Adam' is said to fire the house in B 14. Adam Gordon is the captain in C-G. The sufferers are in A Hamiltons,\* in F, G, Campbells. The name Forbes is not preserved in any version.

A, B. Martinmas weather forces Captain Car to look for a hold. Crechynbroghe, A, Bittonsborrow, B, is proposed, but he knows of a castle where there is a fair lady whose lord is away, and makes for that. The lady sees from the wall a host of men riding towards the castle, and thinks her lord is coming home, but it was the traitor Captain Car. By supper-time he and his men have lighted about the place. Car calls to the lady to give up the house; she shall lie in his arms that night, and the morrow heir his land. She will not give up the house, but fires on

Car and his men. [Orders are given to burn the house.] The lady entreats Car to save her eldest son. Lap him in a sheet and let him down, says Car; and when this is done, cuts out tongue and heart, ties them in a handkerchief, and throws them over the wall. The youngest son begs his mother to surrender, for the smoke is smothering him. She would give all her gold and fee for a wind to blow the smoke away; but the fire falls about her head, and she and her children are burned to death. Captain Car rides away, A. The lord of the castle dreams, learns by a letter, at London, that his house has been fired, and hurries home. He finds the hall still burning, and breaks out into expressions of grief, A. In B, half of which has been torn from the manuscript, after reading the letter he says he will find Car wherever Car may be, and, long ere day, comes to Dractonsborrow, where the miscreant is. If nine or ten stanzas were not lost at this point, we should no doubt learn of the revenge that was taken.

In the short fragment C, upon surrender being demanded, reply is made by a shot which kills seven of the beleaguers. An only daughter, smothered by the reek, asks her mother to give up the house. Rather would I see you burnt to ashes, says the mother. The boy on the nurse's knee makes the same appeal; her mother would sooner see him burnt than give up her house to be Adam of Gordon's whore.

D makes the lady try fair speeches with Gordon, and the lady does not reply with firearms to the proposal that she shall lie by his side. Nevertheless she has spirit enough to say, when her youngest son beseeches her to give up the house, Come weal, come woe, you must take share with me. The daughter, and not the eldest son, is wrapped in sheets and let down the wall; she gets a fall on the

\* The making Gordon burn a house of the Hamiltons, who were of the queen's party, is a heedless perversion of history such as is to be found only in 'historical' ballads. The castle of Hamilton had been burnt in 1570, "and the town and palace of Hamiltoun thairwith," more than a year before the burning of Towie, but by Lennox and his English allies. (Diurnal of Occurrents, p. 177.)

"The old castle of Londoun," says the Rev. Norman Macleod, "was destroyed by fire about 350 years ago [that is, about 1500]. The current tradition regarding the burning of the old castle ascribes that event to the clan Kennedy at the period above mentioned, and the remains of an old tower at Achruglen, on the Galston side of the valley, is still pointed out as having been their residence."

point of Gordon's spear. Then follow deplorable interpolations, beginning with st. 19. Edmo o Gordon, having turned the girl over with his spear, and wished her alive, turns her ovr and ovr again! He orders his men to busk and away, for he cannot look on the bonnie face. One of his men hopes he will not be daunted with a dame, and certainly three successive utterances in the way of sentiment show that the captain needs a little toning up. At this point the lord of the castle is coming over the lea, and sees that his castle is in flames. He and his men put on at their best rate; lady and babes are dead ere the foremost arrives; they go at the Gordons, and but five of fifty of these get away.

And round and round the wae's he went,  
 Their ashes for to view:  
 At last into the flames he flew,  
 And bad the world adieu.

This is superior to turning her ovr and ovr again, and indeed, in its way, not to be improved.

Nothing need be said of the fragment E further than that the last stanza is modern.

F is purely traditional, and has one fine stanza not found in any of the foregoing:

Out then spake the lady Margaret,  
 As she stood on the stair;  
 The fire was at her goud garters,  
 The lowe was at her hair.

There is no firing at the assailants (though the lady wishes that her only son could charge a gun). Lady Margaret, with the flame in her hair, would give the black and the brown for a drink of the stream that she sees below. Anne asks to be rowed in a pair of sheets and let down the wall; her mother says that she must stay and die with her. Lord Thomas, on the nurse's knee, says, Give up, or the reek will choke me. The mother would rather be burned to small ashes than give up the castle, her lord away. And burnt she is with her children nine.

\* F. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.  
 G. 1, 2, 3, 4, 13, 14, 5, 6, 30, 20, 15, 16, 22, 24, 25, 26, 34, 35.

G has the eighteen stanzas of F,\* neglecting slight variations, and twenty more (among them the bad D 21), nearly all superfluous, and one very disagreeable. Lady Campbell, having refused to "come down" and be "kept" (caught) on a feather-bed, 5, 6, is ironically asked by Gordon to come down and be kept on the point of his sword, 7. Since you will not come down, says Gordon, fire your death shall be. The lady had liefer be burnt to small ashes than give up the castle while her lord is from home, 10. Fire is set. The oldest daughter asks to be rolled in a pair of sheets and flung over the wall. She gets a deadly fall on the point of Gordon's sword, and is turned over and over again, 18, over and over again, 19. Lady Margaret cries that the fire is at her garters and the flame in her hair. Lady Ann, from childbed where she lies, asks her mother to give up the castle, and is told that she must stay and dree her death with the rest. The youngest son asks his mother to go down, and has the answer that was given Gordon in 10. The waiting-maid begs to have a baby of hers saved; her lady's long hair is burnt to her brow, and how can she take it? So the babe is rolled in a feather-bed and flung over the wall, and gets a deadly fall on the point of Gordon's ever-ready sword. Several ill-connected stanzas succeed, three of which are clearly recent, and then pity for Lady Ann Campbell, who was burnt with her nine bairns. Lord Loudon comes home a "sorry" man, but comforts himself with tearing Gordon with wild horses.

A slight episode has been passed over. It is a former servant of the family that breaks through the house-wall and kindles the fire, A 21, D 12-14, F 5, 6, G 13, 14. In all but A he makes the excuse that he is now Gordon's man, and must do or die.

There is a Danish ballad of about 1600 (communicated to me by Svend Grundtvig, and, I think, not yet printed) in which Karl grevens søn, an unsuccessful suitor of Lady Linild, burns Lady Linild in her bower, and taking refuge in Maribo church, is there burned himself by Karl kejserens søn, Lady

Linild's preferred lover. See also 'Liden Engel,' under 'Fause Foodrage,' No 89, II, 298.

The copy in Percy's *Reliques* is translated by Bodmer, I, 126, and by Doenninges, p. 69;

Pinkerton's copy by Grundtvig, No 9, and by Loève-Veimars, p. 307; Knortz, *Schottische Balladen*, No 13, apparently translates Allingham's.

## A

Cotton MS. *Vespasian*, A. xxv, No 67, fol. 187; Furnivall, in *Transactions of the New Shakspere Society*, 1880-86, Appendix, p. 52f.

- 1 It befell at Martynmas,  
When wether waxed colde,  
Captaine Care said to his men,  
We must go take a holde.  
  
Syck, sike, and to-towe sike,  
And sike and like to die;  
The sikest nighte that ener I abode,  
God lord haue mercy on me!
- 2 'Haille, master, and wether you will,  
And wether ye like it best;  
'To the castle of Creecynbroghe,  
And there we will take our reste.'
- 3 'I knowe wher is a gay castle,  
Is builded of lyme and stone;  
Within their is a gay ladie,  
Her lord is riden and gone.'
- 4 The ladie she lend on her castle-walle,  
She loked vpp and downe;  
There was she ware of an host of men,  
Come riding to the towne.
- 5 'Se yow, my meri men all,  
And se yow what I see?  
Yonder I see an host of men,  
I muse who they bee.'
- 6 She thought he had ben her wed lord,  
As he comd riding home;  
Then was it traitour Captaine Care  
The lord of Ester-towne.
- 7 They wer no soner at supper sett,  
Then after said the grace,  
Or Captaine Care and all his men  
Wer lighte aboute the place.

- 8 'Gyue ouer thi howsse, thon lady gay,  
And I will make the a bande;  
To-nighte thou shall ly within my armes,  
To-morrowe thou shall ere my lande.'
- 9 Then bespake the eldest sonne,  
That was both whitt and redde:  
O mother dere, geue ouer your howsse,  
Or elles we shalbe deade.
- 10 'I will not geue ouer my hous,' she saithe,  
'Not for feare of my lyffe;  
It shalbe talked throughout the land,  
The slaughter of a wyffe.
- 11 'Fetch me my pestilett,  
And charge me my gonne,  
That I may shott at yonder bloddy butcher,  
The lord of Easter-towne.'
- 12 Styfly vpon her wall she stode,  
And lett the pelletes flee;  
But then she myst the bloody bucher,  
And she slew other three.
- 13 '[I will] not geue ouer my hous,' she saithe,  
'Netheir for lord nor lowne;  
Nor yet for traitour Captaine Care,  
The lord of Easter-towne.
- 14 'I desire of Captaine Care,  
And all his bloddye band,  
That he would saue my eldest sonne,  
The eare of all my lande.'
- 15 'Lap him in a shete,' he sayth,  
'And let him downe to me,  
And I shall take him in my armes,  
His waran shall I be.'
- 16 The captayne sayd unto him selfe:  
Wyth sped, before the rest,  
He cut his tonge out of his head,  
His hart out of his brest.

- 17 He lapt them in a handkerchef,  
And knet it of knotes three,  
And cast them ouer the castell-wall,  
At that gay ladye.
- 18 'Fye vpon the, Captayne Care,  
And all thy bloody band!  
For thou hast slayne my eldest sonne,  
The ayre of all my land.'
- 19 Then bespake the yongest sonne,  
That sat on the nurses knee,  
Sayth, Mother gay, geue ouer your house;  
It smoldereth me.
- 20 'I wold geue my gold,' she saith,  
'And so I wolde my ffee,  
For a blaste of the westryn wind,  
To dryue the smoke from thee.
- 21 'Fy vpon the, John Hamleton,  
That euer I paid the hyre!  
For thou hast broken my castle-wall,  
And kyndled in the ffyre.'
- 22 The lady gate to her close parler,  
The fire fell aboute her head;  
She toke vp her children thre,  
Seth, Babes, we are all dead.
- 23 Then bespake the hye steward,  
That is of hye degree;  
Saith, Ladie gay, you are in close,  
Wether ye fighte or flee.
- 24 Lord Hamleton dremd in his dream,  
In Caruall where he laye,  
His halle were all of fyre,  
His ladie slayne or daye.
- 25 'Busk and bowne, my mery men all,  
Even and go ye with me;  
For I dremd that my haal was on fyre,  
My lady slayne or day.'
- 26 He buskt him and bownd hym,  
And like a worthi knight;  
And when he saw his hall burning,  
His harte was no dele lighte.
- 27 He sett a trumpett till his mouth,  
He blew as it plesd his grace;  
Twenty score of Hamletons  
Was light aboute the place.
- 28 'Had I knowne as much yesternighte  
As I do to-daye,  
Captaine Care and all his men  
Should not haue gone so quite.
- 29 'Fye vpon the, Captaine Care,  
And all thy bloody bande!  
Thou haste slayne my lady gay,  
More worth then all thy laude.
- 30 'If thou had ought eny ill will,' he saith,  
'Thou shoulde haue taken my lyffe,  
And haue saved my children thre,  
All and my lousome wyffe.'

## B

Percy MS., p. 34; Hales and Furnivall, I, 79.

- 1 'FFAITH, master, whither you will,  
Whereas you like the best;  
Vnto the castle of Bittons-borrow,  
And there to take your rest.'
- 2 'But yonder stands a castle faire,  
Is made of lyme and stone;  
Yonder is in it a fayre lady,  
Her lord is ridden and gone.'
- 3 The lady stood on her castle-wall,  
She looked vpp and downe;  
She was ware of an hoast of men,  
Came rydinge towards the towne.
- 4 'See you not, my merry men all,  
And see you not what I doe see?  
Methinks I see a hoast of men;  
I muse who they shold be.'
- 5 She thought it had beene her louly lord,  
He had come ryding home;  
It was the traitor, Captaine Carre,  
The lord of Westerton-towne.
- 6 They had noe sooner super sett,  
And after said the grace,  
But the traitor, Captaine Carre,  
Was light about the place.
- 7 'Giue ouer thy house, thou lady gay,  
I will make thee a band;

- All night wit/in mine armes thou 'st lye,  
To-morrow be the heyre of my land.'
- 8 'I 'le not giue over my house,' shee said,  
'Neither for ladds nor man,  
Nor yet for traitor Captaine Carre,  
Vntill my lord come home.
- 9 'But reach me my pistoll pe[c]e,  
And charge you well my gunne;  
I 'le shoote at the bloody bucher,  
The lord of Westerton.'
- 10 She stood vppon her castle-wall  
And let the bulletts flee,  
And where shee mist . . . . .
- 11 But then bespake the litle child,  
That sate on the nurses knee;  
Saies, Mother deere, giue ore this house,  
For the smoake it smoothers me.
- 12 'I wold giue all my gold, my childe,  
Soe wold I doe all my fee,  
For one blast of the westerne wind  
To blow the smoke from thee.'
- 13 But when shee saw the fier  
Came flaming ore her head,  
Shee tooke then vpp her children two,  
Sayes, Babes, we all beene dead!
- 14 But Adam then he fired the house,  
A sorrowfull sight to see;  
Now hath he burned this lady faire  
And eke her children three.
- 15 Then Captaine Carre he rode away,  
He staid noe longer at that tide;  
He thought that place it was to warme  
Soe neere for to abide.
- 16 He calld vnto his merry men all,  
Bidd them make hast away;  
'For we haue slaine his children three,  
All and his lady gay.'
- 17 Worde came to louly London,  
To London wheras her lord lay,  
His castle and his hall was burned,  
All and his lady gay.
- 18 Soe hath he done his children three,  
More dearer vnto him  
Then either the siluer or the gold,  
That men soe faine wold win.
- 19 But when he looket this writing on,  
Lord, in is hart he was woe!  
Saies, I will find thee, Captaine Carre,  
Wether thou ryde or goe!
- 20 Buske yee, bowne yee, my merrymen all,  
With tempered swords of steele,  
For till I haue found out Captaine Carre,  
My hart it is nothing weele.
- 21 But when he came to Dractons-borrow,  
Soe long ere it was day,  
And ther he found him Captaine Carre;  
That night he ment to stay.
- \* \* \* \* \*

## C

Communicated to Percy by Robert Lambe, Norham, October 4, 1766, being all that a servant of Lambe's could remember.

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 1 'LUK ye to yon hie castel,  
You hie castel we see;  
A woman's wit's sun oercum,  
She 'll gie up her house to me.'
- 2 She ca'd to her merry men a',  
'Bring me my five pistols and my lang gun;  
The first shot the fair lady shot,  
She shot seven of Gordon's men.
- 3 He turned round about his back,  
And sware he woud ha his desire,  
And if that castel was built of gowd,  
It should gang a' to fire.
- 4 Up then spak her doughter deere,  
She had nae mair than she:



'Gie up your house, now, mither deere,  
The reek it skomfishes me.'

5 'I d rather see you birnt,' said she,  
'And down to ashes fa,  
Ere I gie up my house to Adam of Gordon,  
And to his merry men a'.

6 'I've four and twenty kye  
Gaing upo the muir;  
I'd gie em for a blast of wind,  
The reek it blaws sae sour.'

7 Up then spak her little young son,  
Sits on the nourrice knee:

'Gie up your house, now, mither deere,  
The reek it skomfishes me.'

8 'I've twenty four ships  
A sailing on the sea;  
I'll gie em for a blast of southern wind,  
To blaw the reek frae thee.

9 'I'd rather see you birnt,' said she,  
'And grund as sma as flour,  
Eer I gie up my noble house,  
To be Adam of Gordon's hure.'

\* \* \* \* \*

### D

Robert and Andrew Foulis, Glasgow, 1755; "as preserved  
in the memory of a lady."

1 It fell about the Martinmas,  
When the wind blew schrile and cauld,  
Said Edmond o Gordon to his men,  
We maun draw to a hald.

2 'And what an a hald sall we draw to,  
My merry men and me?  
We will gae to the house of the Rhodes,  
To see that fair lady.'

3 She had nae sooner busket her sell,  
Nor putten on her gown,  
Till Edmond o Gordon and his men  
Were round about the town.

4 They had nae sooner sitten down,  
Nor sooner said the grace,  
Till Edmond o Gordon and his men  
Were closed about the place.

5 The lady ran up to her tower-head,  
As fast as she could drie,  
To see if by her fair speeches  
She could with him agree.

6 As soon he saw the lady fair,  
And hir yates all locked fast,  
He fell into a rage of wrath,  
And his heart was aghast.

7 'Cum down to me, ye lady fair,  
Cum down to me; let's see;

This night ye's ly by my ain side,  
The morn my bride sall be.'

8 'I winnae cum down, ye fals Gordon,  
I winnae cum down to thee;  
I winnae forsake my ane dear lord,  
That is sae far frae me.'

9 'Gi up your house, ye fair lady,  
Gi up your house to me,  
Or I will burn yoursel therein,  
Bot and your babies three.'

10 'I winnae gie up, you fals Gordon,  
To nae sik traitor as thee,  
Tho you should burn mysel therein,  
Bot and my babies three.'

11 'Set fire to the house,' quoth fals Gordon,  
'Sin better may nae bee;  
And I will burn hersel therein,  
Bot and her babies three.'

12 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!  
I paid ye weil your fee;  
Why pow ye out my ground-wa-stane,  
Lets in the reek to me?

13 'And ein wae worth ye, Jock my man!  
For I paid you weil your hire;  
Why pow ye out my ground-wa-stane,  
To me lets in the fire?'

14 'Ye paid me weil my hire, lady,  
Ye paid me weil my fee,

- But now I'm Edom of Gordon's man,  
Maun either do or die.'
- 15 O then bespake her youngest son,  
Sat on the nurses knee,  
'Dear mother, gie owre your house,' he says,  
'For the reek it worries me.'
- 16 'I winnae gie up my house, my dear,  
To nae sik traitor as he ;  
Cum weil, cum wae, my jewels fair,  
Ye maun tak share wi me.'
- 17 O then bespake her dochter dear,  
She was baith jimp and sma ;  
'O row me in a pair o shiets,  
And tow me owre the wa.'
- 18 They rowd her in a pair of shiets,  
And towd her owre the wa,  
But on the point of Edom's speir  
She gat a deadly fa.
- 19 O bonny, bonny was hir mouth,  
And chirry were her cheiks,  
And clear, clear was hir yellow hair,  
Whereon the reid bluid dreips !
- 20 Then wi his speir he turnd hir owr ;  
O gin hir face was wan !  
He said, You are the first that eer  
I wist alive again.
- 21 He turned hir owr and owr again ;  
O gin hir skin was whyte !  
He said, I might ha spard thy life  
To been some mans delyte.
- 22 'Busk and boon, my merry men all,  
For ill dooms I do guess ;
- I cannae luik in that bonny face,  
As it lyes on the grass.'
- 23 'Them luiks to freits, my master deir,  
Then freits will follow them ;  
Let it neir be said brave Edom o Gordon  
Was daunted with a dame.'
- 24 O then he spied hir ain deir lord,  
As he came owr the lee ;  
He saw his castle in a fire,  
As far as he could see.
- 25 'Put on, put on, my mighty men,  
As fast as ye can drie !  
For he that's hindmost of my men  
Sall neir get guid o me.'
- 26 And some they raid, and some they ran,  
Fu fast out-owr the plain,  
But lang, lang eer he cond get up  
They were a' deid and slain.
- 27 But mony were the mudie men  
Lay gasping on the grien ;  
For o fifty men that Edom brought out  
There were but five ged heme.
- 28 And mony were the mudie men  
Lay gasping on the grien,  
And mony were the fair ladys  
Lay lemanless at heme.
- 29 And round and round the waes he went,  
Their ashes for to view ;  
At last into the flames he flew,  
And bad the world adieu.

## E

Kinloch MSS, V, 384, in the handwriting of John Hill Burton.

- 1 Ir fell about the Martinmas time,  
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,  
Said Captain Gordon to his men,  
We'll a' draw to som hauld.
- 2 'And whatena hauld shall we draw to,  
To be the nearest hame?'

'We will draw to the ha o bonny Cargarff ;  
'The laird is na at hame.'

- 3 The lady sat on her castle-wa,  
Beheld both dale and down ;  
And she beheld the fause Gordon  
Come halycon to the town.
- 4 'Now, Lady Cargarff, gie ower yer house,  
Gie ower yer house to me ;

Now, Lady Cargariff, gie ower yer house,  
Or in it you shall die.'

- 5 'I'll no gie ower my bonny house,  
To lord nor yet to loun;  
I'll no gie ower my bonny house  
To the traitors of Auchindown.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 6 Then up and spak her youngest son,  
Sat at the nourice's knee:

'O mother dear, gie ower yer house,  
For the reek o't smothers me.'

- 7 'I would gie a' my goud, my child,  
Sae would I a' my fee,  
For ae blast o the westlan win,  
To blaw the reek frae thee.'

- 8 Then up and spak her eldest heir,  
He spak wi muckle pride:  
'Now mother dear, keep weel yer house,  
And I'll fight by yer side.'

### F

The New Statistical Account of Scotland, V, 846, Parish  
of Loudoun, by Rev. Norman Macleod: "known among the  
peasantry from time immemorial."

- 1 It fell about the Martinmas time,  
When the wind blew snell and cauld,  
That Adam o Gordon said to his men,  
Where will we get a hold?

- 2 See [ye] not where yonder fair castle  
Stands on yon lily lee?  
The laird and I hae a deadly feud,  
The lady fain would I see.

- 3 As she was up on the househead,  
Behold, on looking down,  
She saw Adam o Gordon and his men,  
Coming riding to the town.

- 4 The dinner was not well set down,  
Nor the grace was scarcely said,  
Till Adam o Gordon and his men  
About the walls were laid.

- 5 'It's fause now fa thee, Jock my man!  
Thou might a let me be;  
Yon man has lifted the pavement-stone,  
An let in the low unto me.'

- 6 'Seven years I served thee, fair ladie,  
You gave me meat and fee;  
But now I am Adam o Gordon's man,  
An maun either do it or die.'

- 7 'Come down, come down, my lady Loudoun,  
Come down thou unto me!

I'll wrap thee on a feather-bed,  
Thy warrand I shall be.'

- 8 'I'll no come down, I'll no come down,  
For neither laird no[r] loun;  
Nor yet for any bloody butcher  
That lives in Altringham town.

- 9 'I would give the black,' she says,  
'And so would I the brown,  
If that Thomas, my only son,  
Could charge to me a gun.'

- 10 Out then spake the lady Margaret,  
As she stood on the stair;  
The fire was at her goud garters,  
The lowe was at her hair.

- 11 'I would give the black,' she says,  
'And so would I the brown,  
For a drink of yon water,  
That runs by Galston Town.'

- 12 Out then spake fair Annie,  
She was baith jimp and sma  
'O row me in a pair o sheets,  
And tow me down the wa!'

- 13 'O hold thy tongue, thou fair Annie,  
And let thy talkin be;  
For thou must stay in this fair castle,  
And bear thy death with me.'

- 14 'O mother,' spoke the lord Thomas,  
As he sat on the nurse's knee,  
'O mother, give up this fair castle,  
Or the reek will worrie me.'

15 'I would rather be burnt to ashes sma,  
And be cast on yon sea-foam,  
Before I'd give up this fair castle,  
And my lord so far from home.

16 'My good lord has an army strong,  
He's now gone oer the sea;  
He bad me keep this gay castle,  
As long as it would keep me.

17 'I've four-and-twenty brave milk kye,  
Gangs on yon lily lee;  
I'd give them a' for a blast of wind,  
To blaw the reek from me.'

18 O pittie on yon fair castle,  
That's built with stone and lime!  
But far mair pittie on Lady Loudoun,  
And all her children nine!

## G

Motherwell's MS., p. 543, from the recitation of May Richmond, at the Old Kirk of Loudon.

1 It was in and about the Martinmas time,  
When the wind blew schill and cauld,  
That Adam o Gordon said to his men,  
Whare will we get a hauld?

2 'Do ye not see yon bonnie castell,  
That stands on Loudon lee?  
The lord and I hae a deadlie feed,  
And his lady fain wuld I see.'

3 Lady Campbell was standing in the close,  
A preenin o her gown,  
Whan Adam o Gordon and his men  
Cam riding thro Galston toun.

4 The dinner was na weel set down,  
Nor yet the grace weel said,  
Till Adam o Gordon and a' his men  
Around the wa's war laid.

5 'Come down, come down, Ladie Campbell,' he  
said,  
'Come doun and speak to me;  
I'll kep thee in a feather bed,  
And thy warraner I will be.'

6 'I winna come doun and speak to thee,  
Nor to ony lord nor loun;  
Nor yet to thee, thou bloody butcher,  
The laird o Auchruglen toun.'

7 'Come down, come down, Ladye Campbell,' he  
said,  
'Cum doun and speak to me;  
I'll kep thee on the point o my sword,  
And thy warraner I will be.'

8 'I winna come doun and speak to thee,  
Nor to ony lord or loun,  
Nor yet to thee, thou bludie butcher,  
The laird o Auchruglen toun.'

9 'Syne gin ye winna come doun,' he said,  
'A' for to speak to me,  
I'll tye the bands around my waist,  
And fire thy death sall be.'

10 'I'd leifer be burnt in ashes sma,  
And euist in yon sea-faem,  
Or I'd gie up this bonnie castell,  
And my gude lord frae hame.

11 'For my gude lord's in the army strong,  
He's new gane ower the sea;  
He bade me keep this bonnie castell,  
As lang's it wuld keep me.'

12 'Set fire to the house,' said bauld Gordon,  
'Set fire to the house, my men;  
We'll gar Lady Campbell come for to rew  
As she burns in the flame.'

13 'O wae be to thee, Carmichael,' she said,  
'And an ill death may ye die!  
For ye hae lifted the pavement-stane,  
And loot up the lowe to me.'

14 'Seven years ye war about my house,  
And received both meat and fee:'  
'And now I'm Adam o Gordon's man,  
I maun either do or dee.'

15 'Oh I wad gie the black,' she said,  
'And I wuld gie the brown,  
All for ae cup o the cauld water  
That rins to Galstoun toun.'

- 16 Syne out and spak the auld dochter,  
She was baith jimp and sma:  
'O row me in a pair o sheets,  
And fling me ower the wa!'
- 17 They row't her in a pair o sheets,  
And flang her ower the wa,  
And on the point o Gordon's sword  
She gat a deadlie fa.
- 18 He turned her ower, and ower again,  
And oh but she looked wan!  
'I think I've killed as bonnie a face  
As ere the sun shined on.'
- 19 He turned her ower, and ower again,  
And oh but she lookt white!  
'I might hae spared this bonnie face,  
To hae been some man's delight!'
- 20 Syne out and spak Lady Margaret,  
As she stood on the stair:  
'The fire is at my gowd garters,  
And the lowe is at my hair.'
- 21 Syne out and spak fair Ladie Ann,  
Frae childbed whare she lay:  
'Gie up this bonnie castell, mother,  
And let us win away.'
- 22 'Lye still, lye still, my fair Aunie,  
And let your talking be;  
For ye maun stay in this bonnie castell  
And dree your death wi me.'
- 23 'Whatever death I am to dree,  
I winna die my lane:  
I'll tak a bairn in ilka arm  
And the third is in my wame.'
- 24 Syne out and spak her youngest son,  
A bonnie wee boy was he:  
'Gae down, gae down, mother,' he said,  
'Or the lowe will worry me.'
- 25 'I'd leifer be brent in ashes sma  
And enist in yon sea-faem,  
Or I'd gie up this bonnie castell,  
And my guid lord frae hame.
- 26 'For my gude lord's in the army strong,  
He's new gane ower the sea;
- But gin he eer returns again,  
Revenged my death sall be.'
- 27 Syne out and spak her waitin-maid:  
Receive this habe frae me,  
And save the saikless babie's life,  
And I'll neer seek mair fee.
- 28 'How can I tak the bairn?' she said,  
'How can I tak 't?' said she,  
'For my hair was ance five quarters lang,  
And 't is now brent to my bree.'
- 29 She rowit it in a feather-bed,  
And flang it ower the wa,  
But on the point o Gordon's sword  
It gat a deidlie fa.
- 30 'I wuld gie Loudon's bonnie castell,  
And Loudon's bonnie lee,  
All gin my youngest son Johnnie  
Could charge a gun to me.
- 31 'Oh, I wuld gie the black,' she said,  
'And sae wuld I the bay,  
Gin young Sir George could take a steed  
And quickly ride away.'
- 32 Syne out and spak her eldest son,  
As he was gaun to die:  
'Send down your chamber-maid, mother,  
She gaes wi bairn to me.'
- 33 'Gin ye were not my eldest son,  
And heir o a' my land,  
I'd tye a sheet around thy neck,  
And hang thee with my hand.
- 34 'I would gie my twenty gude milk-kye,  
That feed on Shallow lee,  
A' for ae blast o the norland wind,  
To blaw the lowe frae me.'
- 35 Oh was na it a pitie o yon bonnie castell,  
That was biggit wi stane and lime!  
But far mair pity o Lady Ann Campbell,  
That was brunt wi her bairns nine.
- 36 Three o them war married wives,  
And three o them were bairns,  
And three o them were leal maidens,  
That neer lay in men's arms.

- 37 And now Lord Loudon he's come lame,  
And a sorry man was he:  
'He micht hae spared my lady's life,  
And wreakit himself on me!

- 38 'But sin we've got thee, bauld Gordon,  
Wild horses shall thee tear,  
For murdering o my ladie bricht,  
Besides my children dear.'

A. Stanzas 1-15 have been revised, or altered,  
in another hand.

- 2<sup>1</sup>. master in my copy: mary, Furnivall.  
3<sup>1</sup>. wher is is inserted.  
3<sup>2</sup>. ed in builded has been run through with  
a line.  
3<sup>4</sup>. riden & gone struck out, and ryd from  
hom written over.  
4<sup>1</sup>. she struck out.  
5<sup>1</sup>. Se yow changed to Com yow hether:  
merimen in MS.  
5<sup>2</sup>. Changed to And look what I do see.  
And (&), both in the original text and in  
the revised, is rendered O in my copy.  
5<sup>3</sup>. Changed to Yonder is ther.  
5<sup>4</sup>. musen, as a correction: Furnivall.  
6<sup>1</sup>. own wed, as a correction: Furnivall.  
6<sup>2</sup>. y<sup>4</sup> had for As he.  
8<sup>3</sup>. thou shall ly in altered to thoust ly  
w'in.  
10<sup>2</sup>. Not is a correction: Furnivall. My  
copy has no.  
11<sup>3</sup>. this substituted for yonder.  
12<sup>1</sup>. Changed to She styfly stod on her castle  
wall.  
12<sup>3</sup>. but then struck out.  
12<sup>4</sup>. she struck out.  
13<sup>1</sup>. I will: MS. torn.  
15<sup>3</sup>. arme, Furnivall: my copy, armes.  
15<sup>4</sup>. wyll substituted for shall.

19<sup>4</sup>. Editors supply The smoke at the begin-  
ning of the line.

- 20<sup>3</sup>. westeyn: Furnivall. 21<sup>4</sup>. MS. has thee.  
23<sup>3</sup>. Saith: no close, Furnivall. South: in  
close, my copy. to chose, Bøddeker.  
24<sup>2</sup>. Perhaps earnall: Furnivall.  
25<sup>1</sup>. Bush in my copy: merymen in MS.  
25<sup>3</sup>. dreame, hall in my copy: Furnivall as  
printed.  
26<sup>1</sup>. busht in my copy: buskt, Furnivall.  
26<sup>2,3</sup>. My copy renders And (&) O: Furni-  
vall as printed.  
28<sup>4</sup>. Editors supply awaye at the end of the  
line. Bøddeker reads so gai.  
29<sup>2</sup>. bande looks like baides, one stroke of  
the n wanting.  
30<sup>1</sup>. Should we not read me for eny? she for  
he in my copy: he, Furnivall.  
And for & throughout.  
Finis per me Willelmum Asheton, clericum.  
By my copy is meant a collation made for me  
by Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith.  
B. 13<sup>3</sup>. 2. 14<sup>4</sup>, 16<sup>3</sup>, 18<sup>1</sup>. 3.  
10<sup>3</sup>, 21<sup>4</sup>. Half a page gone.  
And for &.  
D. 27<sup>1</sup>, 28<sup>1</sup>. Mudiemen, Mudie men.  
Quhen, ze, zour, etc., are here spelled when,  
ye, your, etc.  
F. 5<sup>4</sup>. the loun to: cf. G 13<sup>4</sup>.  
G. 6<sup>4</sup>. Another recitation gave Auchindown.

## 179

## ROOKHOPE RYDE

The Bishopric Garland, or Durham Minstrel [edited by Joseph Ritson], 2d ed., Newcastle, 1792; here, from the reprint by Joseph Haslewood, 1809, p. 54, in Northern Garlands, London, 1810. "Taken down

from the chanting of George Collingood the elder, late of Boltsburn, in the neighborhood of Ryhope," who died in 1785.

PRINTED in Bell's Rhymes of Northern Bards, 1812, p. 276; Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 1833, II, 101; [Sir Cuthbert Sharp's] Bishoprick Garland, 1834, p. 14.

The date of this ryde, or raid, may be precisely ascertained from the ballad itself; it is shown by 13<sup>4</sup>, 11 to be December 6, 1569.

The thieves of Thirlwall (Northumberland) and Williehaver, or Willeva (Cumberland), avail themselves of the confusion incident to the Rising in the North and of the absence of a part of the feneible men (some of whom were with the earls, others with Bowes in Barnard castle) to make a foray into Rookhope, in Weardale, Durham. In four hours they get together six hundred sheep. But the alarm is given by a man whose horses they have taken; the cry spreads through the dale; word comes to the bailiff, who instantly arms, and is joined by his neighbors to the number of forty or fifty. The thieves are a hundred, the stoutest men and best in gear.

When the Weardale men come up with them, the marauders get fighting enough. The fray lasts an hour; four of the robbers are killed, a handsome number wounded, and eleven taken prisoners, with the loss of only one of those who fought for the right.

Rookhope is the name of a valley, about five miles in length, at the termination of which Rookhope burn empties itself into the river Wear. Rookhope-head is the top of the vale. (Ritson.)

The Weardale man who was killed was Rowland Emerson, perhaps a kinsman of the bailiff. The family of Emerson of Eastgate, says Surtees, long exercised the offices of bailiff of Wolsingham (the chief town and borough of Weardale) and of forester, etc., etc., under successive prelates. (Surtees to Scott, Memoir by Taylor and Raine, p. 33.)

34. The thieves bare 'three banners' against the Weardale men. They choose three captains in 9.

1 ROOKHOPE stands in a pleasant place,  
If the false thieves wad let it be;  
But away they steal our goods apace,  
And ever an ill death may they die!

2 And so is the men of Thirlwa 'ud Williehaver,  
And all their companies thereabout,  
That is minded to do mischief,  
And at their stealing stands not out.

3 But yet we will not slander them all,  
For there is of them good enough;

It is a sore consumed tree  
That on it bears not one fresh bough.

4 Lord God! is not this a pitiful ease,  
That men dare not drive their goods to t' fell,  
But limmer thieves drives them away,  
That fears neither heaven nor hell?

5 Lord, send us peace into the realm,  
That every man may live on his own!  
I trust to God, if it be his will,  
That Weardale men may never be over-  
thrown.

- 6 For great troubles they 've had in hand,  
With borderers pricking hither and thither,  
But the greatest fray that eer they had  
Was with the 'men' of Thirlwa'nd Willie-  
haver.
- 7 They gathard together so royally,  
The stoutest men and the best in gear,  
And he that rade not on a horse,  
I wat he rade on a weil-fed mear.
- 8 So in the morning, before they came out,  
So well, I wot, they broke their fast;  
In the [forenoon they came] unto a bye fell,  
Where some of them did eat their last.
- 9 When they had eaten aye and done,  
They sayd some captains here needs must  
be:  
Then they choosed forth Harry Corbyl,  
And 'Symon Fell,' and Martin Ridley.
- 10 Then oer the moss, where as they came,  
With many a brank and whew,  
One of them could to another say,  
'I think this day we are men enew.
- 11 'For Weardale men is a journey taen;  
They are so far out-oer yon fell  
That some of them 's with the two earls,  
And others fast in Barnard castell.
- 12 'There we shal get gear enough,  
For there is naue but women at hame;  
The sorrowful fend that they can make  
Is loudly cries as they were slain.'
- 13 Then in at Rookhope-head they came,  
And there they thought tul a had their  
prey,  
But they were spy'd coming over the Dry Rig,  
Soon upon Saint Nicholas' day.
- 14 Then in at Rookhope-head they came,  
They ran the forest but a mile;  
They gathard together in four hours  
Six hundred sheep within a while.
- 15 And horses I trow they gat  
But either ane or twa,  
And they gat them all but ane  
That belanged to great Rowley.
- 16 That Rowley was the first man that did them  
spy;  
With that he raised a mighty cry;  
The cry it came down Rookhope burn,  
And spread through Weardale hastyly.
- 17 Then word came to the bailif's house,  
At the East Gate, where he did dwell;  
He was walkd out to the Smale Burns,  
Which stands above the Hanging Well.
- 18 His wife was wae when she heard tell,  
So well she wist her husband wanted  
- gear;  
She gard saddle him his horse in haste,  
And neither forgot sword, jack, nor spear.
- 19 The bailif got wit before his gear came  
That such news was in the land;  
He was sore troubled in his heart,  
That on no earth that he could stand.
- 20 His brother was hurt three days before,  
With limmer thieves that did him prik;  
Nineteen bloody wounds lay him upon;  
What ferly was 't that he lay sick?
- 21 But yet the bailif shrinkd nought,  
But fast after them he did hie,  
And so did all his neighbours near,  
That went to bear him company.
- 22 But when the bailiff was gathered,  
And all his company,  
They were numberd to never a man  
But forty [or] under fifty.
- 23 The thieves was numberd a hundred men,  
I wat they were not of the worst  
That could be choosed out of Thirlwa'nd  
Williehaver,  
. . . . .
- 24 Bnt all that was in Rookhope-head,  
And all that was i Nuketon Cleugh,  
Where Weardale men oertook the thieves,  
And there they gave them fighting enuegh.
- 25 So sore they made them fain to flee,  
As many was 'a' out of hand,  
And, for tul have been at home again,  
They would have been in iron bands;



- 26 And for the space of long seven years,  
As sore they mighten a had their lives;  
But there was never one of them  
That ever thought to have seen their 'wives.'
- 27 About the time the fray began,  
I trow it lasted but an hour,  
Till many a man lay weaponless,  
And was sore wounded in that stour.
- 28 Also before that hour was done,  
Four of the thieves were slain,  
Besides all those that wounded were,  
And eleven prisoners there was taen.
- 29 George Carrick and his brother Edie,  
Them two, I wot, they were both slain;  
Harry Corbyl and Lennie Carrick  
Bore them company in their pain.
- 30 One of our Weardale men was slain,  
Rowland Emerson his name hight;  
I trust to God his soul is well,  
Because he 'fought' unto the right.
- 31 But thus they said: 'We'll not depart  
While we have one; speed back again!'  
And when they came amongst the dead men,  
There they found George Carrick slain.
- 32 And when they found George Carrick slain,  
I wot it went well near their 'heart';  
Lord, let them never make a better end  
That comes to play them sicken a 'part!'
- 33 I trust to God, no more they shal,  
Except it be one for a great chance;  
For God wil punish all those  
With a great heavy pestilence.
- 34 Thir limmer thieves, they have good hearts,  
They nevir think to be oerthrown;  
Three banners against Weardale men they bare,  
As if the world had been all their own.
- 35 Thir Weardale men, they have good hearts,  
They are as stif as any tree;  
For, if they'd every one been slain,  
Never a foot back man would flee.
- 36 And such a storm amongst them fell  
As I think you never heard the like,  
For he that bears his head so high,  
He oft-times falls into the dyke.
- 37 And now I do entreat you all,  
As many as are present here,  
To pray for [the] singer of this song,  
For he sings to make blithe your cheer.

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2<sup>a</sup>. mischief hither in *Bell*, who, however, prints from *Ritson*.

2<sup>a</sup>. as: at in *Scott*, who had his copy, as printed in 1792, from *Ritson's* nephew. at also in *Bell*.

9<sup>a</sup>, 29<sup>a</sup>. Corbyl, it is thought, should be Corbyl, which is a northern name. Both Corbyl and Carrick were new to *Surtees*.

10<sup>a</sup>. *Bell* reads would, not understanding that could means did.

11<sup>a</sup>. *Scott*, wrongly, have for is: *Bell*, who aims at grammar, are.

17<sup>a</sup>. He had, *Bell*, for improvement again.

23<sup>a</sup>. The reciter, from his advanced age, could not recollect this line: *Ritson*.

25<sup>a</sup>. *Bell*, land for hand.

30<sup>a</sup>. *Bell*, in for to.

*Ritson's* emendations, indicated by ' ', have necessarily been allowed to stand.

## 180

## KING JAMES AND BROWN

'Kinge James and Browne,' Percy MS., p. 58; Hales and Furnivall, I, 135.

As the minstrel is walking by himself, he hears a young prince lamenting. The prince says to him, Youder comes a Scot who will do me wrong. Douglas comes with armed men, who beset the king with swords and spears. Are you lords of Scotland, come for council, asks the king, or are you traitors, come for my blood? They say that they are traitors, come for his blood. Fie on you, false Scots! exclaims the king; you have slain my grandfather, caused my mother to flee, and hanged my father. [About nine stanzas are lost here.] Douglas offers Brown his daughter in marriage to betray the king; Brown will never be a traitor. Douglas is making off fast, but Brown takes him prisoner and conducts him to the king. Douglas prays for pardon. The king replies that Douglas has sought to kill him ever since he was born. Douglas swears to be a true subject if pardoned. The king pardons him freely, and all traitors in Scotland, great and small. Douglas mutters to himself (we may suppose), If I live a twelvemonth you shall die, and I will burn Edinburgh to-morrow. This irredeemable traitor hies to Edinburgh with his men, but the people shut the gates against him. Brown is always where he is wanted, and takes Douglas prisoner again; the report that Douglas is secured goes to the king, who demands his taker to be brought into his presence, and promises him a thousand pound a year. So they call Brown; we may imagine that the distance is no greater than Holyrood. How often hast thou fought for me, Brown? asks James. Brown's first service was in Edinburgh; had he not stood stoutly there, James had never been king.

The second was his killing the sheriff of Carlisle's son, who was on the point of slaying his Grace. The third was when he killed the Bishop of St Andrews, who had undertaken to poison the king. James had already made the faithful Englishman (for such he is) knight; now he makes him an earl, with professions of fidelity to the English queen.

This third service of Brown is the subject of a poem by William Elderton, here given in an appendix. The bishop is about to give the king (then a child) a poisoned posset. The lady nurse calls for aid. Brown, an Englishman, hears, goes to help, meets the bishop hurrying off with the posset in his hand, and forces him to drink it, though the bishop makes him handsome offers not to interfere. The venom works swiftly, the bishop's belly bursts. The king knights Brown, and gives him lands and livings.

John Hamilton, Archbishop of St Andrews, must be the person whom Brown slays in the ballad for an attempt to poison the young king. He was, however, hanged by his political enemies, April 7, 1571. This prelate was credited with being an accomplice to the murder of Darnley and to that of the Regent Murray. His elder brother was heir to the throne after the progeny of Mary Stuart, and both of these persons were more or less in the way. Mary Stuart's son was a step on which the Hamiltons must "fall down or else oerleap," and the archbishop is said to have sneered at the Duke of Chatelheraut for letting an infant live between him and the throne. A report that the archbishop had undertaken to poison this infant would readily be believed. Sir William

Drury thought it worth his while to write to Cecil that Queen Mary had done the same before her son was a year old.\*

Of Browne's two previous performances, his standing stoutly for the king at Edinburgh, st. 26, and his killing the son of the sheriff of Carlisle, st. 27, we are permitted to know only that, since these preceded the killing of the bishop, they occurred at some time before James was five years old. The epoch of the adventure with Douglas, which is the principal subject of the ballad, could be determined beyond question if we could ascertain when Brown was made an earl. It falls after the murder of the Regent Lennox, 8<sup>th</sup>, that is, later than September, 1571, and the king is old enough to know something of the unhappy occurrences in his family, to forget and forgive, and to make knights and earls. There are correspondences between the ballad and the proceedings by which the Earl of Morton, after his resignation of the regency, obtained possession of the young king's person and virtually reëstablished himself in his former power. This was in April, 1578, when James was not quite twelve years old. Morton was living at Lochleven "for policie, devysing the situation of a fayre gardene with allayis, to remove all suspicion of his consavit treason." James was in the keeping of Alexander Erskine, his guardian, at Stirling Castle, of which Erskine was governor; and the young Earl of Mar, nephew of the governor, was residing there. This young man became persuaded, perhaps through Morton's representations, that he himself was entitled to the custody of the castle, and incidentally of the king. Early in the

morning of the 26th of April, before the garrison were astir, Mar (who was risen under pretence of a hunting-party), supported by two Abbot Erskines, his uncles, and a retinue of his own, demanded the castle-keys of the governor. An affray followed, in which a son of Alexander Erskine lost his life. The young king, awakened by the noise, rushed in terror from his chamber, tearing his hair. Mar overpowered resistance and seized the keys. Shortly after this, he and his uncle the governor came to terms at the instance of the king, Mar retaining Stirling Castle and the wardenship of the king, and the uncle being made keeper of the castle of Edinburgh. Morton was received into Stirling Castle, and resumed his sway. All this did not pass without opposition. The citizens of Edinburgh rose in arms against Morton (cf. sts 21, 22), and large forces collected from other parts of the country for the liberation of the king. A civil war was imminent, and was avoided, it would seem, chiefly through the influence of the English minister, Bowes, who offered himself as peacemaker, in the name of his queen (cf. sts 31, 32).†

The Douglas of this ballad is clearly William Douglas of Lochleven, who joined Mar at Stirling as Morton's intermediary. He was afterwards engaged in the Raid of Ruthven.

It may be added that Robert Brown, a servant of the king's, played a very humble part, for the defence of his master, in the Gowrie Conspiracy, but that was nearly twenty years after Andrew Brown was celebrated by Elderton, and when James was no young prince, but in his thirty-fifth year.

1 As I did walke my selfe alone,

And by one garden greene,

I heard a yonge prince make great moane,

Which did turne my hart to teene.

2 'O Lord!' he then said vnto me,

'Why haue I liued soe long?

For yonder comes a cruell Scott,'

Quoth hee, 'that will doe me some ronge.'

\* "At the queen last being at Stirling, the prince being brought unto her, she offered to kiss him, but he would not, but put her away, and did to his strength scratch her. She offered him an apple, but it would not be received of him, and to a greyhound bitch having whelps was thrown, who eat it, and she and her whelps died presently. A sugar-loaf also for the prince was brought at the same time; it is

judged to be very ill compounded." Calendar of State Papers, Foreign, May 20, 1567, p. 235: cited by Burton. Considering that the prince had only just passed his eleventh month, it would seem that the apple or the sugar-loaf might have served without any compounding.

† Historie of King James the Sext, p. 165 ff.; Tytler's History, VIII, 35 ff.; Burton, V, 163 ff.

- 3 And then came traitor Douglas there,  
He came for to betray his king;  
Some they brought bills, and some they brought  
bowes,  
And some the brought other things.
- 4 The king was aboue in a gallery,  
With a heauy heart;  
Vnto his body was sett about  
With swords and speares soe sharpe.
- 5 'Be you the lordes of Scotland,' he said,  
'That hither for counsell seeke to me?  
Or bee yoe traitors to my crowne,  
My blood *that* you wold see?'
- 6 'Wee are the *lords* of Scotland,' they said,  
'Nothing we come to craue of thee;  
But wee be traitors to thy crowne,  
Thy blood that wee will see.'
- 7 'O fye vpon you, you false Scotts!  
For you neuer all trew wilbe;  
My grandfather you haue slaine,  
And caused my mother to flee.
- 8 'My grandfather you haue slaine,  
And my owne father you hanged on a tree;  
And now,' *quoth* he, 'the like treason  
You haue now wrought for me.
- 9 'Ffarwell hart, and farwell hand!  
Farwell all pleasures alsoe!  
Farwell th . . . my head  
. . . . .
- 10 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
'If thou wilt . . . . .  
And soe goe away with mee.'
- 11 'Goe marry thy daughter to whome thou wilt,'  
*Quoth* Browne; 'thou marrys none to me;  
For I 'le not be a traitor,' *quoth* Browne,  
'For all the gold that euer I see.'
- 12 This Douglas, hearing Browne soe say,  
Began to flee away full fast;  
'But tarry a while,' saies lusty Browne,  
'I 'le make you to pay before you passe.'
- 13 He hath taken the Douglas prisoner,  
And hath brought him before the *king*;  
He kneeled low vpon his knee,  
For pardon there prainge.
- 14 'How shold I pardon thee,' saith the *king*,  
'And thou 'le remaine a traitor still?  
For euer since that I was borne,'  
*Quoth* he, 'thou hast sought my blood to  
spill.'
- 15 'For if you will grant me my pardon,' he said,  
'Out of this place soe free,  
I wilbe sworne before your Grace  
A trew subiect to bee.'
- 16 'God for-gaue his death,' said the *king*,  
'When he was nayled vpon a tree;  
And as free as euer God forgaue his death,  
Douglas,' *quoth* he, 'I 'le forgiue thee.
- 17 'And all the traitors in Scotland,'  
*Quoth* he, 'both great and small;  
As free as euer God forgaue his death,  
Soe free I will forgiue them all.'
- 18 'I thanke you for your pardon, king,  
*That* you haue granted forth soe plaine;  
If I liue a twelue month to an end,  
You shall not aliuie remaine.
- 19 'Tomorrow yet, or ere I dine,  
I meane to doo thee one good turne;  
For Edenborrow, that is thine owne,'  
*Quoth* he, 'I will both h[arry] and [burne].'
- 20 Thus Douglas hied towards Edenborrow,  
And many of his men were gone beefore,  
And after him on euery side,  
With him there went some twenty score.
- 21 But when that they did see him come,  
They cryed lowd with voices, saying,  
'Yonder comes a false traitor,  
That wold haue slaine our *king*.'
- 22 They chaynd vp the gates of Edenborrow,  
And there the made them wonderous fast,  
And there Browne sett on Douglas againe.  
And quicklye did him ouer cast.
- 23 But worde came backe againe to the *king*,  
With all the speed that euer might bee,  
*That* traitor Douglas there was taken,  
And his body was there to see.

- 24 'Bring me his taker,' *quoth the king,*  
 'Come, quickly bring him vnto me!  
 I 'le giue a thousand pound a yeere,  
 What man soeuer he bee.'
- 25 But then they called lusty Browne;  
 Sayes, 'Browne, come thou hither to mee.  
 How oft hast thou foughten for my sake,  
 And alwayes woone the victory?'
- 26 'The first time that I fought for you,  
 It was in Edenborrow, *king*;  
 If there I had not stoutly stood,  
 My leege, you neuer had beene *king*.'
- 27 'The second time I fought for you,  
 Here I will tell you in this place;  
 I kild the sheriffs sonne of Carlile,  
*Quoth he*, 'that wold haue slaine *your*  
 Grace.'
- 28 'The third time *that* I fought for you,  
 Here for to let you vnderstand,

I slew the Bishopp of S<sup>t</sup> Andrew[s],  
*Quoth he*, 'with a possat in [his hand].'

- 29 . . . . . *quoth hee,*  
 'That euer my manhood I did trye;  
 I 'le make a vow for Englands sake  
 That I will neuer battell flee.'
- 30 'God amercy, Browne,' then said the *king*,  
 'And God amercy heartilye!  
 Before I made thee but a knight,  
 But now an earle I will make thee.'
- 31 'God saue the queene of England,' he said,  
 'For her blood is verrey neshe;  
 As neere vnto her I am  
 As a colloppe shorne from the fleshe.'
- 32 'If I be false to England,' he said,  
 'Either in earnest or in iest,  
 I might be likened to a bird,'  
*Quoth he*, 'that did defile it nest.'

5<sup>s</sup>. yoe bee. 5<sup>4</sup>. by my: cf. 6<sup>4</sup>. 6<sup>1</sup>. are they.  
 8<sup>2</sup>. mother for father.  
 9<sup>4</sup>. *Half a page torn away.*

18<sup>3</sup>. a 12. 20<sup>4</sup>. 20 score. 24<sup>3</sup>. a 1000.  
 28<sup>4</sup>. the 3<sup>4</sup>.  
 28<sup>4</sup>. possat? MS. *rubbed: Hales.*

## APPENDIX

### THE KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE

A NEW Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young King of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne, an Englishman, which was the king's chamberlaine, preuented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Greenesleeues.

This piece, which is contained in a collection of ballads and proclamations in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, London, is signed W. Elderton, and was "imprinted at London for Yarathe Iames, dvelling in Nevvgate Market, ouer against Christes Church." It was licensed to James, May 30, 1581: Arber II, 393. Reprinted by Percy, *Reliques*, 1765, II, 204; here from the original. There is

an imperfect and incorrect copy in the Percy MS., p. 273; Hales and Furnivall, II, 265.

Morton was beheaded only three days after these verses were licensed, and had been in durance for several months before at the castle of Edinburgh. Elderton cannot be supposed to have the last news from Scotland, and he was not a man to keep his compositions by him nine years. The exhortation of Morton to his confederate, Douglas, in the last stanza but one is divertingly misplaced. The fictions of the priue banket and the selling of the king beyond seas are of the same mint as those in the ballad.

JESUS, God! what a grieve is this,

That princes subiects cannot be true,  
 But still the denill hath some of his

Will play their parts, whatsoeuer ensue;  
 Forgetting what a greenous thing  
 It is to offend the annointed kinge.

Alas for woe ! why should it be so ?  
This makes a sorrowfull heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonie kinge,  
As proper a youthe as neede to be,  
Well giuen to euery happy thing  
That can be in a kinge to see;  
Yet that vnluckie cuntries still  
Hath people giuen to craftie will.  
Alas for woe ! etc.

On Whitson eue it so befell  
A posset was made to give the kinge,  
Whereof his ladie-nurse hard tell,  
And that it was a poysoned thing.  
She cryed, and called piteouslie,  
'Now helpe, or els the king shall die !'  
Alas for woe ! etc.

One Browne, that was an English man,  
And hard the ladies piteous crye,  
Out with his sword, and besturd him than  
Out of the doores in haste to fie ;  
But all the doores were made so fast,  
Out of a window he got at last.  
Alas for woe ! etc.

He met the bishop comming fast,  
Hauing the posset in his hande ;  
The sight of Browne made him agast,  
Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.  
With him were two that ranne away,  
For feare that Browne would make a fray.  
Alas for woe ! etc.

'Bishop,' quoth Browne, 'what hast thou there ?'  
'Nothing at all, my freend,' sayde he,  
'But a posset to make the king good cheere.'  
'Is it so ?' sayd Browne, 'that will I see.  
First I will haue thy selfe begin,  
Before thou goe any further in ;  
Be it weale or woe, it shall be so.'  
This makes a sorrowfull heigh ho.

The bishop saide, Browne, I doo know  
Thou art a young man poore and bare ;  
Linings on thee I will bestowe ;  
Let me go on, take thee no care.  
'No, no,' quoth Browne, 'I will not be  
A traitour for all Christiantie.  
Happe weal or woe, it shall be so :  
Drinke now, with a sorrowfull heigh ho.'

The bishop dranke, and by and by  
His belly burst and he fell downe :  
A iust reward for his traytery.  
'This was a posset in deede !' quoth Browne.  
He serched the bishop, and found the keyes  
To come to the kinge when he did please.  
Alas for woe ! etc.

As soone as the king gat word of this,  
He humbly fell vpon his knee,  
And prayed God that he did misse  
To tast of that extremity :  
For that he did perceane and know  
His clergie would betray him so.  
Alas for woe ! etc.

'Alas,' he said, 'vnhappy realme !  
My father and godfather slaine,  
My mother banished, O extream  
Vnhappy fate, and bitter bayne !  
And now like treason wrought for me.  
What more vnhappy realme can be !'  
Alas for woe ! etc.

The king did call his nurse to his grace,  
And gave her twentie pound a yeere ;  
And trustie Browne to, in like case,  
He knighted him, with gallant geere,  
And gane him . . . linings great,  
For dooing such a manly feat  
As he did sho[w]e, to the bishops woe,  
Which made, etc.

When all this treason don and past  
Tooke not effect of traytery,  
Another treason at the last  
They sought against his Maiestie ;  
How they might make their kinge away  
By a priue banket on a daye.  
Alas for woe ! etc.

Wherat they ment to sell the king  
Beyond the seas, it was decreede :  
Three noble earles heard of this thing,  
And did preuent the same with speede.  
For a letter came, with such a charme,  
That they should doo they[r] king no harme,  
For further woe, if they did so ;  
Which made a sorrowfull heigh ho.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,  
'Take heede you doo not offend the kinge ;  
But shew your clues like honest men,  
Obediently in euery thing ;  
For his godmother will not see  
Her noble childe misvsde to be  
With any woe ; for if it be so,  
She will make a sorrowfull heigh ho.'

God graunt all subiects may be true,  
In England, Scotland, and enerie where,  
That no such daunger may ensue,  
To put the prince or state in feare ;  
That God, the highest king, may see  
Obedience as it ought to be.

In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so !  
To auoide the sorrowfull heigh ho.

## 181

## THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY

A. 'The Bonny Earl of Murray,' Ramsay's Tea-Table Miscellany, 11th ed., London, 1750, p. 356 (vol. iv).

B. 'The Bonnie Earl o Murray,' Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 11.

A is not in the ninth edition of the Tea-Table Miscellany, 1733, but may be in the tenth (1736 ? 1740 ?), which I have not seen. It is printed in Percy's Reliques, 1765, II, 210, and in many subsequent collections: Herd's Scots Songs, 1769, p. 32; Ritson's Scottish Songs, 1794, II, 29; Johnson's Museum, No 177; etc.

James Stewart, son of Sir James Stewart of Doune, became Earl of Murray in consequence of his marriage with the oldest daughter and heiress of the Regent Murray. "He was a comely personage, of a great stature, and strong of body like a kemp."\* There was a violent hostility between Murray and the Earl of Huntly. The occurrence which is the subject of the ballad may be narrated in the least space by citing the account given by Spottiswood. After his assault on Holyrood House in December (or September), 1591, "Bothwell went into the north, looking to be supplied by the Earl of Murray, his cousin-german; which the king suspecting, Andrew Lord Ochiltree was sent to bring Murray unto the south, of purpose to work a reconciliation betwixt him and Huntly. But a rumor being raised in the mean while that the Earl of Murray was seen in the palace with Bothwell on the night of the enterprise, the same was entertained by Huntly (who waited then at court) to make him suspected of the king, and prevailed so far as he did purchase a commission to apprehend and bring Murray to his trial. The nobleman, not fearing that any such course should be used, was come to Donibristle, a house situated on the north side of Forth, and belonging to his

mother the lady Doune. Huntly, being advertised of his coming, and how he lay there secure, accompanied only with the Sheriff of Murray and a few of his own retinue, went thither and beset the house, requiring him to render. The Earl of Murray refusing to put himself in the hands of his enemy, after some defence made, wherein the sheriff was killed, fire was set to the house, and they within forced by the violence of the smoke and flame to come forth. The earl staid a great space after the rest, and, the night falling down, ventured among his enemies, and, breaking through the midst of them, did so far outrun them all as they supposed he was escaped; yet searching him among the rocks, he was discovered by the tip of his head-piece, which had taken fire before he left the house, and unmercifully slain. The report went that Huntly's friends, fearing he should disclaim the fact (for he desired rather to have taken him alive), made him light from his horse and give some strokes to the dead corpse. . . . The death of the nobleman was universally lamented, and the clamors of the people so great . . . that the king, not esteeming it safe to abide at Edinburgh, removed with the council to Glasgow, where he remained until Huntly did enter himself in ward in Blackness, as he was charged. But he staid not there many days, being dimitted, upon caution, to answer before the justice whensoever he should be called. The corpses of the Earl and Sheriff of Murray were brought to the church of Leith in two coffins, and there lay divers months unburied, their friends refusing to commit their bodies to the earth till the slaughter was punished. Nor did any

\* Historie of King James the Sext, p. 246.

man think himself so much interested in that fact as the Lord Ochiltrie, who had persuaded the Earl of Murray to come south; whereupon he fell afterwards away to Bothwell, and joined with him for revenge of the murder."

This outrage was done in the month of February, 1592. Huntly sheltered himself under the king's commission, and was not punished. He was no doubt a dangerous man to discipline, but the king, perhaps because he believed Murray to be an abettor of Bothwell, showed no disposition that way.

According to Sir James Balfour, "the queen, more rashly than wisely, some few days before had commended" Murray, "in the king's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man." Balfour may have had gossip, or he may have had a ballad, for his authority (see A 5); the suggestion deserves no attention.\*

In B the Countess of Murray is treated as the sister of Huntly.

A is translated by Grundtvig, *Engelske og skotske Folkeviser*, No 8, p. 52; by Herder, II, 71. B by Arndt, *Blütenlese*, p. 196.

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### A

Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1763, p. 356.

- 1 YE Highlands, and ye Lawlands,  
Oh where have you been?  
They have slain the Earl of Murray,  
And they layd him on the green.
- 2 'Now wae be to thee, Huntly!  
And wherefore did you sae?  
I bade you bring him wi you,  
But forbade you him to slay.'
- 3 He was a braw gallant,  
And he rid at the ring;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh he might have been a king!

- 4 He was a braw gallant,  
And he playd at the ba;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray  
Was the flower amang them a'.
- 5 He was a braw gallant,  
And he playd at the glove;  
And the bonny Earl of Murray,  
Oh he was the Queen's love!
- 6 Oh lang will his lady  
Look oer the castle Down,  
Eer she see the Earl of Murray  
Come sounding thro the town!  
Eer she, etc.

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### B

Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, II, 11; from recitation.

- 1 'OPEN the gates,  
and let him come in;  
He is my brother Huntly,  
he 'll do him nae harm.'
- 2 The gates they were opent,  
they let him come in,  
But fause traitor Huntly,  
he did him great harm.
- 3 He 's ben and ben,  
and ben to his bed,

And with a sharp rapier  
he stabbed him dead.

- 4 The lady came down the stair,  
wringing her hands:  
'He has slain the Earl o Murray,  
the flower o Scotland.'
- 5 But Huntly lap on his horse,  
rade to the king:  
'Ye 're welcome hame, Huntly,  
and whare hae ye been?

\* Spottiswood's *History*, ed. 1666, p. 387. See also *The Historie of King James the Sext*, p. 246 ff.; *Moysie's Memoirs*, p. 88 ff.; *Birrel's Diary*, p. 26 f.



6 'Whare hae ye been ?  
and how hae ye sped ?'  
'I've killed the Earl o Murray,  
dead in his bed.'

7 'Foul fa you, Huntly !  
and why did ye so ?  
You might have taen the Earl o Murray,  
and saved his life too.'

8 'Her bread it's to bake,  
her yill is to brew ;  
My sister's a widow,  
and sair do I rue.

9 'Her eorn grows ripe,  
her meadows grow green,  
But in bonny Dinnibristle  
I darena be seen.'

## 182

## THE LAIRD O LOGIE

A. 'The Laird o Logie,' Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1833, III, 128. The same, with the insertion of one stanza from recitation, Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 56.

B. 'The young Laird of Ochiltree,' Herd, *The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*, 1769, p. 240; ed. 1776, I, 21. Repeated in Campbell MSS, I, 142.

C. 'The Laird of Logie,' a stall-copy printed by M.

Randall, Stirling. The same in Motherwell's MS., p. 504, and in Maidment's *Scottish Ballads and Songs*, p. 8, 'The young Laird of Logie.'

D. 'Young Logie,' Harris MS., fol. 16.

E. 'The Laird o Logie, or, May Margaret,' Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 56, one stanza.

FRANCIS STEWART, Earl of Bothwell, a madeap cousin of the king, had been guilty of a violent assault upon Holyrood House in December (or September), 1591, and in June, 1592, had "conspired the apprehension of the king's person" while James was residing at Falkland. In August following he attempted to force himself into the king's presence to "make his reconciliation."

"The lairds of Burlie and Logie, delated to [have] had intelligence with the Earl Bothwell, were taken and apprehended by the Duke of Lennox the ninth day of August, 1592, and committed to ward within Dalkeith; where being examined they both confessed the same. Burley gat his life for telling the truth, but Logie, being a great courtier with the king, and dealer with the Earl Bothwell in Bothwell's enterprise which should [have] been done at Dalkeith, to wit, that they should come in at the back gate through the yard and [have] gotten the king in their

hands, the said laird of Logie was ordained to be tried by an assize and executed to the death. But the same night that he was examined, he escaped out by the means of a gentlewoman whom he loved, a Dane, who conveyed him out of his keepers' hands, through the queen's chamber, where his Majesty and the queen were lying in their beds, to a window in the backside of the place, where he went down upon a tow [rope], and shot three pistols in token of his onlonping [mounting his horse] where some of his servants, with the laird of Niddry, were awaiting him." (Moysie's *Memoirs*, p. 95.)

Another account may be added, from *The Historie of King James the Sext* (p. 253 f.):

"It fortun'd that a gentleman called Wemyss of Logie, being also in credence at court, was delated as a trafficker with Francis Earl Bothwell; and he, being examined before king and council, confessed his accusation to be of verity; that sundry times he had spoken with

him, expressly against the king's inhibition proclaimed in the contrary; which confession he subscribed with his hand. . . .

"Queen Anne, our noble princess, was served with divers gentlewomen of her own country, and namely with one called Mistress Margaret Twynstoun, to whom this gentleman, Wemyss of Logie, bore great honest affection, tending to the godly band of marriage; the which was honestly requited by the said gentlewoman, yea, even in his greatest mister (need). For how soon she understood the said gentleman to be in distress, and apparently by his confession, to be punished to the death, and she having privilege to lie in the queen's chamber that same very night of his accusation, where the king was also reposing that same night, she came forth of the door privily, both the princes being then at quiet rest, and past to the chamber where the said gentleman was put in custody to certain of the guard, and commanded them that immediately he should be brought to the king and queen; whereunto they giving sure credence obeyed. But how soon she was come back to the chamber-door, she desired the watches to stay till he should come forth again; and so she closed the door and conveyed the gentleman to a window, where she ministered a long cord unto him to convey himself down upon, and so, by her good charitable help, he happily escaped, by the subtlety of love."

Calderwood gives the following account: "Upon Monday the seventh of August, the king being in Dalkeith, the young laird of Logie and Burlie promised to Bothwell to bring him in before the king to seek his pardon. The king was forewarned, and Bothwell, howbeit brought in quietly within the castle, was conveyed out again. Burlie was accused and confessed; Logie denied, and therefore would have suffered trial. The night before, one of the queen's dames, Mistress Margaret, a Dutchwoman, came to the guard and desired that he might be suffered to

come to the queen, who had something to inquire of him. Two of the guard brought him to the king's chamber-door, and staid upon his coming forth, but she conveyed him in the mean time out at a window in a pair of sheets. . . . Logie married the gentlewoman after, when he was received into the king's favor again." \* Logie, according to Calderwood, was "a varlet of the king's chamber."

Spottiswood says: John Weymis younger of Logie, gentleman of his Majesty's chamber, and in great favor both with the king and queen, was discovered to have the like dealing with Bothwell, and, being committed to the keeping of the guard, escaped by the policy of one of the Dutch maids, with whom he entertained a secret love. The gentlewoman, named Mistress Margaret Twinslace, coming one night, whilst the king and queen were in bed, to his keepers, shewed that the king called for the prisoner, to ask of him some question. The keepers, suspecting nothing, for they knew her to be the principal maid in the chamber, conveyed him to the door of the bed-chamber, and making a stay without, as they were commanded, the gentlewoman did let him down at a window, by a cord that she had prepared. The keepers, waiting upon his return, staid there till the morning, and then found themselves deceived. This, with the manner of the escape, ministered great occasion of laughter; and not many days after, the king being pacified by the queen's means, he was pardoned, and took to wife the gentlewoman who had in this sort hazarded her credit for his safety.†

The lady, called by Calderwood and Spottiswood a Dutchwoman, but rightly by Moysie a Dane, was one of a train of her countrywomen who attended Queen Anne when she came to Scotland in May, 1590. She is called Mistress Margaret Vinstar in a letter of Robert Bowes to Lord Burghley of August 12, 1592; ‡ Margaret Weiksterne in a charter dated 25th December, 1594.§

\* History of the Church of Scotland, published by the Wodrow Society, Edinburgh, 1844, V, 173; in Maidment's Scottish Ballads and Songs, 1859, p. 8.

† History of the Church of Scotland, ed. 1666, p. 389.

‡ Calendar of the State Papers relating to Scotland, Thorpe, II, 611.

§ Carta Ioanni, filio natu maximo et heredi Andreæ Weymis de Myrecarny, et Margarete Weiksterne, sue

Young Logie cannot have received a complete pardon within a few days of his escape. At a council meeting, September 14, 1592, it is ordered that Wemyss of Logie the younger, having failed to appear this day to answer touching the 'intercommuning and having intelligence with Francis, sometime Earl Bothwell,' be denounced rebel.\*

A. Young Logie is a prisoner, in Carmichael's † keeping, and May Margaret, who is enamored of him, is weeping for his expected death. The queen can do nothing, and tells her that she must go to the king himself to beg the life of her lover. She goes, accordingly, but gets an ill answer: all the gold in Scotland shall not save Young Logie. In this strait she steals the king's comb and the queen's knife, and sends them to Carmichael as tokens that Logie is to be discharged. She provides the young man with money, and gives him a pair of pistols, which he is to fire in sign that he is at liberty. The king hears the 'volley' from his bed, and by his peculiar sagacity recognizes the shot of Young Logie. He sends for Carmichael, and learning that the prisoner was set free in virtue of a royal token, says, You will make his place good tomorrow. Carmichael hurries to Margaret, and wants a word with Logie. Margaret, with a laugh, tells him that the bird is flown. The young pair severally take ship and are married.

In B, the queen, instead of referring Margaret to the king as the only resource, herself undertakes to save the young man's life. She asks it of her consort as her first boon; the king makes her the same answer which he gives Margaret in A, All the gold in Scotland

will not buy mercy. Margaret, in desperation, wishes to kill herself, but the queen will put her in a better way to save her lover. The queen steals the prison-keys, and the story proceeds as before. The king threatens to hang all his gaolers, to the number of thirty and three. The gaolers plead that they received the keys (which are also thirty and three) with a strict command to enlarge the prisoner. The queen says that, if the gaolers are to hang, a beginning must be made with her.

B substitutes Ochilttrie for Logie. Andrew Stewart, Lord of Ochilttrie, was an active partisan of Bothwell (see the preceding ballad), and at a council-meeting on May 2, 1594 (the same meeting at which a caution of three hundred merks was required for Young Logie), was ordered to be denounced rebel for not appearing to answer touching his "tres-sounable attempttiss"; that is, for having been Bothwell's main helper in the Raid of Leith, April 3 preceding.† So far his case resembles Young Logie's, and it may be that the two became confounded in tradition earlier than the middle of the eighteenth century, about which time B was taken down. But an interchange of names is of the commonest occurrence in traditional ballads, and perhaps Ochilttrie's appearance here no more requires to be accounted for than his figuring, as he does, in one of the versions of 'The Broom of Cowdenknows.'

Although the queen had no hand in the freeing of Young Logie, and is not known even to have winked at it, she stood by Mistress Margaret, and refused to give her up when requested.§

sponse, Terrarum de Myrecarny, etc. Fife, 25 Dec<sup>r</sup>, 1594. Wemyss de Myrecarny and Wemyss de Logy are one, as appears by a charter of July 25, 1564. Register of the Great Seal of Scotland, Index, in the Signet Library, noted for me by Mr Macmath.

\* Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, V, 11. And again: 1594, April 13. Caution in £2000 by — Wemyss, apparent of that ilk, for Johnne Wemyss, apparent of Logy, that he shall remain in ward with David Wemyss of that ilk till relieved.

May 2. Caution in 300 merks by Johnne Wemyss, younger of that ilk, for Johnne Wemyss of Logy, that he shall answer before the Privy Council at Edinburgh upon 22d instant "to sic thingis as salbe inquirit of him."

September 27. Sir Johnne Wemyss of Tullihirek, Michael Balfour of Monquhaine, and Andro Wemyss of Myrecarny, for Johnne Wemyss, son and apparent heir of Andro, £20,000, to go abroad by the 15th October next and not return without licence. Deleted by warrant subscribed by the king and treasurer-depute at Halliruidhous 20th February, 1594. *Ib.*, pp 141 f., 144, 638. The entries in 1594 may have reference to later offences.

† Sir John Carmichael was appointed captain of the king's guard in 1588, and usually had the keeping of state criminals of rank. Scott.

‡ The Historie of King James the Sext, p. 303 f.; Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, V, 144.

§ Calendar of State Papers relating to Scotland, Thorpe, II, 611, No 6.

C agrees with B as to the part taken by the queen in the rescue. There are but three keepers, and presumably but three keys to steal from under the king's head, and the queen sends her wedding-ring with the keys, as a warrant to the keepers. In 5, Anne is queen of England as well as queen of Scotland; but we cannot expect that a stall-ballad of this century should be nice about a matter of eleven years.

The offence for which Young Logie is to die in D is the stealing of a kiss "from the queen's marie," which shows a high appreciation of the discipline at James's court.

The queen counterfeits the king's hand and steals his right glove, and sends the forged paper and the glove to "Pitcairn's walls" as authority for the liberation of the prisoner. The king, looking over his castle-wall, sees Young Logie approaching, and his exclamation at the sight brings the queen to an instantaneous confession of what she has done. The king very good-naturedly overlooks the offence and absolves the lover for whom it was committed.

Translated from Motherwell by Wolff,  
Halle der Völker, I, 73.

### A

Scott's Minstrelsy, 1833, III, 128, "as recited by a gentleman residing near Biggar."

1 I WILL sing, if ye will hearken,  
If ye will hearken unto me;  
The king has taen a poor prisoner,  
The wanton laird o Young Logie.

2 Young Logie's laid in Edinburgh chapel,  
Carmichael's the keeper o the key;  
And May Margaret's lamenting sair,  
A' for the love of Young Logie.

3 'Lament, lament na, May Margaret,  
And of your weeping let me be;  
For ye maun to the king himself,  
To seek the life of Young Logie.'

4 May Margaret has kilted her green cleiding,  
And she has curld back her yellow hair:  
'If I canna get Young Logie's life,  
Farewell to Scotland for evermair!'

5 When she came before the king,  
She knelit lowly on her knee:  
'O what's the matter, May Margaret?  
And what needs a' this courtesie?'

6 'A boon, a boon, my noble liege,  
A boon, a boon, I beg o thee,  
And the first boon that I come to crave  
Is to grant me the life of Young Logie.'

7 'O na, O na, May Margaret,  
Forsooth, and so it mauna be;  
For a' the gowd o fair Scotland  
Shall not save the life of Young Logie.'

8 But she has stown the king's redding-kaim,  
Likewise the queen her wedding knife,  
And sent the tokens to Carmichael,  
To cause Young Logie get his life.

9 She sent him a purse o the red gowd,  
Another o the white monie;  
She sent him a pistol for each hand,  
And bade him shoot when he gat free.

10 When he came to the Tolbooth stair,  
There he let his volley flee;  
It made the king in his chamber start,  
Een in the bed where he might be.

11 'Gae out, gae out, my merrymen a',  
And bid Carmichael come speak to me;  
For I'll lay my life the pledge o that  
That yon's the shot o Young Logie.'

12 When Carmichael came before the king,  
He fell low down upon his knee;  
The very first word that the king spake  
Was, Where's the laird of Young Logie?

13 Carmichael turnd him round about,  
I wot the tear blinded his ee:  
'There came a token frae your Grace  
Has taen away the laird frae me.'

- 14 'Hast thou playd me that, Carmichael?  
And hast thou playd me that?' quoth he;  
'The morn the Justice Court 's to stand,  
And Logie's place ye maun supplie.'
- 15 Carmichael 's awa to Margaret's bower,  
Even as fast as he may dree:  
'O if Young Logie be within,  
Tell him to come and speak with me.'
- 16 May Margaret turnd her round about,  
I wot a loud laugh laughed she:  
'The egg is chippt, the bird is flown,  
Ye 'll see nae mair of Young Logie.'
- 17 The tane is shipped at the pier of Leith,  
The tother at the Queen's Ferrie,  
And she 's gotten a father to her bairn,  
The wanton laird of Young Logie.

## B

Herd, *The Ancient and Modern Scots Songs*. 1769, p. 240.

- 1 O LISTEN, gude peopell, to my tale,  
Listen to what I tel to thee;  
The king has taiken a poor prisoner,  
The wanton laird of Ochilttrie.
- 2 When news came to our guidly queen,  
Sche sicht, and said right mournfullie,  
'O what will cum of Lady Margret!  
Wha beirs sick luvie to Ochilttrie.'
- 3 Lady Margret tore hir yellow hair  
When as the queen tald hir the saim:  
'I wis that I had neir bin born,  
Nor neir had knawn Ochilttrie's naim!'
- 4 'Fie, na!' quoth the queen, 'that maunna be;  
Fie, na! that maunna be;  
I'll fynd ye out a better way  
To saif the lyfe of Ochilttrie.'
- 5 The queen sche trippit up the stair,  
And lowlie knielt upon hir knie:  
'The first boon which I cum to craive  
Is the life of gentel Ochilttrie.'
- 6 'O iff you had askd me castels or towirs,  
I wad hae gin thaim, twa or thrie;  
Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland  
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochilttrie.'
- 7 The queen sche trippit down the stair,  
And down she gade richt mournfullie:  
'It 's a' the monie in fair Scotland  
Winna buy the lyfe of Ochilttrie!'
- 8 Lady Margaret tore her yellow hair  
When as the queen tald hir the saim:
- 'I'll tak a knife and end my lyfe,  
And be in the grave as soon as him!'
- 9 'Ah, na! Fie, na!' quoth the queen,  
'Fie, na! Fie, na! this maunna be;  
I'll set ye on a better way  
To loose and set Ochilttrie frie.'
- 10 The queen sche slippit up the stair,  
And sche gaid up richt privatlie,  
And sche has stoun the prison-keys,  
And gane and set Ochilttrie frie.
- 11 And sche 's gien him a purse of gowd,  
And another of whyt monie;  
Sche 's gien him twa pistoles by 's syde,  
Saying to him, Shute, when ye win  
frie.
- 12 And when he cam to the queen's window,  
Whaten a joyfou shute gae he!  
'Peace be to our royal queen,  
And peace be in hir companie!'
- 13 'O whaten a voyce is that?' quoth the  
king,  
'Whaten a voyce is that?' quoth he;  
'Whaten a voyce is that?' quoth the  
king;  
'I think it 's the voyce of Ochilttrie.'
- 14 'Call to me a' my gaolours,  
Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie;  
Whairfoir the morn, at twelve a clock,  
It 's hangit schall they ilk ane be.'
- 15 'O didna ye send your keyis to us?  
Ye sent thaim be thirtie and be thrie,  
And wi thaim sent a strait command  
To set at lairge young Ochilttrie.'

- 16 'Ah, na! Fie, na!' quoth the queen,  
 'Fie, my dear luvie, this maunna be!  
 And iff ye're gawn to hang thaim a',  
 Indeed ye maun begin wi me.'

- 17 The tane was schippit at the pier of Leith,  
 The ither at the Queen's Ferrie,  
 And now the lady has gotten hir luvie,  
 The winsom laird of Ochiltree.

## C

A stall-copy, printed by M. Randall, Stirling.

- 1 THE young laird of Logie is to prison cast;  
 Carmichael's the keeper of the key;  
 Lady Margaret, the queen's cousin, is very sick,  
 And it's all for love of Young Logie.
- 2 She's into the queen's chamber gone,  
 She has kneeld low down on her knee;  
 Says she, You must go to the king yourself;  
 It's all for a pardon to Young Logie.
- 3 The queen is unto the king's chamber gone,  
 She has kneeld low down on her knee:  
 'O what is the matter, my gracious queen?  
 And what means all this courtesie?
- 4 'Have I not made thee queen of fair Scotland?  
 The queen of England I trow thou be;  
 Have not I made thee my wedded wife?  
 Then what needs all this courtesie?'
- 5 'You have made me queen of [fair] Scotland,  
 The queen of England I surely be;  
 Since you have made me your wedded wife,  
 Will you grant a pardon for Young Logie?'
- 6 The king he turned him right round about,  
 I think an angry man was he:  
 'The morrow, before it is twelve o'clock,  
 O hand! shall the laird of Logie be.'
- 7 The queen she's into her chamber gone,  
 Amongst her maries, so frank and free;  
 'You may weep, you may weep, Margaret,'  
 she says,  
 'For hanged must the laird of Logie be.'
- 8 She has torn her silken scarf and hood,  
 And so has she her yellow hair:  
 'Now fare you well, both king and queen,  
 And adieu to Scotland for ever mair!'
- 9 She has put off her gown of silk,  
 And so has she her gay clothing:  
 'Go fetch me a knife, and I'll kill myself,  
 Since the laird of Logie is not mine.'
- 10 Then out bespoke our gracious queen,  
 And she spoke words most tenderlie;  
 'Now hold your hand, Lady Margaret,' she said,  
 'And I'll try to set Young Logie free.'
- 11 She's up into the king's chamber gone,  
 And among his nobles so free;  
 'Hold away, hold away!' says our gracious king,  
 'No more of your pardons for Young Logie.'
- 12 'Had you but askd me for houses and land,  
 I would have given you castles three;  
 Or anything else shall be at your command,  
 But only a pardon for Young Logie.'
- 13 'Hold your hand now, my sovereign liege,  
 And of your anger let it be;  
 For the innocent blood of Lady Margaret  
 It will rest on the head of thee and me.'
- 14 The king and queen are gone to their bed,  
 But as he was sleeping so quietly,  
 She has stole the keys from below his head,  
 And has sent to set Young Logie free.
- 15 Young Logie he's on horseback got,  
 Of chains and fetters he's got free;  
 As he passd by the king's window,  
 There he has fired volleys three.
- 16 The king he awakend out of his sleep,  
 Out of his bed came hastilie;  
 Says, I'll lay all my lands and rents  
 That yonder's the laird of Logie free.'
- 17 The king has sent to the prison strong,  
 He has call'd for his keepers three;  
 Says, How does all your prisoners?  
 And how does the young laird of Logie?

- 18 'Your Majesty sent me your wedding-ring,  
With your high command to set him free ;'  
'Then tomorrow, before that I eat or drink,  
I surely will hang you keepers three.'
- 19 Then out bespoke our gracious queen,  
'And she spoke words most tenderlie ;

'If ever you begin to hang a man for this,  
Your Majesty must begin with me.'

- 20 The one took shipping at [the pier of] Leith,  
The other at the Queen's Ferrie ;  
Lady Margaret has gotten the man she loves,  
I mean the young laird o Logie.

## D

Harris MS., fol. 16 ; from Mrs Harris's recitation.

- 1 PRETTY is the story I hae to tell,  
Pretty is the praisin o itsel,  
An pretty is the prisner oor king's tane,  
The rantin young laird o Logie.
- 2 Has he brunt ? or has he slain ?  
Or has he done any injurie ?  
Oh no, no, he's done nothing at all,  
But stown a kiss frae the queen's marie.
- 3 Ladie Margaret cam doon the stair,  
Wringin her hands an tearin her hair ;  
Cryin, Oh, that ever I to Scotland cam,  
Aye to see Young Logie dee !
- 4 'Had your tongue noo, Lady Margaret,  
An a' your weepin lat a bee !  
For I'll gae to the king my sell,  
An plead for life to Young Logie.'
- 5 'First whan I to Scotland cam,  
You promised to gie me askens three ;  
The first then o these askens is  
Life for the young laird o Logie.'
- 6 'If you had asked house or lands,  
They suld hae been at your command ;  
But the morn, ere I taste meat or drink,  
High hanged sall Young Logie be.'
- 7 Lady Margaret cam doon the stair,  
Wringin her hands an tearin her hair ;

Cryin, Oh, that ever I to Scotland cam,  
A' to see Young Logie dee !

- 8 'Haud your tongue noo, Lady Margaret,  
An a' your weepin lat a bee !  
For I'll counterfiet the king's hand-write,  
An steal frae him his richt hand gloe,  
An send them to Pitcairn's wa's,  
A' to lat Young Logie free.'
- 9 She counterfieted the king's hand-write,  
An stole frae him his richt hand gloe,  
An sent them to Pitcairn's wa's,  
A' to let Young Logie free.
- 10 The king luikit owre his castle-wa,  
Was luikin to see what he cald see :  
'My life to wad an my land to pawn,  
Yonder comes the young laird o Logie !'
- 11 'Pardon, oh pardon ! my lord the king,  
Aye I pray you pardon me ;  
For I counterfieted your hand-write,  
An stole frae you your richt hand gloe,  
An sent them to Pitcairn's wa's,  
A' to set Young Logie free.'
- 12 'If this had been done by laird or lord,  
Or by baron of high degree,  
I'se mak it sure, upon my word,  
His life suld hae gane for Young Logie.
- 13 'But since it is my gracious queen,  
A hearty pardon we will gie,  
An for her sake we'll free the loon,  
The rantin young laird o Logie.'

## E

Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 56, the third stanza ; from recitation.

MAY MARGARET sits in the queen's bouir,  
Knickin her fingers aue be ane,  
Cursing the day that she ere was born,  
Or that she ere heard o Logie's name.

- B. 6<sup>1</sup>. and towirs in ed. 1776.  
 Qu in what, etc., is rendered by w, and z in  
 ze, etc., by y.
- C. *Maidment's copy has some slight variations,  
 such as often occur in different issues of  
 stall-prints.*
- 1<sup>8</sup>. very very. 1<sup>4</sup>. the love. 3<sup>1</sup>. into.
- 4<sup>2</sup>. you be. 6<sup>4</sup>. It's hanged. 7<sup>1</sup>. her own.  
 7<sup>2</sup>. and so free. 7<sup>3</sup>. Lady Margret. 8<sup>1</sup>. tore.  
 8<sup>3</sup>, 9<sup>2</sup>. she has. 8<sup>3</sup>. ye. 11<sup>1</sup>. up to.  
 14<sup>2</sup>. beds. 18<sup>2</sup>. commands.
- 19<sup>3</sup>. you do hang. 20<sup>1</sup>. at the pier of.
- D. 2<sup>1</sup>. *Perhaps* brent. 6<sup>1</sup>. *Perhaps* houses.  
 10<sup>2</sup>. *Perhaps* culd.

## 183

## WILLIE MACINTOSH

- A. 'Burning of Auchindown.' a. The Thistle of  
 Scotland, p. 106. b. Whitlaw, The Book of Scot-  
 tish Ballads, p. 248.
- B. 'Willie Mackintosh,' Finlay's Scottish Ballads,  
 II, 89.

THE murder of the "Bonny Earl of Murray" was the occasion of serious commotions in the North Highlands. Towards the end of the year 1592, the Macintoshes of the Clan Chattan, who of all the faction of Murray "most eagerly endeavored to revenge his death," invaded the estates of the Earl of Huntly, and killed four gentlemen of the surname of Gordon. Huntly retaliated, "and rade into Pettie (which was then in the possession of the Clan Chattan), where he wasted and spoiled all the Clan Chattan's lands, and killed divers of them. But as the Earl of Huntly had returned home from Pettie, he was advertised that William Macintosh with eight hundred of Clan Chattan were spoiling his lands of Cabrach: whereupon Huntly and his uncle Sir Patrick Gordon of Auchindown, with some few horsemen, made speed towards the enemy, desiring the rest of his company to follow him with all possible diligence, knowing that if once he were within sight of them they would desist from spoiling the country.

Huntly overtook the Clan Chattan before they left the bounds of Cabrach, upon the head of a hill called Stapliegate, where, without staying for the rest of his men, he invaded them with these few he then had. After a sharp conflict he overthrew them, chased them, killed sixty of their ablest men, and hurt William Macintosh with divers others of his company."\*

Two William Macintoshes are confounded in the ballad. The burning of Auchindown is attributed, rightly or wrongly, to an earlier William, captain of the clan, who, in August, 1550, was formally convicted of conspiracy against the life of the Earl of Huntly, then lieutenant in the north, sentenced to lose his life and lands, and, despite a pledge to the contrary, executed shortly after by the Council of Huntly.†

Auchindown castle is on the banks of the Fiddich, B 1. By Cairn Croom, A 4, is meant, I suppose, the noted Cairngorm mountain, at the southern extremity of Banffshire.

\* The History of the Feuds and Conflicts among the Clans, etc., p. 41 f, in Miscellanea Scotica. Spottiswood, ed. 1666, p. 390.

† Lesley, History of Scotland, p. 235; Gregory, History

of the Western Highlands, ed. 1881, p. 184; Browne, History of the Highlands, IV, 476. For the traditional story, Finlay, II, 95, note; Laing's Thistle of Scotland, p. 107 f.; Whitlaw, p. 248.



## A

a. The Thistle of Scotland, p. 106, 1823. b. Whitelaw, The Book of Scottish Ballads, p. 248; from an Aberdeen newspaper of about 1815.

1 'TURN, Willie Macintosh,  
Turn, I bid you;  
Gin ye burn Auchindown,  
Huntly will head you.'

2 'Head me or hang me,  
That canna fley me;  
I'll burn Auchindown  
Ere the life lea me.'

3 Coming down Deeside,  
In a clear morning,

Auchindown was in flame,  
Ere the cock-crawing.

4 But coming oer Cairn Croom,  
And looking down, man,  
I saw Willie Macintosh  
Burn Auchindown, man.

5 'Bonny Willie Macintosh,  
Whare left ye your men?'  
'I left them in the Stapler,  
But they'll never come hame.'

6 'Bonny Willie Macintosh,  
Whare now is your men?'  
'I left them in the Stapler,  
Sleeping in their sheen.'

## B

Finlay's Scottish Ballads, II, 89, 1808, as recollected by a lady and communicated by Walter Scott.

1 As I came in by Fiddich-side,  
In a May morning,  
I met Willie Mackintosh,  
An hour before the dawning.

2 'Turn again, turn again,  
Turn again, I bid ye;  
If ye burn Auchindown,  
Huntly he will head ye.'

3 'Head me, hang me,  
That sall never fear me;

I'll burn Auchindown  
Before the life leaves me.'

4 As I came in by Auchindown,  
In a May morning,  
Auchindown was in a bleeze,  
An hour before the dawning.

\* \* \* \* \*

5 Crawing, crawling,  
For my crowse crawling,  
I lost the best feather i my wing  
For my crowse crawling.

A. b. 1<sup>st</sup>. Turn, turn. 1<sup>st</sup>. If you.  
2<sup>nd</sup>. That winna. 3 *wanting*.  
4<sup>th</sup>. But *wanting*.  
After 4:

Light was the mirk hour  
At the day-dawing,  
For Auchindoun was in flames  
Ere the cock-crawing.

5, 6 *wanting*.

## 184

## THE LADS OF WAMPHRAY

Glenriddell MSS, XI, 34, 1791.

'LADS of Wamphray, ane old ballad, sometimes called *The Galiard*,' is the superscription in the manuscript. Printed in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, I, 208, 1802, II, 148, 1833; with the omission of 4 and 36, the insertion of four verses after 8, two transpositions, and some changes of language.

"The following song celebrates the skirmish, in 1593, betwixt the Johnstones and Crichtons, which led to the revival of the ancient quarrel betwixt Johnstone and Maxwell, and finally to the battle of Dryffe Sands, in which the latter lost his life. Wamphray is the name of a parish in Annandale. Lethen-hall was the abode of Johnstone of Wamphray, and continued to be so till of late years. William Johnstone of Wamphray, called the Galiard, was a noted freebooter. A place near the head of Teviotdale retains the name of the Galiard's Faulds (folds), being a valley, where he used to secrete and divide his spoil with his Liddesdale and Eskdale associates. His *nom de guerre* seems to have been derived from the dance called the galliard. The word is still used in Scotland to express an active, gay, dissipated character. Willie of the Kirkhill, nephew to the Galiard, and his avenger, was also a noted Border robber."

"Leverhay, Stefenbiggen, Girth-head, etc., are all situated in the parish of Wamphray. The Biddes-burn, where the skirmish took place betwixt the Johnstones and their pursuers, is a rivulet which takes its course among the mountains on the confines of Nithsdale and Annandale. The Wellpath is a pass by which the Johnstones were re-

treating to their fastnesses in Annandale. Ricklaw-holm is a place upon the Evan water, which falls into the Annan below Moffat. Wamphray-gate was in these days an ale-house." Scott's *Minstrelsy*, I, 208 ff., ed. 1802.

This affair is briefly noticed in the *Historie of King James the Sext* in the following terms: "Sum unbrydhit men of Johnestons . . . hapnit to ryd a steiling in the moneth of Julij this present yeir of God 1593, in the lands and territoreis pertening to the Lord Sanquhar and the knyghtis of Drumlanryg, Lag and Closburne, upon the watter of Nyth; whare, attoure the great reaf and spulye that thay tuk away with violent hand, thay slew and mutilat a great nomber of men wha stude for defence of thair awin geir and to reskew the same from the hands of sik vicious revers." \* P. 297.

It is hard to determine whether the first eight stanzas of the ballad are anything more than a prelude, and whether 5, 7 note the customary practice of the Lads of Wamphray, or anticipate, as is done in 3, certain points in the story which follows. The gap after 8 is filled by Scott with verses which describe the Galiard as incapable of keeping his hands from another man's horse, and as having gone to Nithsdale to steal Sim Crichton's dunn. The Galiard makes an unlucky selection from the Crichton stable, and takes a blind horse instead of the coveted dunn. Under the impression that he has the right beast, he calls out to Sim to come out and see a Johnstone ride. The Crichtons mount for pursuit; the Gal-

\* "In the end of this year [1593] there fell out great troubles in the west marches. Some of the surname of Johnston having in the July preceding made a great depre-

dation upon the lands of Sanwhare and Drumlanrig, and killed eighteen persons that followed for rescue of their goods," etc. Spottiswood, p. 400, ed. 1666.

liard sees that they will be up with him, and tries to hide behind a willow-bush. Resistance is vain, for there is no other man by but Will of Kirkhill; entreaties and promises are bootless; the Crichtons hang the Galliard high. Will of Kirkhill vows to avenge his uncle's death, and to this end goes back to Wamphray and raises a large band of riders, who proceed to Nithsdale and drive off the Crichtons' cattle. On the return the Johnstones are followed or intercepted by the Crichtons; a fight ensues, and the Crichtons

suffer severely. Will of Kirkhill boasts that he has killed a man for every finger of the Galliard. The Johnstones drive the Crichtons' nout to Wamphray.\*

There is a story, not sufficiently authenticated, that Lord Maxwell, while engaged in single combat with Johnstone, at the battle of Dryfesands, "was slain behind his back by the cowardly hands of Will of Kirkhill." The New Statistical Account of Scotland, IV, 148, note\*.

- 1 TWIXT the Girthhead and Langwood-end  
Livd the Galiard and Galiard's men.
- 2 It is the lads of Lethenha,  
The greatest rogues among them a'.
- 3 It is the lads of Leverhay,  
That drove the Crichtons' gier away.
- 4 It is the lads o the Kirkhill,  
The gay Galiard and Will o Kirkhill,
- 5 But and the lads o Stefenbiggin,  
They broke the house in at the riggin.
- 6 The lads o Fingland and Hellbackhill,  
They were neer for good, but aye for ill.
- 7 Twixt the Staywood Bass and Langside Hill,  
They steld the broked cow and branded bull.
- 8 It is the lads o the Girthhead,  
The diel's in them for pride and greed.
- 9 . . . . .
- 10 The Galiard is to the stable gane;  
Instead of the Dun, the Blind he's taen.
- 11 'Come out now, Simmy o the Side,  
Come out and see a Johnston ride!

- 12 'Here's the boniest horse in a' Nithside,  
And a gentle Johnston aboon his hide.'
- 13 Simmy Crichton's mounted then,  
And Crichtons has raised mony a ane.
- 14 The Galiard thought his horse had been fleet,  
But they did outstrip him quite out o sight.
- 15 As soon as the Galiard the Crichton he saw,  
Beyond the saugh-bush he did draw.
- 16 The Crichtons there the Galiard hae taen,  
And nane wi him but Willy alane.
- 17 'O Simmy, Simmy, now let me gang,  
And I vow I'll neer do a Crichton wrang!
- 18 'O Simmy, Simmy, now let me be,  
And a peck o goud I'll gie to thee!
- 19 'O Simmy, Simmy, let me gang,  
And my wife shall heap it wi her hand!'
- 20 But the Crichtons wadna let Willy hee,  
But they hanged him high upon a tree.
- 21 O think then Will he was right wae,  
When he saw his uncle guided sae.
- 22 'But if ever I live Wamphray to see,  
My uncle's death revenged shall be!'

\* 37 does not come in happily. Scott put this stanza after 29, omitting 'Sin'; but there is no rational sense gained, unless the Johnstones are supposed to deny the cattle-lifting. Admitting a bold anacoluthon in the first verse (a mixture of since — so and neither — nor), 37 might stand

as and where it is. The Johnstones have done no wanton injury; they have only revenged in a proper way the death of the Galliard. But even then the Johnstones would be made to blink the Galliard's horse-stealing.

- 23 Back to Wamphray Willy's gane,  
And riders has raised mony a ane.
- 24 Saying, My lads, if ye'll be true,  
Ye's a' be clad in the noble blue.
- 25 Back to Nidsdale they are gane,  
And away the Crichtons' nout they hae taen.
- 26 As they came out at the Wallpath-head,  
The Crichtons bad them light and lead.
- 27 And when they came to the Biddess-burn,  
The Crichtons bad them stand and turn.
- 28 And when they came to the Biddess-strand,  
The Crichtons they were hard at hand.
- 29 But when they cam to the Biddess-law,  
The Johnstons bad them stand and draw.
- 30 Out then spake then Willy Kirkhill:  
'Of fighting, lads, ye's hae your fill.'
- 31 Then off his horse Willy he lap,  
And a burnishd brand in his hand he took.
- 32 And through the Crichtons Willy he ran,  
And dang them down both horse and man.
- 33 O but these lads were wondrous rude,  
When the Biddess-burn ran three days blood!
- 34 'I think, my lads, we've done a noble deed;  
We have revengd the Galiard's blood.
- 35 'For every finger o the Galiard's hand,  
I vow this day I've killed a man.'
- 36 And hame for Wamphray they are gane,  
And away the Crichtons' nout they've taen.
- 37 'Sin we've done na hurt, nor we'll  
take na wrang,  
But back to Wamphray we will gang.'
- 38 As they came in at Evanhead,  
At Reaklaw-holm they spred abroad.
- 39 'Drive on, my lads, it will be late;  
We'll have a pint at Wamphray Gate.
- 40 'For where eer I gang, or eer I ride,  
The lads o Wamphr[a]y's on my side.
- 41 'For of a' the lads that I do ken,  
The lads o Wamphr[a]y's king o men.'

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*Not divided into stanzas in the MS. Scott  
makes stanzas of four lines.*

3<sup>1</sup>. Leuerhay.

*After 8 Scott inserts:*

For the Galiard, and the gay Galiard's men,  
They neer saw a horse but they made it their ain.

The Galiard to Nithside is gane,  
To steal Sim Crichton's winsome dun.

20<sup>1</sup>. let Willy bee, *in the text*: or the Galiard,  
*in the margin.*

21<sup>1</sup>. *In the margin*: Will of Kirkhill.

38<sup>2</sup>. Breaklaw: *changed in the MS. to Reak-*  
*law.*

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## DICK O THE COW

- a. 'An excelent old song cald Dick of the Cow.' Percy Papers, 1775. b. Caw's Poetical Museum, p. 22, 1784.  
c. Campbell, Albyn's Anthology, II, 31, 1818.

a seems to have been communicated to Percy by Roger Halt in 1775. b was contributed to Caw's Museum by John Elliot of Reidheugh, a gentleman, says Scott, well skilled in the antiquities of the western border. o was taken down "from the singing and recitation of a Liddesdale-man, namely, Robert Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire, in the autumn of 1816;" but it differs from b in no important respect except the omission of thirteen stanzas, 17, 18, 24, 32, 35-38, 51, 52, 56-58.

Scott's copy, I, 137, 1802, II, 63, 1833, is o with the deficient stanzas supplied from b. A copy in the Campbell MSS, I, 204, is b.

Ritson pointed out to Scott a passage in Nashe's *Have with you to Saffren Walden* which shows that this ballad was popular before the end of the sixteenth century: "Dick of the Cow, that mad demi-lance northren borderer, who plaid his prizes with the lord Jockey so bravely," 1596, in Grosart's *Nashe*, III, 6.

An allusion to it likewise occurs in Parrot's *Laquei Ridiculosi*, or *Springes for Woodcocks*, London, 1613, Epigr. 76.

Owenus wondreth, since he came to Wales,  
What the description of this isle should be,  
That nere had seen but mountains, hills, and dales;  
Yet would he boast, and stand on pedigree  
From Rice ap Richard, sprung from Dick a Cow;  
Be cod, was right gud gentleman, look ye now!

Scott's *Minstrelys*, II, 62, 1833.

\* As there was no great "routh" of Christian names among the clansmen of the borders, to-names became necessary for the distinction of the numerous Jocks, Christies, Watties and Archies. The name of parent, or of parent and grandparent, was sometimes prefixed, as John's Christie, Agnes' Christie, Peggie's Wattie, Gibb's Jack's Johnnie, Pat-

In a list of books printed for and sold by P. Brooksby, 1688, occurs *Dick-a-the-Cow*, containing north-country songs: Ritson, in *Scott's Minstrelys*, I, 223, 1833.

Two stanzas are cited in Pennant's *Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides in 1772*, Part II, p. 276, ed. 1776.

Then Johnie Armstrong to Willie gan say,  
'Billie, a riding then will we;  
England and us have been long at feud;  
Perhaps we may hit on some bootie.'

Then they're come on to Hutton-Ha;  
They rade that proper place about;  
But the laird he was the wiser man,  
For he had left na geir without.

Fair Johnie Armstrong\* and Willie his brother, having lain long in, ride out on the chance of some booty. They come to Hutton Hall, but find no gear left without by the experienced laird, except six sheep, which they scorn to take. Johnie asks Willie who the man was that they last met, and learning that it was Dick o the Cow, a fool whom he knows to have three as good kine as are in Cumberland, says, These kine shall go with me to Liddesdale. They carry off Dick's three kine, and also three coverlets from his wife's bed. When daylight reveals the theft, Dick's wife raises a wail; he bids her be still, he will bring her three cows for one. Dick goes to his master and makes his loss known, and asks

tie's Geordie's Johnie; sometimes the place of abode was added, as Jock o the Side; sometimes there was distinction by personal peculiarities, dress, or arms, as Fair Johnie, Red Cloak, John with the Jack, etc., etc. See lists of all varieties in Mr R. B. Armstrong's *History of Liddesdale*, etc., p. 78 f.

leave to go to Liddesdale to steal; his troth is required that he will steal from none but those who have stolen from him. Dickie goes on to Puddingburn, where there are three and thirty Armstrongs, and complains to the Laird's Jock of the wrong which Fair Johnie Armstrong and Willie have done him. Fair Johnie is for hanging Dick, Willie for slaying him, and another young man for tossing him in a sheet, beating him, and letting him go. The Laird's Jock, who is a better fellow than the rest, tells Dick that if he will sit down he shall have a bit of his own cow. Dick observes that a key has been flung over the door-head by lads who have come in late. With this key he opens the stable where are the Armstrongs' three and thirty horses. He ties all but three with a triple knot,\* leaps on one, takes another in his hand, and makes off. Fair Johnie discovers in the morning that his own horse and Willie's have been stolen, borrows the Laird's-Jock's, which Dick (for improvement of the story) happens not to have tied, arms himself, and sets out in pursuit. Overtaking Dick on Canoby lee, Johnie sends a spear at him, which only pierces the innocent's jerkin. Dick turns on Johnie, and has the good fortune to fell him with the pommel of his sword. He strips Johnie of armor and sword, takes the third horse, and goes home to his master, who threatens to hang him for his thieving. The fool plants himself upon the terms his master had made with him: he had stolen from none but those that had stolen from him. His having the Laird Jock's horse requires explanation; but Dick is able to give such satisfaction on that point that his master offers twenty pound and one of his best milk-kye for the horse. Dick exacts and gets thirty, and

makes the same bargain with his master's brother for Fair Johnie Armstrong's horse. So he goes back to his wife, and gives her three-score pound for her three coverlets, two kye as good as her three, and has the third horse over and above. But Dick sees that he cannot safely remain on the border after this reprisal upon the Armstrongs, and removes to Burgh (Brough) under Stainmoor, in the extreme south of Cumberland.†

Henry Lord Scroop of Bolton was warden of the West Marches for thirty years from 1563; and his son Thomas for the next ten years, down to the union of the crowns. Which of the two is intended in this ballad might be settled beyond question by identifying my lord's brother, Ralph Scroop, Bailif Glazenberrie, or Glozenhurrie, st. 54 f.; but the former is altogether more probable.

The Laird's Jock, in the opinion of Mr R. B. Armstrong, was a son of Thomas of Mangerton, the elder brother of Gilnockie. There are notices of him from 1569 to 1599. In 1569 Archibald Armstrong of Mangerton declined to be pledge for John Armstrong, called the Lardis Jok, Reg. P. Council; in 1599 he and other principal Armstrongs executed a bond,‡ and he is mentioned (in what fashion will presently appear) at various intermediate dates.

Jock, the Laird's son, an Armstrong of Liddesdale, had a brother called John,§ MS. General Register House, 1569. (He is not called Fair John in any document besides the ballad.) In a later MS. there is an entry of the marriage of John Armstrong, called the Lord's John. John Armstrong, son to the laird of Mangerton, is witness to two bonds in which John of the Syde is a party, in 1562, 1563: R. B. Armstrong, *History of Liddes-*

\* Ties them with St Mary's knot: hamstrings them, says Caw, and say others after him. A St John's knot is double, a St Mary's triple. Observe that in 31 it is simply said that there is only one horse loose in the stable.

† "The Armstrongs at length got Dick o the Cow in their clutches, and, out of revenge, they tore his flesh from his bones with red-hot pincers:" note in Caw's Museum, p. 35. "At the conclusion of the ballad, the singer used invariably to add that Dickie's removal to Burgh under Stainmoor did not save him from the clutches of the Armstrongs. Having fallen into their power, several years after this exploit, he

was plunged into a large boiling pot, and so put to death. The scene of this cruel transaction is pointed out somewhere in Cumberland." Chambers, *Scottish Ballads*, p. 55, note. No well-wisher of Dick has the least occasion to be troubled by these puerile supplements of the singers.

‡ I am indebted to Mr R. B. Armstrong for all information not hitherto published.

§ "It was not unusual to call two sons by a favorite name, and the brother of Gilnockie would have probably called his sons by that name:" R. B. A.

dale, etc., Appendix, pp. ciii, civ. In a London MS. the Lord's John is said to have been executed.

The Laird's Jock, his father the laird of Mangerton, Sim's Thom, and their accomplices, are complained of in November, 1582, by Sir Simon Musgrave for burning of his barns, wheat, etc., worth £1,000 sterling: Nicolson and Burn, History of Westmoreland and Cumberland, I, xxxi. The commendation of the Laird's Jock's honesty in st. 47, as Scott says, seems but indifferently founded; "for in July, 1586, a bill was fouled against him, Dick of Dryup, and others, by the deputy of Bewcastle, at a warden-meeting, for four hundred head of cattle taken in open foray from the Drysike in Bewcastle; and in September, 1587, another complaint appears, at the instance of one Andrew Rutledge of the Nook, against the Laird's Jock and his accomplices, for fifty kine and oxen, besides furniture to the amount of one hundred merks sterling:" Nicolson and Burn, as above. To be sure, we find the laird of Mangerton, on the next page, making complaints of the same kind against various persons, but it is to be feared that the Laird's Jock, at least, did not keep to the innocent's golden rule, 'to steal frae nane but them that sta from thee.' Sir Richard Maitland gives him his character:

Thay spuilye puire men of thair pakis,  
Thay leife tham nocht on bed nor bakis;  
Baith henne and cok,  
With reill and rok,

The Lairdis Jok all with him takis. (MS.)

Hutton Hall, 3, being more than twenty miles from the border, seems remote for the

Armstrongs' first *reconnaissance*, and it is no wonder that Fair Johnie stickled at driving six sheep to such a distance. We might ask how Dick, who evidently lives near Carlisle (for, besides other reasons, he is intimately acquainted with the Armstrongs), should have been met so far from home.

Harrie, 14, mentioned also in 'Kinmont Willie,' was the place of execution at Carlisle. Puddingburn House, 16, according to Chambers, Scottish Ballads, p. 48, was a strong place on the side of the Tinnis Hill, about three miles westward from the Syde (and therefore a very little further from the house of Mangerton), of which the ruins now serve for a sheepfold. A MS. cited by Mr R. B. Armstrong says: "Joke Armestronge, called the Lord's Joke, dwelleth under Denys Hill besides Kyrsope in Tenisborne;" and in another MS. the Lord Jock of Tennesborne is stated to have lived a mile west from Kersopp-foote. The name Puddingburn has not been found on any map.\*

Cannobei, 34, is on the east of the Esk, just above its juncture with the Liddel. Mattan, 52, 58 (Morton in b), is perhaps the small town a few miles east of Whitehaven. There were cattle-fairs at Arlochden, which is very nigh, in the early part of this century: Lyons, Cumberland, p. 10.

The Cow in Dick's name can have no reference to his cattle, for then his style would have been Dick o the Kye. Cow may possibly denote the hut in which he lived; or bush, or broom.

Translated by Knortz, Schottische Balladen, No 15, p. 42.

\* "The place which is alluded to by Scott was pointed out to me about thirty years since. There then were the remains of a tower which stood on a small plateau where the Dow Sike and the Blaik Grain join the Stanygillburn, a tributary of the Tinnisburn. Some remains of the building may still be traced at the northern angle of the sheepfold of which it forms part. The walls that remain are 4 feet 3 inches thick, and measured on the inside about 6 feet high. They extend about 18 feet 6 inches in one direction and 14 feet in another, forming portions of two

sides with the angle of the tower. . . . There must have been a considerable building of a rude kind. . . . This place, as the crow flies, is quite two miles and a quarter from Kershope-foot, and by the burn two miles and a half. . . . The Laird's Jock's residence is marked on a sketch map of Liddesdale by Lord Burleigh, drawn when Simon was laird of Mangerton. (Simon, son of Thomas, was laird in 1578-9.) It is also marked at the mouth of the Tinnisburn on a 'platt' of the country, of 1590." R. B. A.

- 1 Now Liddisdale has lain long in,  
Fa la  
There is no rideing there a ta;  
Fa la  
Their horse is growing so lidded and fatt  
That are lazie in the sta.  
Fa la la didle
- 2 Then Johnie Armstrang to Willie can say,  
Billie, a rideing then will we;  
England and us has been long at a feed;  
Perhaps we may hitt of some bootie.
- 3 Then they 'r comd on to Hutton Hall,  
They rade that proper place about;  
But the laird he was the wiser man,  
For he had left nae gear without.
- 4 Then he had left nae gear to steal,  
Except six sheep upon a lee;  
Says Johnie, I'de rather in England die  
Before their six sheep good to Liddisdale  
with me.
- 5 'But how cald they the man we last with mett,  
Billie, as we came over the know?'  
'That same he is an innocent fool,  
And some men calls him Dick o the Cow.'
- 6 'That fool has three as good kyne of his own  
As is in a' Cumberland, billie,' quoth he:  
'Betide my life, betide my death,  
These three kyne shal go to Liddisdale with  
me.'
- 7 Then they 're comd on to the poor fool's house,  
And they have broken his wals so wide;  
They have loosed out Dick o the Cow's kyne  
three,  
And tane three coerlets off his wife's bed.
- 8 Then on the morn, when the day grew light,  
The shouts and crys rose loud and high:  
'Hold thy tongue, my wife,' he says,  
'And of thy crying let me bee.
- 9 'Hald thy tongue, my wife,' he says,  
'And of thy crying let me bee,  
And ay that where thou wants a kow,  
Good sooth that I shal bring the three.'
- 10 Then Dick's comd on to lord and master,  
And I wate a drerie fool [was] he:
- 'Hald thy tongue, my fool,' he says,  
'For I may not stand to jest with thee.'
- 11 'Shame speed a your jesting, my lord,' quo  
Dickie,  
'For nae such jesting grees with me;  
Liddesdale has been in my house this last  
night,  
And they have tane my three kyne from me.
- 12 'But I may nae langer in Cumberland dwell,  
To be your poor fool and your leel,  
Unless ye give me leave, my lord,  
To go to Liddisdale and steal.'
- 13 'To give thee leave, my fool,' he says,  
'Thou speaks against mine honour and me;  
Unless thou give me thy trouth and thy right  
hand  
Thou 'l steal frae nane but them that sta  
from thee.'
- 14 'There is my trouth and my right hand;  
My head shal hing on Hairibie,  
I 'le never crose Carlele sands again,  
If I steal frae a man but them that sta frae  
me.'
- 15 Dickie has tane leave at lord and master,  
And I wate a merrie fool was he;  
He has bought a bridle and a pair of new spurs,  
And has packed them up in his breech-thigh.
- 16 Then Dickie's come on for Puddinburn,  
Even as fast as he may drie;  
Dickie's come on for Puddinburn,  
Where there was thirty Armstrongs and  
three.
- 17 'What's this comd on me!' quo Dickie,  
'What meikle wae's this happend on me,'  
quo he,  
'Where here is but ae innocent fool,  
And there is thirty Armstrongs and three!'
- 18 Yet he's comd up to the hall among them all;  
So wel he became his courtesie:  
'Well may ye be, my good Laird's Jock!  
But the deil bless all your companie.
- 19 'I'm come to plain of your man Fair Johnie  
Armstrong,  
And syne his billie Willie,' quo he;



- 'How they have been in my house this last night,  
And they have tane my three ky frae me.'
- 20 Quo Johnie Armstrong, We'll him hang;  
'Nay,' thain quo Willie, 'we'll him slae';  
But up bespake another young man, We'll  
nit him in a four-nooked sheet,  
Give him his burden of batts, and lett him  
gae.
- 21 Then up bespake the good Laird's Jock,  
The best falla in the companie:  
Fitt thy way down a little while, Dickö,  
And a peice of thine own cow's hough I'll  
give to thee.
- 22 But Dickie's heart it grew so great  
That never a bitt of it he dought to eat;  
But Dickie was warr of ane auld peat-house,  
Where there al the night he thought for to  
sleep.
- 23 Then Dickie was warr of that auld peat-house,  
Where there al the night he thought for to  
ly;  
And a' the prayers the poor fool prayd was,  
'I wish I had a mense for my own three  
kye!'
- 24 Then it was the use of Puddinburn,  
And the house of Mangertoun, all haile!  
These that came not at the first call  
They gott no more meat till the next meall.
- 25 The lads, that hungry and aevery was,  
Above the door-head they flang the key;  
Dickie took good notice to that;  
Says, There's a bootie younder for me.
- 26 Then Dickie's gane into the stable,  
Where there stood thirty horse and three;  
He has ty'd them a' with St Mary knot,  
All these horse but barely three.
- 27 He has ty'd them a' with St Mary knott,  
All these horse but barely three;  
He has loupn on one, taken another in his  
hand,  
And out at the door and gane is Dickie.
- 28 Then on the morn, when the day grew light,  
The shouts and cryes rose loud and high;
- 'What's that theife?' quo the good Laird's  
Jock;  
'Tel me the truth and the verity.
- 29 'What's that theife?' quo the good Laird's  
Jock;  
'See unto me ye do not lie:'  
'Dick o the Cow has been in the stable this  
last night,  
And has my brother's horse and mine frae  
me.'
- 30 'Ye wad never be teld it,' quo the Laird's  
Jock;  
'Have ye not found my tales fu leel?  
Ye wade never out of England bide,  
Till crooked and blind and a' wad steal.'
- 31 'But will thou lend me thy bay?' Fair Johnie  
Armstrong can say,  
'There's nae mae horse loose in the stable  
but he;  
And I'll either bring ye Dick o the Kow again,  
Or the day is come that he must die.'
- 32 'To lend thee my bay,' the Laird's Jock can  
say,  
'He's both worth gold and good monie;  
Dick o the Kow has away twa horse,  
I wish no thou should no make him three.'
- 33 He has tane the Laird's jack on his back,  
The twa-handed sword that hang lieugh by  
his thigh;  
He has tane the steel cap on his head,  
And on is he to follow Dickie.
- 34 Then Dickie was not a mile off the town,  
I wate a mile but barely three,  
Till John Armstrong has oertane Dick o the  
Kow,  
Hand for hand on Cannobei lee.
- 35 'Abide th[e], bide now, Dickie than,  
The day is come that thou must die;'  
Dickie looked oer his left shoulder;  
'Johnie, has thow any mo in thy company?'
- 36 'There is a preacher in owr chapell,  
And a' the lee-lang day teaches he;  
When day is gane, and night is come,  
There's never a word I mark but three.

- 37 'The first and second's Faith and Conscience;  
The third is, Johnie, Take head of thee;  
But what faith and conscience had thou, traitor,  
When thou took my three kye frae me?
- 38 'And when thou had tane my three kye,  
Thou thought in thy heart thou was no wel sped;  
But thou sent thi billie Willie oer the know,  
And he took three coerlets of my wife's bed.'
- 39 Then Johnie lett a spear fa leaugh by his thigh,  
Thought well to run the innocent through;  
But the powers above was more than his,  
He ran but the poor fool's jerkin through.
- 40 Together they ran or ever they blan —  
This was Dickie, the fool, and hee —  
Dickie could not win to him with the blade of the sword,  
But he feld [him] with the plummet under the eye.
- 41 Now Dickie has [feld] Fair Johnie Armstrong,  
The prettiest man in the south countrey;  
'Gramercie,' then can Dickie say,  
'I had twa horse, thou has made me three.'
- 42 He has tane the laird's jack off his back,  
The twa-handed sword that hang leigh by his thigh;  
He has tane the steel cape off his head:  
'Johnie, I'll tel my master I met with thee.'
- 43 When Johnie wakend out of his dream,  
I wate a dreiry man was he:  
'Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?  
The shame gae in thy company!
- 44 'Is thou gane now, Dickie, than?  
The shame go in thy companie!  
For if I should live this hundred year,  
I shal never fight with a fool after thee.'
- 45 Then Dickie comed home to lord and master,  
Even as fast as he may drie:  
'Now Dickie, I shal neither eat meat nor drink  
Till high hangd that thou shall be!'
- 46 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dickie,  
'That was no the promise ye made to me;  
For I'd never gane to Liddesdale to steal  
Till that I sought my leave at thee.'
- 47 'But what gart thou steal the Laird's-Jock's horse?  
And, limmer, what gart thou steal him?' quo he;  
'For lang might thou in Cumberland dwelt  
Or the Laird's Jock had stohn ought frae thee.'
- 48 'Indeed I wate ye leed, my lord,  
And even so loud as I hear ye lie;  
I wan him frae his man, Fair Johnie Armstrong,  
Hand for hand on Cannobie lee.
- 49 'There's the jack was on his back,  
The twa-handed sword that hung leigh by his thigh;  
There's the steel cap was on his head;  
I have a' these takens to lett you see.'
- 50 'If that be true thou to me tels —  
I trow thou dare not tel a lie —  
I'll give thee twenty pound for the good horse,  
Wel told in thy cloke-lap shall be.
- 51 'And I'll give thee one of my best milk-kye,  
To maintain thy wife and children three;  
[And that may be as good, I think,  
As any twa o thine might be.']
- 52 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo Dickie,  
'Trow ye ay to make a fool of me?  
I'll either have thirty pound for the good horse,  
Or els he's gae to Mattan fair wi me.'
- 53 Then he has given him thirty pound for the good horse,  
All in gold and good monie;  
He has given him one of his best milk-kye,  
To maintain his wife and children three.
- 54 Then Dickie's come down through Carlile town,  
Even as fast as he may drie:  
The first of men that he with mett  
Was my lord's brother, Bailife Glazenberrie.

- 55 'Well may ye be, my good Ralph Sreupe!'  
 'Welcome, my brother's fool!' quo he;  
 'Where did thou gett Fair Johnie Armstrong's  
 horse?'  
 'Where did I get him but steall him,' quo he.
- 56 'But will thou sell me Fair Johnie Arm-  
 strong[']s horse?'  
 And, billie, will thou sel him to me?' quo he:  
 'Ay, and tel me the monie on my cloke-lap,  
 For there 's not one fathing I 'le trust thee.'
- 57 'I 'le give thee fifteen pound for the good horse,  
 Wel told on thy cloke-lap shal be;  
 And I 'le give [thee] one of my best milk-kye,  
 To maintain thy wife and thy children three.'
- 58 'The shame speed the liars, my lord!' quo  
 Dickē,  
 'Trow ye ay to make a fool of me?' quo he:  
 'I 'le either have thirty pound for the good  
 horse,  
 Or else he 's to Mattan Fair with me.'
- 59 He has given him thirty pound for the good  
 horse,  
 All in gold and good monie;
- He has given him one of his best milk-kye,  
 To maintain his wife and children three.
- 60 Then Dickie lap a loup on high,  
 And I wate a loud laughter leugh he:  
 'I wish the neck of the third horse were  
 browken,  
 For I have a better of my own, and onie  
 better can be.'
- 61 Then Dickie comd hame to his wife again;  
 Judge ye how the poor fool he sped;  
 He has given her three score of English pounds  
 For the three auld coerlets was tane of her  
 bed.
- 62 'Hae, take thee there twa as good kye,  
 I trow, as al thy three might be;  
 And yet here is a white-footed naigg;  
 I think he 'le carry booth thee and me.
- 63 'But I may no langer in Cumberland dwell;  
 The Armstrongs the 'le hang me high:'  
 But Dickie has tane leave at lord and master,  
 And Burgh under Stanemuir there dwels  
 Dickie.

a. 4<sup>4</sup>. *Over good is written* went.

10<sup>2</sup>. I wats: cf. 15<sup>2</sup>, 34<sup>2</sup>, 43<sup>2</sup>.

21<sup>2</sup>. Fitt: *Caw, Sit. I take fitt in the sense*  
*of fettle.*

23<sup>4</sup>. a mense. 38<sup>2</sup>. Sent y<sup>e</sup>.

47<sup>2</sup>. steal the Laird Jock horse *erroneously*  
*repeated from the line above: corrected*  
*from Caw.*

51<sup>2,4</sup>. *wanting: supplied from b.*

55<sup>1</sup>. Sreupe.

62<sup>2</sup>. *for thy, thye, corrected from three.*

b. *Burden, after the first and fourth line, Fala,*  
*fala, fala, faliddle.*

1<sup>2</sup>. horses are grown sae liddier fat.

1<sup>4</sup>. They downa stur out o the sta.

2<sup>2</sup>. then we 'll gae. 2<sup>4</sup>. Ablins we 'll hit on.

3<sup>2</sup>. rade the. 4<sup>2</sup>. Quo J. 4<sup>4</sup>. Ere thir: gae.

5<sup>1</sup>. with *wanting*. 5<sup>4</sup>. men ca.

6<sup>1,4</sup>, 11<sup>4</sup>, 19<sup>4</sup>. ky. 6<sup>2</sup>. As there 's.

6<sup>2</sup>. me *for my, twice*. 7<sup>2</sup>. three ky.

8<sup>1</sup>. day was. 8<sup>2</sup>, 9<sup>1</sup>. O had.

9<sup>4</sup>. In good sooth I 'll. 10<sup>1</sup>. on *for* 's.

10<sup>2</sup>. was he. 10<sup>3</sup>. Now had.

11<sup>2</sup>. this *wanting*. 13<sup>1</sup>. I gi.

13<sup>2</sup>. speakest: my. 13<sup>2</sup>. right *wanting*.

13<sup>4</sup>. but wha sta frae. 14<sup>2</sup>. hang.

14<sup>4</sup>. but wha sta. 16<sup>2</sup>. might.

16<sup>2</sup>. Now Dickie 's. 16<sup>4</sup>. were.

17<sup>1</sup>. O what 's this comd o me now.

18<sup>2</sup>. Sae weil 's. 19<sup>2</sup>. o his. 19<sup>2</sup>. the last.

20<sup>2</sup>, 21<sup>1</sup>. up and.

20<sup>2</sup>. We 'll nit him in a four-nooked sheet  
*wanting*.

20<sup>4</sup>. We 'll gie im his batts. 21<sup>2</sup>. in a' the.

21<sup>2</sup>. Sit thy ways: Dickie. 21<sup>4</sup>. thy: gi thee.

22<sup>2</sup>. Then Dickie. 22<sup>4</sup>, 23<sup>2</sup>. there *wanting*.

23<sup>1</sup>. o an auld. 23<sup>2</sup>. was *wanting*.

23<sup>4</sup>. a mense. 24<sup>2</sup>. came na. 24<sup>4</sup>. t' the.

25<sup>1</sup>. weary *for* aevery: were.

25<sup>2</sup>. Aboon: hang *for* flang. 25<sup>2</sup>. Dickie he.

26<sup>1</sup>. Then D. into the stable is gane.

26<sup>2</sup>, 27<sup>2</sup>. horses. 26<sup>2</sup>, 27<sup>1</sup>. Mary's.

27<sup>2</sup>. tane: his *wanting*. 28<sup>2</sup>, 29<sup>1</sup>. O where 's.

29<sup>2</sup>. dinna. 29<sup>2</sup>. Dickie 's been: this *wanting*.

- 30<sup>1</sup>. it *wanting*.  
 31<sup>1</sup>. But lend me thy bay, Johnie.  
 31<sup>2</sup>. mae *wanting*. 31<sup>3</sup>. ye *wanting*.  
 31<sup>4</sup>. he shall. 32<sup>2</sup>. worth baith.  
 32<sup>1</sup>. na thou may make. 33<sup>2</sup>. lieugh *wanting*.  
 33<sup>4</sup>. he gane. 34<sup>1</sup>. was na.  
 34<sup>2</sup>. Till he's oertane by Johnie A.  
 35<sup>1</sup>. Abide, abide. 35<sup>2</sup>. maun die.  
 35<sup>3</sup>. Then *wanting*. 35<sup>4</sup>. thy *wanting*.  
 36<sup>4</sup>. neer ae.  
 37<sup>2</sup>. third, neer let a traitor free.  
 37<sup>3</sup>. But Johnie: hadst: traitor *wanting*.  
 38<sup>1</sup>. tane away. 38<sup>3</sup>. But sent thy.  
 39<sup>2</sup>. to hae slain the innocent, I trow.  
 39<sup>3</sup>. were mair than he. 39<sup>4</sup>. For he.  
 40<sup>1</sup>. But feld 'im. 41<sup>1</sup>. has feld.  
 42<sup>2</sup>. leugh *wanting*. 43<sup>1</sup>. Johnie.  
 43<sup>3</sup>, 44<sup>1</sup>. And is. 44<sup>3</sup>. years.  
 44<sup>4</sup>. I neer shall. 45<sup>1</sup>. come.  
 45<sup>3</sup>. I'll neither eat nor.  
 45<sup>4</sup>. hanged thou shalt.  
 46<sup>4</sup>. Till I had got my.  
 47<sup>2</sup>. gard thou steal him, quo he.  
 47<sup>4</sup>. Ere: stawn frae. 48<sup>3</sup>. Johnie.  
 49<sup>3</sup>. And there's. 49<sup>4</sup>. let thee. 50<sup>2</sup>. dare na.  
 50<sup>3</sup>, 52<sup>3</sup>, 53<sup>1</sup>, 57<sup>1</sup>, 58<sup>3</sup>, 59<sup>1</sup>. punds.  
 51<sup>3,4</sup>. And that may be as good, I think, As  
     ony twa o thine might be.  
 52<sup>4</sup>. els *wanting*: Mortan. 53<sup>1</sup>. He's gien.  
 54<sup>1</sup>. Dickie came. 54<sup>2</sup>. he might.  
 54<sup>3</sup>. met with. 54<sup>4</sup>. Glozenburrie. 56<sup>1,2</sup>. wilt.  
 56<sup>4</sup>. no ae fardin. 57<sup>3</sup>. gi thee.  
 57<sup>4</sup>. thy *wanting*. 58<sup>4</sup>. Or he's gae: Mortan.  
 60<sup>1</sup>. fu hie. 60<sup>2</sup>. laugh laughed.  
 60<sup>4</sup>. if better can be. 61<sup>1</sup>. Dickie's.  
 61<sup>2</sup>. fool sped. 62<sup>1</sup>. these *for* there.  
 62<sup>2</sup>. a *accidentally wanting*: nagie.  
 63<sup>1</sup>. bide *for* dwell. 63<sup>4</sup>. dwells he.

*Simple Scotticisms and ordinary contractions  
 have generally not been noted.*

c. Reading of *b* are not repeated.

*Burden: after the first and the second verse,  
 Lal de ral, thrice, la lal de; at the end of  
 the stanza:*

Lal lal de ridle la di, fal lal de ridle la di,  
 Fal lal di lal la, fal lal di ridle la.

- 2<sup>1</sup>. Fair Johnie. 2<sup>2</sup>. riding we will.  
 2<sup>3</sup>. have been: at feid. 2<sup>4</sup>. we'll light.  
 3<sup>1</sup>. they are come. 3<sup>2</sup>. that proper, *as a*.  
 4<sup>1</sup>. For he. 5<sup>1</sup>. ca. 5<sup>4</sup>. And men they call.  
 6<sup>2</sup>. there are. 7<sup>1</sup>. they have come.  
 7<sup>4</sup>. frae lis. 8<sup>2</sup>. rase.  
 9<sup>2</sup>. ay where thou hast lost ae.

- 9<sup>4</sup>. suith I shall.  
 10<sup>1</sup>. Now Dickie's gane to the gude Lord  
     Scroop.  
 11<sup>1</sup>. Shame fa your. 11<sup>4</sup>. hae awa.  
 12<sup>2</sup>. you. 13<sup>4</sup>. Thou't. 15<sup>1</sup>. leave o.  
 15<sup>2</sup>. And *wanting*.  
 16<sup>1</sup>. on to Pudding-burn house.  
 16<sup>3</sup>. Then: on to. 17, 18 *wanting*.  
 19<sup>3</sup>. house last. 20<sup>1</sup>. Ha quo fair.  
 20<sup>2</sup>. then *wanting*.  
 20<sup>3</sup>. Then up and spak: young Armstrang.  
 21<sup>1</sup>. But up and spak. 21<sup>3</sup>. down thy ways.  
 21<sup>4</sup>. gie ye. 22<sup>2</sup>. the neer.  
 22<sup>3</sup>. Then was he aware.  
 23<sup>4</sup>. Were I: amends: my gude.  
 24 *wanting*. 25<sup>2</sup>. they threw. 25<sup>3</sup>. o that.  
 25<sup>4</sup>. There will be a bootie for.  
 26<sup>1</sup>. has into the stable gane.  
 27<sup>4</sup>. And away as fast as he can hie.  
 28<sup>1</sup>. But. 28<sup>2</sup>. raise.  
 28<sup>3</sup>. Ah, whae has done this.  
 29<sup>1</sup>. Whae has done this deed.  
 29<sup>2</sup>. See that to me. 29<sup>4</sup>. has taen.  
 31<sup>1</sup>. But lend me thy bay, Fair Johnie can say.  
 31<sup>2</sup>. save he. 31<sup>3</sup>. either fetel. 32 *wanting*.  
 33<sup>2</sup>. A: to hang by. 33<sup>4</sup>. a *for* the.  
 33<sup>4</sup>. And galloped on to.  
 34<sup>1</sup>. Then *wanting*: frae aff.  
 34<sup>3</sup>. When he was: Fair J. A.  
 35-38 *wanting*. 39<sup>1</sup>. fu *for* fa: *misprint?*  
 40<sup>3</sup>. at him. 41<sup>1</sup>. Thus. 41<sup>4</sup>. hast.  
 42<sup>1</sup>. the steil-jack aff Johnie's back.  
 42<sup>2</sup>. hang low.  
 43<sup>4</sup>. The shame and dule is left wi me.  
 44<sup>2</sup>. The deil. 44<sup>3</sup>. these h. years.  
 45<sup>1</sup>. hame to the good Lord Scroop.  
 45<sup>2</sup>. he might hie.  
 46<sup>4</sup>. Had I not got my leave frae.  
 47<sup>1</sup>. garrd thee. 47<sup>2</sup>. garrd ye.  
 47<sup>3</sup>. thou mightst.  
 48<sup>3</sup>. wan the horse frae Fair.  
 48<sup>4</sup>. Hand to. 49<sup>2</sup>. This: sword hang.  
 49<sup>4</sup>. brought a'. 50<sup>2</sup>. And I think thou dares.  
 50<sup>3</sup>. fifteen pounds for the horse. 50<sup>4</sup>. on thy.  
 51, 52 *wanting*. 53<sup>1</sup>. twenty pounds.  
 54<sup>2</sup>. could drie. 55<sup>1</sup>. Well be ye met.  
 55<sup>3</sup>. didst. 56, 57, 58 *wanting*.  
 59<sup>1</sup>. twenty punds. 59<sup>2</sup>. Baith in.  
 60<sup>4</sup>. If any of the twa were better than he.  
 61<sup>1</sup>. Dickie's come. 61<sup>2</sup>. had sped.  
 61<sup>3</sup>. twa score. 61<sup>4</sup>. was *wanting*.  
 62<sup>1</sup>. And tak. 63<sup>2</sup>. they would. 63<sup>3</sup>. So D.  
 63<sup>4</sup>. And at.

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## KINMONT WILLIE

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, I, 111, 1802; II, 32, 1833.

THIS ballad celebrates a bold and masterly exploit of Sir Walter Scott of Branxholm, laird of Buccleuch, which is narrated as follows by a contemporary, Archbishop Spotswood: \*

"The Lord Scroop being then Warden of the West-Marches of England, and the Laird of Bacleugh having the charge of Lidisdale, they sent their deputies to keep a day of truce for redress of some ordinary matters. The place of meeting was at the Dayholme of Kershop, where a small brook divideth England from Scotland, and Lidisdale from Bawcastle. There met, as deputy for the Laird of Bacleugh, Robert Scott of Hayninge, and for the Lord Scroop, a gentleman within the West-Wardenry called Mr Salkeld. These two, after truce taken and proclaimed, as the custom was, by sound of trumpet, met friendly, and, upon mutual redress of such wrongs as were then complained of, parted in good terms, each of them taking his way homewards. Meanwhile it happened one William Armstrong, commonly called Will of Kinmouth, to be in company with the Scottish deputy; against whom the English had a quarrel for many wrongs he had committed, as he was indeed a notorious thief. This man having taken his leave of the Scots deputy, and riding down the river of Liddell on the Scottish side, towards his own house, was pursued by the English that espied him from the other side of the river, and after a chase of three or four miles taken prisoner, and brought back to the English deputy, who carried him away to the castle of Carlile.

"The Laird of Bacleugh complaining of the breach of truce (which was always taken from the time of meeting unto the next day at sun-rising) wrote to Mr Salkeld and craved redress. He excused himself by the absence of the Lord Scroop. Whereupon Bacleugh sent to the Lord Scroop, and desired the prisoner might be set at liberty, without any bond or condition, seeing he was unlawfully taken. Scroop answered that he could do nothing in the matter, it having so happened, without a direction from the queen and council of England, considering the man was such a malefactor. Bacleugh, loath to inform the king of what was done, lest it might have bred some misliking betwixt the princes, dealt with Mr Bowes, the resident ambassador of England, for the prisoner's liberty: who wrote very seriously to the Lord Scroop in that business, advising him to set the man free, and not to bring the matter to a farther hearing. But no answer was returned; the matter thereupon was imparted to the king, and the queen of England solicited by letters to give direction for his liberty; yet nothing was obtained. Which Bacleugh perceiving, and apprehending both the king, and himself as the king's officer, to be touched in honor, he resolved to work the prisoner's relief by the best means he could.

"And upon intelligence that the castle of Carlile, wherein the prisoner was kept, was surprisable, he employed some trusty persons to take a view of the postern-gate, and measure the height of the wall, which he meant to scale by ladders; and if those failed, to

\* The Archbishop's account is apparently based upon a more minute "relation of the manner of surprizing of the Castell of Cairliell by the lord of Buccleugh," given, from a

manuscript of the period, in the later edition of the Minstrelsy, II, 32. There is another account of the rescue in The Historie of King James the Sext, p. 366 ff.

break through the wall with some iron instruments, and force the gates. This done so closely as he could, he drew together some two hundred horse, assigning the place of meeting at the tower of Morton,\* some ten miles from Carlile, an hour before sun-set. With this company passing the water of Esk about the falling, two hours before day he crossed Eden beneath Carlile bridge (the water through the rain that had fallen being thick), and came to the Sacery [Sacray], a plain under the castle. There making a little halt at the side of a small bourn which they call Cadage [Caday, Caldew], he caused eighty of the company to light from their horses, and take the ladders and other instruments which he had prepared with them. He himself, accompanying them to the foot of the wall, caused the ladders to be set to it; which proving too short, he gave order to use the other instruments for opening the wall, nigh the postern, and finding the business like to succeed, retired to the rest whom he had left on horseback, for assuring those that entered upon the castle against any eruption from the town. With some little labor a breach was made for single men to enter, and they who first went in brake open the postern for the rest. The watchmen and some few the noise awaked made a little restraint, but they were quickly repressed and taken captive. After which they passed to the chamber wherein the prisoner was kept, and having brought him forth, sounded a trumpet, which was a signal to them without that the enterprise was performed. My Lord Scroop and Mr Salkeld were both within the house, and to them the prisoner cried a good-night. The captives taken in the first encounter were brought to Bacleugh, who presently returned them to their master, and would not suffer any spoil, or booty, as they term it, to be carried away. He had straightly forbidden to break open any door but that where the prisoner was kept, though he might have made prey of all the goods within the castle and taken the warden himself captive; for he would

have it seen that he did intend nothing but the reparation of his Majesty's honor. By this time the prisoner was brought forth, the town had taken the alarm, the drums were beating, the bells ringing, and a beacon put on the top of the castle to give warning to the country. Whereupon Bacleugh commanded those that entered the castle, and the prisoner, to horse, and marching again by the Sacery, made to the river at the Stony bank, on the other side whereof certain were assembled to stop his passage; but he, causing sound the trumpet, took the river, day being then broken; and they choosing to give him way, he retired in order through the Grahams of Esk (men at that time of great power and his unfriends) and came back into Scottish ground two hours after sun-rising, and so homewards. This fell out the thirteenth of April, 1596." (History of the Church of Scotland, 1639, in the second edition, 1666, p. 413 ff.)

Lord Scroope, on the morning after, wrote thus to the Privy Council of England:

"Yesternight, in the dead time thereof, Walter Scott of Hardinge and Walter Scott of Goldylands, the chief men about Buclughe, accompanied with five hundred horsemen of Buclughe and Kinmont's friends, did come, armed and appointed with gavlocks and crows of iron, hand-picks, axes, and scaling-ladders, unto an outward corner of the base-court of this castle, and to the postern-door of the same, which they undermined speedily and quickly, and made themselves possessors of the base-court, brake into the chamber where Will of Kinmont was, carried him away, and in their discovery by the watch, left for dead two of the watchmen, hurt a servant of mine, one of Kinmont's keepers, and were issued again out of the postern before they were descried by the watch of the inner ward, and ere resistance could be made. The watch, as it should seem, by reason of the stormy night, were either on sleep or gotten under some covert to defend themselves from the violence of the weather, by means whereof

\* Near the water of Sark, in the Debateable Land, and belonging to Kinmont Willie: "William Armstrong, in

Morton Tower, called Will of Kinmont, 1569." Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, II, 44.

the Scots achieved their enterprise with less difficulty. . . . If Buccleugh himself have been thereat in person, the captain of this proud attempt, as some of my servants tell me they heard his name called upon (the truth whereof I shall shortly advertise) then I humbly beseech that her Majesty may be pleased to send unto the king to call for and effectually to press his delivery, that he may receive punishment as her Majesty shall find that the quality of his offence shall merit." \* MS. of the State Paper Office, in Tytler's History, IX, 436.

Kinmont's rapacity made his very name proverbial. "Mas James Melvine, in urging reasons against subscribing the act of supremacy, in 1584, asks ironically, Who shall take order with vice and wickedness? The court and bishops? As well as Martine Elliot and Will of Kinmont with stealing upon the borders!" Scott, *Minstrelsy*, 1833, II, 46.

Accordingly, when James was taking measures for bringing the refractory ministers and citizens of Edinburgh into some proper subjection, at the end of the year 1596, a report that Kinmont Willie was to be let loose upon the city caused a lively consternation; "but too well grounded," says Scott, "considering what had happened in Stirling ten years before, when the Earl of Angus, attended by Home, Buccleuch, and other border chief-

tains, marched thither to remove the Earl of Arran from the king's councils: the town was miserably pillaged by the borderers, particularly by a party of Armstrongs, under this very Kinmont Willie, who not only made prey of horses and cattle, but even of the very iron grating of the windows." *Minstrelsy*, II, 45.

The ballad gives Buccleuch only forty men, and they are all of the name of Scott except Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs: st. 16. A partial list of the men who forced the castle was obtained by Lord Scroope. It includes, as might be expected, not a few Armstrongs, and among them the laird of Mangerton, Christy of Barnleigh (son of Gilnockie), and four sons of Kinmont Willie (he had at least seven); two Elliots, but not Sir Gilbert; four Bells.† Scott of Satchells, in his *History of the Name of Scott*, 1688, makes Sir Gilbert Elliot one of the party, but may have taken this name from the ballad. (Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1833, II, 43.) Dick of Dryhope, 24, 25, was an Armstrong.‡ The ballad, again, after cutting down Buccleuch's men to thirty (st. 33) or forty (18, 19), assigns the very liberal garrison of a thousand to the castle, 33; the ladders are long enough, Buccleuch mounts the first,§ the castle is won, and Kinmont Willie, in his irons, is borne down the ladder on Red Rowan's || shoulders: all of

\* "The queen of England, having notice sent her of what was done, stormed not a little," and her ambassador was instructed to say that peace could not continue between the two realms unless Buccleuch were delivered to England, to be punished at the queen's pleasure. Buccleuch professed himself willing to be tried, according to ancient treaties, by commissioners of the respective kingdoms, and the Scots made the proposal, but Elizabeth did not immediately consent to this arrangement. At last, to satisfy the queen, Buccleuch was put in ward at the castle of St Andrews. Spotswood adds that he was "afterwards entered in England, where he remained not long" (and Tytler to the same effect, IX, 226). According to one of the MSS of *The History of King James the Sixth*, the king, to please and pleasure her Majesty, entered Buccleuch in ward at Berwick with all expedition possible, and the queen, of her courtesy, released him back in due and sufficient time: p. 421. But Buccleuch seems to have been entered in England only once, and that in 1597, and not for the assault on Carlisle castle, or for a raid which he made in the next year, but because he did not deliver his pledges, as he was under obligation to do according to a treaty made by a joint commission in 1597. See *Ridpath's Border History*, 1848, pp. 473, 477.

† Tytler's *History*, IX, 437. "The greatest number whereof war ordinar nycht-walkers" (II. of K. J. the Sext, p. 369).

‡ "Dike Armstronge of Dryup dwelleth neare Hih Morgarton" (Mangerton). Dike Armstronge of Dryup appears in a list of the principal men in Liddesdale, drawn up when Simon Armstrong was laird of Mangerton, among Simon's uncles or uncles' sons. Dick of Dryup is complained of, with others, for reif and burning, in 1583, 1586, 1587, 1603, and his name is among the outlaws proclaimed at Carlisle July 23, 1603. (Notes of Mr R. B. Armstrong.)

§ "The informer saith that Buccleugh was the fifth man which entered the castle:" Lord Scroop's letter, Tytler, IX, 437. But the MS. used by Scott, Spotswood's account (founded chiefly or altogether upon that MS.), and *The History of King James the Sixth* agree in saying that Buccleuch remained outside, "to assure the retreat of his awin from the castell againe."

|| "Red Rowy Forster" is one of the list complained of to the Bishop of Carlisle, about 1550 (see 'Hughie Grame'), and he is in company with Jock of Kinmont, one of Will's four sons, Archie of Gingles, Jock of Gingles, and George of the Gingles, who may represent "The Chingles" in the former's list already cited. Nicolson and Burn, I, lxxxii.

which is as it should be in a ballad. And so with the death of the fause Sakelde, though not a life seems to have been lost in the whole course of the affair.

"This ballad," says Scott, "is preserved by tradition in the West Borders, but much mangled by reciters, so that some conjectural emendations have been absolutely necessary to render it intelligible. In particular, the Eden has been substituted for the Esk [in 26<sup>2</sup>], the latter name being inconsistent with geography." It is to be suspected that a great deal more emendation was done than the mangling of reciters rendered absolutely necessary. One would like, for example, to see stanzas 10-12 and 31 in their mangled condition.\*

1. William Armstrong, called Will of Kinmonth, lived in Morton Tower, a little above the Marchdike-foot. He appears, says Mr R. B. Armstrong, to have been a son of Sandy, *alias* Ill Will's Sandy. Haribee is the place of execution outside of Carlisle. 3. The Liddel-rack is a ford in that river, which, for a few miles before it empties into the Esk, is the boundary of England and Scotland. 8. Branhholm, or Branksome, is three miles southwest, and Stobs, 16, some four miles southeast, of Hawick. 19. Woodhouselee was a house on the Scottish border, a little west of the junction of the Esk and Liddel, "belonging to Buccleuch," says Scott.

1 O HAVE ye na heard o the fause Sakelde ?  
O have ye na heard o the keen Lord  
Seroop ?

How they hae taen bauld Kinmont Willie,  
On Hairibee to hang him up ?

2 Had Willie had but twenty men,  
But twenty men as stout as he,  
Fause Sakelde had never the Kinmont taen,  
Wi eight score in his companie.

3 They band his legs beneath the steed,  
They tied his hands behind his back ;  
They guarded him, fivesome on each side,  
And they brought him ower the Liddel-  
rack.

4 They led him thro the Liddel-rack,  
And also thro the Carlisle sands ;  
They brought him to Carlisle castell,  
To be at my Lord Seroope's commands.

5 'My hands are tied, but my tongue is free,  
And whae will dare this deed avow ?  
Or answer by the border law ?  
Or answer to the bauld Buccleuch ?'

6 'Now haud thy tongue, thou rank reiver !  
'There 's never a Scot shall set ye free ;  
Before ye cross my castle-yate,  
I trow ye shall take farewell o me.'

7 'Fear na ye that, my lord,' quo Willie ;  
'By the faith o my bodie, Lord Seroop,'  
he said,  
'I never yet lodged in a hostlerie  
But I paid my lawing before I gae.'

8 Now word is gane to the bauld Keeper,  
In Branksome Ha where that he lay,  
That Lord Seroope has taen the Kinmont  
Willie,  
Between the hours of night and day.

9 He has taen the table wi his hand,  
He garrd the red wine spring on hie ;  
'Now Christ's curse on my head,' he said,  
'But avenged of Lord Seroop I'll be !'

10 'O is my basnet a widow's cureh ?  
Or my lance a wand of the willow-tree ?  
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand ?  
That an English lord should lightly me.

\* This is also to be observed : "There are in this collection no fewer than three poems on the rescue of prisoners, the incidents in which nearly resemble each other, though the poetical description is so different that the editor did not think himself at liberty to reject any one of them, as borrowed from the others. As, however, there are several

verses which, in recitation, are common to all these three songs, the editor, to prevent unnecessary and disagreeable repetition, has used the freedom of appropriating them to that in which they seem to have the best poetic effect."  
'Jock o the Side,' *Minstrelsy*, II, 76, ed. 1833.



- 11 'And have they taen him Kinmont Willie,  
Against the truce of Border tide,  
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch  
Is keeper here on the Scottish side?
- 12 'And have they een taen him Kinmont Willie,  
Withouten either dread or fear,  
And forgotten that the bauld Bacleuch  
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?
- 13 'O were there war between the lands,  
As well I wot that there is none,  
I would slight Carlisle castell high,  
Tho it were builded of marble-stone.
- 14 'I would set that castell in a low,  
And sloken it with English blood;  
There's nevir a man in Cumberland  
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.
- 15 'But since nae war's between the lands,  
And there is peace, and peace should be,  
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,  
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!'
- 16 He has call'd him forty marchmen bauld,  
I trow they were of his ain name,  
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, call'd  
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.
- 17 He has call'd him forty marchmen bauld,  
Were kinsmen to the bauld Buccleuch,  
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld,  
And gleuves of green, and feathers blue.
- 18 There were five and five before them a',  
Wi hunting-horns and bugles bright;  
And five and five came wi Buccleuch,  
Like Warden's men, arrayed for fight.
- 19 And five and five like a mason-gang,  
That carried the ladders lang and hie;  
And five and five like broken men;  
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.
- 20 And as we cross'd the Bateable Land,  
When to the English side we held,  
The first o men that we met wi,  
Whae could it be but fause Sakelde!
- 21 'Where be ye gaun, ye hunters keen?'  
Quo fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'
- 'We go to hunt an English stag,  
Has trespass'd on the Scots countrie.'
- 22 'Where be ye gaun, ye marshal-men?'  
Quo fause Sakelde; 'come tell me true!'  
'We go to catch a rank reiver,  
Has broken faith wi the bauld Buccleuch.'
- 23 'Where are ye gaun, ye mason-lads,  
Wi a' your ladders lang and hie?'  
'We gang to herry a corbie's nest,  
That wons not far frae Woodhouselee.'
- 24 'Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?'  
Quo fause Sakelde; 'come tell to me!'  
Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,  
And the nevir a word o lear had he.
- 25 'Why trespass ye on the English side?  
Row-footed outlaws, stand!' quo he;  
The neer a word had Dickie to say,  
Sae he thrust the lance thro his fause bodie.
- 26 Then on we held for Carlisle toun,  
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross'd;  
The water was great, and meikle of spait,  
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.
- 27 And when we reach'd the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind was rising loud and hie;  
And there the laird garr'd leave our steeds,  
For fear that they should stamper and nie.
- 28 And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,  
The wind began full loud to blow;  
But 't was wind and weet, and fire and sleet,  
When we came beneath the castel-wa.
- 29 We crept on knees, and held our breath,  
Till we placed the ladders against the wa;  
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell  
To mount the first before us a'.
- 30 He has taen the watchman by the throat,  
He flung him down upon the lead:  
'Had there not been peace between our lands,  
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed.
- 31 'Now sound out, trumpets!' quo Buccleuch;  
'Let's waken Lord Scroope right merrilie!'  
Then loud the Warden's trumpets blew  
'O whae dare meddle wi me?'

- 32 Then speedilie to wark we gaed,  
And raised the slogan ane and a',  
And cut a hole thro a sheet of lead,  
And so we wan to the castel-ha.
- 33 They thought King James and a' his men  
Had won the house wi bow and speir;  
It was but twenty Scots and ten  
That put a thousand in sic a stear!
- 34 Wi coulters and wi forehammers,  
We garrd the bars bang merrilie,  
Untill we came to the inner prison,  
Where Willie o Kinnmont he did lie.
- 35 And when we cam to the lower prison,  
Where Willie o Kinnmont he did lie,  
'O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinnmont Willie,  
Upon the morn that thou 's to die?'
- 36 'O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,  
It's lang since sleeping was fleyd frae me;  
Gie my service back to my wyfe and bairns,  
And a' gude fellows that speer for me.'
- 37 Then Red Rowan has hente him up,  
The starkest men in Teviotdale:  
'Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,  
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.
- 38 'Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!  
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!' he cried;  
'I'll pay you for my lodging-mail  
When first we meet on the border-side.'
- 39 Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,  
We bore him down the ladder lang;  
At every stride Red Rowan made,  
I wot the Kinnmont's airns playd clang.
- 40 'O mony a time,' quo Kinnmont Willie,  
'I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;  
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan  
I ween my legs have neer bestrode.
- 41 'And mony a time,' quo Kinnmont Willie,  
'I've pricked a horse out oore the furs;  
But since the day I backed a steed  
I nevir wore sic cumbrous spurs.'
- 42 We scarce had won the Stanesbaw-bank,  
When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,  
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,  
Cam wi the keen Lord Scroope along.
- 43 Buccleuch has turned to Eden Water,  
Even where it flowd frae bank to brim,  
And he has plunged in wi a' his band,  
And safely swam them thro the stream.
- 44 He turned him on the other side,  
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he:  
'If ye like na my visit in merry England,  
In fair Scotland come visit me!'
- 45 All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,  
He stood as still as rock of staue;  
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes  
When thro the water they had gane.
- 46 'He is either himsell a devil frae hell,  
Or else his mother a witch maun be;  
I wad na have ridden that wan water  
For a' the gowd in Christentie.'

## 187

## JOCK O THE SIDE

A. 'John a Side,' Percy MS., p. 254; Hales and Furnivall, II, 203.

C. 'John o the Side,' Percy Papers, as collected from the memory of an old person in 1775.

B. 'Jock o the Side.' a. Caw's Poetical Museum, 1784, p. 145. b. Campbell, Albyn's Anthology, II, 28, 1818.

D. Percy Papers, fragment from recitation, 1774.

THE copy in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, 1802, I, 154, 1833, II, 76, is B b, with the insertion of three stanzas (6, 7, 23) from B a. Neither Campbell nor Scott has the last stanza of B a. Campbell says, in a note to his copy: The melody and particularly the words of this Liddesdale song were taken down by the editor from the singing and recitation of Mr Thomas Shortreed, who learnt it from his father. As to the words (except in the omission of four stanzas), b does not differ significantly from a, and it may, with little hesitation, be said to have been derived from a. Campbell seems to have given this copy to Scott, who published it sixteen years before it appeared in the *Anthology*, with the addition already mentioned.\* The copy in the Campbell MSS, I, 220, is B a.

The earliest appearance of John o the Side is, perhaps, in the list of the marauders against whom complaint was made to the Bishop of Carlisle "presently after" Queen Mary Stuart's departure for France; not far, therefore, from 1550: "John of the Side (Gleed John)."

Mr R. B. Armstrong has printed two bonds in which John Armstrong of the Syde is a party, with others, of the date 1562 and 1563. *History of Liddesdale*, etc., Appendix, pp ciii, civ, Nos LXV, LXVI.

The earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, after the failure of the Rising in

the North, fled first to Liddesdale, and thence "to one of the Armstrongs," in the Debateable Land. The Liddesdale men stole the Countess of Northumberland's horses, and the earls, continuing their flight, left her "on foot, at John of the Syde's house, a cottage not to be compared to any dog-kennel in England." At his departing, "my lord of Westmoreland changed his coat of plate and sword with John of the Syde, to be the more unknown:" Sussex to Cecil, December 22, 1569, printed in Sharp's *Memorials of the Rebellion*, p. 114 f.

John is nephew to the laird of Mangerton in B 1, 3, 4, C 1, 3, and therefore cousin to the Laird's Jock and the Laird's Wat: † but this does not appear in A.

Sir Richard Maitland commemorates both John of the Syde and the Laird's Jock in his verses on the thieves of Liddesdale:

He is weill kend, Johne of Syde,

A greater theife did never ryd :

He never tyres

For to brek byres,

Our muire and myres our guid ane gyde.

(MS., fol. 4, back, line 13.)

An Archie Armstrong in Syde is complained of, with others, in 1596, for burning eleven houses (Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, V, 294), and Christie of the Syde

\* Campbell "projected" his work as early as 1790, and he intimates in his preface, p. viii (if I have rightly understood him), that he gave help to Scott.

† For the Laird's Jock, see 'Dick o the Cow,' No 185.

"I do not say there never was a Laird's Wat, but I do not recollect having met with an Armstrong called Walter during the sixteenth century:" Mr R. B. Armstrong.

is "mentioned in the list of border clans, 1597" (Scott).

In Blacu's map of Liddesdale, "Syid" is on the right bank of the Liddel, nearly opposite Mangerton, but a little higher up the stream.

A. John a Side has been taken in a raid\* and carried prisoner to Newcastle. Sybill o the Side (his mother, 20) runs by the water with the news to Mangerton, where lords and ladies are ready to sell all their cattle and sheep for John's ransom. But Hobby Noble says that with five men he would fetch John back. The laird offers five thousand, but Hobby will take only five. They will not go like men of war, but like poor corn-dealers, and their steeds must be barefoot. When they come to Chollerton, on the Tyne, the water is up. Hobby asks an old man the way over the ford. The old man in three-score years and three has never seen horse go over except a horse of tree; meaning, we may suppose, a foot-bridge. In spite of the old man they find a way where they can cross in pairs. In Howbram wood they cut a tree of three-and-thirty foot, and with help of this, or without it, they climb to the top of the castle, where John is making his farewells to his mother, the lord of Mangerton, Much the Miller's son, and "Lord Clough." Hobby Noble calls to John to say that he has come to loose him; † John fears that it will not be done. Two men keep the horses, and four break the outer door (John himself breaking five doors within) and come to the iron door. The bell strikes twelve. Much the Miller fears they will be taken, and even John despairs of success. Hobby is not daunted; he files down the iron door and takes John out. John in his bolts can neither sit nor stride; Hobby ties the chains to John's feet, and says John rides like a bride. As they go through Howbram town John's horse stumbles, and

Much is again in a panic, which seems to show that John's commendation of him in 22 applies rather to his capacity as a thief than to his mettle. In Howbram wood they file off John's bolts at the feet. Now, says Hobby, leap over a horse! and John leaps over five. They have no difficulty in fording the Tyne on their return, and bring John home to Mangerton without further trouble.

It is Hobby Noble, then, that looses John in A, as he is said to have done in his own ballad, st. 27; but in B, C the Laird's Jock takes the lead, and Hobie plays a subordinate part. The Laird's Wat replaces the faint-hearted Much (who, however, is again found in the fragment D); Sybil of the Side becomes Downie (in D Dinali); the liberating party is but three instead of six.

The laird in B orders the horses to be shod the wrong way,‡ whereas in A the shoes were taken off; and the party must not seem to be gentlemen, Heaven save the mark! but look like corn-cadgers, as in A. At Cholerford they cut a tree with fifteen nags, B 11, C with fifty nags, on each side, D twenty snags, and three long ones on the top; but when they come to Newcastle it proves to be too short, as the ladders are in the historical account of the release of Kinnmont Willie. The Laird's Jock says they must force the gate. A proud porter withstands them; they wring his neck, and take his keys, B 13, 14, C 10 (cf. No 116, st. 65, No 119, 70, 71, and III, 95 note †). When they come to the jail, they let Jock know that they mean to free him; he is hopeless; the day is come he is to die; fifteen stone of iron (fifty, C) is laid on him. Work thou within and we without, says the Laird's Jock. One door they open and one they break. The Laird's Jock gets John o the Side on his back and takes him down the stair, declining help from Hobie. They put the prisoner on a horse, with the

\* If the text is right, John (or was it Hobbie Noble?) had killed Peeter a Whifeild. See 'Hobbie Noble,' 91.

† "I am a bastard brother of thine," says Hobby in 263; cf. 283. But in B 7 and 'Hobbie Noble,' 3, he is an Englishman, born in Bewcastle, and banished to Liddesdale.

‡ This device, whether of great practical use or not, has much authority to favor it: Hereward, De Gestis Herwardi,

Michel, *Chroniques A. Normandes*, p. 81; Fulk Fitz-Warin, Wright, p. 92; Eustache le Moine, Michel, p. 55, vv. 1505 ff. (see Michel's note, p. 104 f.); Robert Bruce, *Scotichronicon*, Goodall, II, 226; other cases in Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, pp. 16, 20, 93 note. It is repeated in 'Archie o Cawfield.'

same jest as before; the night is wet, as it was when Kinmont Willie was loosed, but they hie on merrily. They had no trouble in crossing the Tyne when they were coming, but now it is running like a sea. The old man had never seen it so big; the Laird Wat says they are all dead men. Set the prisoner on behind me, cries the gallant Laird's Jock, and they all swim through. Hardly have they won the other side when twenty Englishmen who are pursuing them reach the river. The land-sergeant says that the water will not ride, and calls to them to throw him the irons; they may have the rogue. The Laird's Jock answers that he will keep the irons to shoe his grey mare.\* They bring John to Liddesdale, and there they free him of his irons, B. Now, John, they say, 'the day

was come thou wast to die;' but thou 'rt as well at thy own fireside.

In D 5 they cut their mares' tails before starting, and never stop running till they come to Hathery Haugh. Tyne is running like a sea when they come to Chollerton, on their way to the rescue, as in A. They cut their tree in Swinburn wood. When they are to re-cross the river, Much says his mare is young and will not swim; the Laird's Jock (?) says, Take thou mine, and I'll take thine.

The ballad is one of the best in the world, and enough to make a horse-trooper of any young borderer, had he lacked the impulse. In deference to history, it is put after Kinmont Willie, for it may be a free version of his story.

## A

Percy MS., p. 254; Hales and Furnivall, II, 203.

- \* \* \* \* \*
- 1 PEETER a Whiteild he bath slaine,  
And Iohn a Side, he is tane,  
And Iohn is bound both hand and foote,  
And to the New-castle he is gone.
- 2 But tydinges came to the Sybill o the Side,  
By the water-side as shee rann;  
Shee tooke her kirtle by the hem,  
And fast shee runn to Mangerton.
- 3 . . . . .  
The lord was sett downe at his meate;  
When these tydings shee did him tell,  
Neuer a morsell might he eate.
- 4 But lords, the wrunge their fingers white,  
Ladies did pull themselves by the haire,  
Crying, Alas and weladay!  
For Iohn o the Side wee shall neuer see  
more.
- 5 'But wee 'le goe sell our droues of kine,  
And after them our oxen sell,  
And after them our troopes of sheepe,  
But wee will loose him out of the New Cas-  
tell.'

- 6 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,  
And spoke these words wonderous hye;  
Sayes, Giue me fwe men to my selfe,  
And I 'le feitch Iohn o the Side to thee.
- 7 'Yea, thou 'st haue fwe, Hobby Noble,  
Of the best *that* are in this cuntrye;  
I 'le giue thee fwe thousand, Hobby-Noble,  
*That* walke in Tyuidale trulye.'
- 8 'Nay, I 'le haue but fwe,' saies Hobby Noble,  
'*That* shall walke away with mee;  
Wee will ryde like noe men of warr;  
But like poore badgers wee wilbe.'
- 9 They stufet vp all their baggs with straw,  
And their steeds barefoot must bee;  
'Come on, my bretheren,' sayes Hobby Noble,  
'Come on *your* wayes, and goe with mee.'
- 10 And when they came to Culerton ford,  
The water was vp, they cold it not goe;  
And then they were ware of a good old mau,  
How his boy and hee were at the plowe.
- 11 'But stand you still,' sayes Hobby Noble.  
'Stand you still heere at this shore,  
And I will ryde to yonder old man,  
And see w[h]ere the gate it lyes ore.

\* Bay and grey should be exchanged in B 10, C 7.

- 12 'But Christ you saue, father!' *quoth* hee,  
 'Crist both you saue and see!  
 Where is the way *ouer* this fford?  
 For Christ's sake tell itt mee!'
- 13 'But I haue dwelled heere three score yeere,  
 Soe haue I done three score and three;  
 I neuer sawe man nor horsse goe ore,  
 Except itt were a horse of tree.'
- 14 'But fare thou well, thou good old man!  
 The devill in hell I leave *with* thee,  
 Noe better comfort heere this night  
 Thow giues my bretheren heere and me.'
- 15 But when he came to his brether againe,  
 And told this tydings full of woe,  
 And then they found a well good gate  
 They might ryde ore by two and two.
- 16 And when they were come *ouer* the fforde,  
 All safe gotten att the last,  
 'Thankes be to God!' sayes Hobby Noble,  
 'The worst of our perill is past.'
- 17 And then they came into Howbrame wood,  
 And there then they found a tree,  
 And cutt itt downe then by the roote;  
 The lenght was thirty foote and three.
- 18 And four of them did take the planke,  
 As light as it had beene a fliee,  
 And carryed itt to the New Castle,  
 Where as Iohn a Side did lye.
- 19 And some did climbe vp by the walls,  
 And some did climbe vp by the tree,  
 Vntill they came vpp to the top of the castle,  
 Where Iohn made his moane trulye.
- 20 He sayd, God be with thee, Sybill o the Side!  
 My owne mother thou art, *quoth* hee;  
 If thou knew this night I were here,  
 A woe woman then woldest thou bee.
- 21 And fare you well, *Lord* Mangerton!  
 And *euere* I say God be *with* thee!  
 For if you knew this night I were heere,  
 You wold sell your land for to loose mee.
- 22 And fare thou well, Much, Millers sonne!  
 Much, Millars sonne, I say;
- Thou has beene better att merke midnight  
 Then *euere* thou was att noone o the day.
- 23 And fare thou well, my good Lord Clough!  
 Thou art thy ffathers sonne and heire;  
 Thou neuer saw him in all thy liffe  
 But with him durst thou breake a speare.
- 24 'Wee are brothers childer nine or ten,  
 And sisters children ten or eleven.  
 We neuer came to the feild to fight,  
 But the worst of us was counted a man.'
- 25 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,  
 And spake these words vnto him;  
 Saies, Sleepest thou, wakest thou, Iohn o the  
 Side,  
 Or art thou this castle *within*?
- 26 'But who is there,' *quoth* Iohn oth Side,  
 'That knowes my name soe right and  
 free?'  
 'I am a bastard-brother of thine;  
 This night I am comen for to loose thee.'
- 27 'Now nay, now nay,' *quoth* Iohn o the Side;  
 'Itt ffeares me sore *that* will not bee;  
 Ffor a peeke of gold and silver,' Iohn sayd,  
 'In faith this night will not loose mee.'
- 28 But then bespake him Hobby Noble,  
 And till his brother thus sayd hee;  
 Sayes, Four shall take this matter in hand,  
 And two shall tent our geldings free.
- 29 Four did breake one dore *without*,  
 Then Iohn brake ffee himsell;  
 But when they came to the iron dore,  
 It smote twelue vpon the bell.
- 30 'Itt ffeares me sore,' sayd Much, the Miller,  
 'That heere taken wee all shalbee';  
 'But goe away, bretheren,' sayd Iohn a Side,  
 'For *euere* alas! this will not bee.'
- 31 'But ffye vpon thee!' sayd Hobby Noble;  
 'Much, the Miller, ffye vpon thee!  
 'It sore ffeares me,' said Hobby Noble,  
 'Man *that* thou wilt neuer bee.'
- 32 But then he had Ffflanders files two or three,  
 And hee fyled downe *that* iron dore,

- And tooke Iohn out of the New Castle,  
And sayd, Looke thou neuer come heere  
more!
- 33 When he had him fforth of the New Castle,  
‘Away with me, Iohn, thou shalt ryde:’  
But euer alas! itt cold not bee;  
For Iohn cold neither sitt nor stryde.
- 34 But then he had sheets two or three,  
And bound Iohns boults fast to his feete,  
And sett him on a well good steede,  
Himselfe on another by him seete.
- 35 Then Hobby Noble smiled and lough[e],  
And spoke these worde in mickle pryde:  
Thou sits soe finely on thy geldinge  
That, Iohn, thou rydes like a byrde.
- 36 And when they came thorow Howbraine  
towne,  
Iohns horse there stumbled at a stone;  
‘Out and alas!’ cryed Much, the Miller,  
‘Iohn, thou’le make vs all be tane.’
- 37 ‘But fye vpon thee!’ saies Hobby Noble,  
‘Much, the Millar, fye on thee!’  
I know full well,’ saies Hobby Noble,  
‘Man *that* thou wilt neuer bee.’
- 38 And when the came into Howbrame wood,  
He had Flanders files two or three  
To file Iohns bolts beside his feete,  
That hee might ryde more easlye.
- 39 Sayes, ‘Iohn, now leape ouer a steede!’  
And Iohn then hee lope ouer fue:  
‘I know well,’ saies Hobby Noble,  
‘Iohn, thy ffellow is not aloue.’
- 40 Then he brought him home to Mangerton;  
The lord then he was att his meate;  
But when Iohn o the Side he there did see,  
For faine hee cold noe more eate.
- 41 He sayes, Blest be thou, Hobby Noble,  
That euer thou wast man borne!  
Thou hast feitched vs home good Iohn oth  
Side,  
That was now cleane ffrom vs gone.

## B

a. Caw's Poetical Museum, 1784, p. 145; "from an old manuscript copy." b. Campbell's Albyn's Anthology, II, 28; "taken down from the recitation of Mr Thomas Shortreed," of Jedburgh, "who learnt it from his father."

- 1 ‘Now Liddisdale has ridden a raid,  
But I wat they had better staid at hame;  
For Mitchel o Winfield he is dead,  
And my son Johnie is prisner tane.’  
With my fa ding diddle, la la dow diddle.
- 2 For Mangerton House auld Downie is gane;  
Her coats she has kilted up to her knee,  
And down the water wi speed she rins,  
While tears in spaits fa fast frae her eie.
- 3 Then up and bespake the lord Mangerton:  
‘What news, what news, sister Downie, to me?’  
‘Bad news, bad news, my lord Mangerton;  
Mitchel is killd, and tane they hae my son Johnie.’
- 4 ‘Neer fear, sister Downie,’ quo Mangerton;  
‘I hae yokes of oxen four and twentie,  
My barns, my byres, and my faulds, a’ weel filld,  
And I’ll part wi them a’ ere Johnie shall die.
- 5 ‘Three men I’ll take to set him free,  
Weel harnessd a’ wi best o steel;  
The English rogues may hear, and drie  
The weight o their braid swords to feel.
- 6 ‘The Laird’s Jock ane, the Laird’s Wat twa,  
Oh, Hobie Noble, thou ane maun be;  
Thy coat is blue, thou has been true,  
Since England banishd thee, to me.’
- 7 Now Hobie was an English man,  
In Bewcastle-dale was bred and born;  
But his misdeeds they were sae great,  
They banishd him neer to return.
- 8 Lord Mangerton them orders gave,  
‘Your horses the wrang way maun a’ be shod;  
Like gentlemen ye must not seem,  
But look like corn-caugers gawn ae road.

- 9 'Your armour gude ye maunna shaw,  
Nor ance appear like men o weir;  
As country lads be all arrayd,  
Wi branks and brecham on ilk mare.'
- 10 Sae now a' their horses are shod the wrang  
way,  
And Hobie has mounted his grey sae fine,  
Jock his lively bay, Wat's on his white horse  
behind,  
And on they rode for the water o Tyne.
- 11 At the Choler-ford they a' light down,  
And there, wi the help o the light o the  
moon,  
A tree they cut, wi fifteen naggs upo ilk side,  
To climb up the wa o Newcastle town.
- 12 But when they cam to Newcastle town,  
And were alighted at the wa,  
They fand their tree three ells oer laigh,  
They fand their stick baith short and sma.
- 13 Then up and spake the Laird's ain Jock,  
'There's naething for't, the gates we maun  
force;'  
But when they cam the gates unto,  
A proud porter withstood baith men and  
horse.
- 14 His neck in twa I wat they hae wrung,  
Wi hand or foot he neer playd paw;  
His life and his keys at anes they hae tane,  
And cast his body ahind the wa.
- 15 Now soon they reach Newcastle jail,  
And to the prisner thus they call:  
'Sleips thou, wakes thou, Jock o the Side?  
Or is thou wearied o thy thrall?'
- 16 Jock answers thus, wi dolefu tone:  
Aft, aft I wake, I seldom sleip;  
But wha's this kens my name sae weel,  
And thus to hear my waes do[es] seik?
- 17 Then up and spake the good Laird's Jock,  
'Neer fear ye now, my billie,' quo he;  
'For here's the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat,  
And Hobie Noble, come to set thee free.'
- 18 'Oh, had thy tongue, and speak nae mair,  
And o thy tawk now let me be!
- For if a' Liddisdale were here the night,  
The morn's the day that I maun die.
- 19 'Full fifteen stane o Spanish iron  
They hae laid a' right sair on me;  
Wi locks and keys I am fast bound  
Into this dungeon mirk and drearie.'
- 20 'Fear ye no that,' quo the Laird's Jock;  
'A faint heart neer wan a fair ladie;  
Work thou within, we'll work without,  
And I'll be bound we set thee free.'
- 21 The first strong dore that they came at,  
They loosed it without a key;  
The next chaind dore that they cam at,  
They gard it a' in flinders flee.
- 22 The prisner now, upo his back,  
The Laird's Jock's gotten up fu hie;  
And down the stair him, irons and a',  
Wi nae sma speed and joy brings he.
- 23 'Now, Jock, I wat,' quo Hobie Noble,  
'Part o the weight ye may lay on me;'  
'I wat weel no,' quo the Laird's Jock,  
'I count him lighter than a flee.'
- 24 Sae out at the gates they a' are gane,  
The prisner's set on horseback hie;  
And now wi speed they've tane the gate,  
While ilk ane jokes fu wantonlie.
- 25 'O Jock, sae winsomely's ye ride,  
Wi baith your feet upo ae side!  
Sae weel's ye're harnessd, and sae trig!  
In troth ye sit like ony bride.'
- 26 The night, tho wat, they didna mind,  
But hied them on fu mirrillie,  
Until they cam to Cholerford brae,  
Where the water ran like mountains hie.
- 27 But when they came to Cholerford,  
There they met with an auld man;  
Says, Honest man, will the water ride?  
Tell us in haste, if that ye can.
- 28 'I wat weel no,' quo the good auld man;  
'Here I hae livd this threty yeirs and three,  
And I neer yet saw the Tyne sae big,  
Nor rinnin ance sae like a sca.'



- 29 Then up and spake the Laird's saft Wat,  
The greatest coward in the company;  
'Now halt, now halt, we needna try 't;  
The day is comd we a' maun die!'
- 30 'Poor faint-hearted thief!' quo the Laird's  
Jock,  
'There 'll nae man die but he that's fie;  
I 'll lead ye a' right safely through;  
Lift ye the prisner on ahint me.'
- 31 Sae now the water they a' hae tane,  
By anes and twas they a' swam through;  
'Here are we a' safe,' says the Laird's Jock,  
'And, poor faint Wat, what think ye now?'
- 32 They scarce the ither side had won,  
When twenty men they saw pursue;  
Frae Newcastle town they had been sent,  
A' English lads, right good and true.
- 33 But when the land-sergeant the water saw,  
'It winna ride, my lads,' quo he;

Then out he cries, Ye the prisner may take,  
But leave the irons, I pray, to me.

- 34 'I wat weel no,' cryd the Laird's Jock,  
'I 'll keep them a', shoon to my mare they 'll  
be;  
My good grey mare, for I am sure,  
She 's bought them a' fu dear frae thee.'
- 35 Sae now they're away for Liddisdale,  
Een as fast as they coud them hie;  
The prisner 's brought to his ain fire-side,  
And there o 's airns they make him free.
- 36 'Now, Jock, my billie,' quo a' the three,  
'The day was comd thou was to die;  
But thou 's as weel at thy ain fire-side,  
Now sitting, I think, tween thee and me.'
- 37 They hae gard fill up ae punch-bowl,  
And after it they maun hae anither,  
And thus the night they a' hae spent,  
Just as they had been brither and brither.

## C

Percy Papers. "The imperfect copy sent me from Keelder, as collected from the memory of an old person by Mr William Hadley, in 1775."

- 1 'Now Liddisdale has, ridden a rade,  
But I wat they had a better staid at home;  
For Michel of Windfield he is slain,  
And my son Jonny, they have him tane.'  
With my fa dow diddle, lal la dow didle
- 2 Now Downy 's down the water gone,  
With all her cots unto her arms,  
And she gave never over swift running  
Untill she came to Mengertown.
- 3 Up spack Lord Mengertown and says,  
What news, what news now, sister Downy?  
what news hast thou to me?  
'Bad news, bad news, Lord Mengertown,  
For Michal of Windfield he is slain, and my  
son Jonny they have him tain.'
- 4 Up speaks Lord Mengertown and says, I have  
four and twenty yoke of oxen,  
And four and twenty good milk-ky,

And three times as mony sheep,  
And I 'll gie them a' before my son Jonny die.

- 5 I will tak three men unto myself;  
The Laird's Jack he shall be ane,  
The Laird's Wat another,  
For, Hobbie Noble, thow must be ane.
- 6 . . . thy cot is of the blue;  
For ever since thou cam to Liddisdale  
To Mengertown thou hast been true.
- 7 Now Hobbie hath mounted his frienged gray,  
And the Laird's Jack his lively bey,  
And Watt with the ald horse behind,  
And they are away as fast as they can ride.
- 8 Till they are come to the Cholar foord,  
And there they lighted down;  
And there they cut a tree with fifty nags upo  
each side,  
For to clim Newcastle wall.
- 9 And when they came there . . .  
It wad not reach by ellish three;

- 'There's nothing for't,' says the Laird's Jack,  
'But forcing o New Castle gate.'
- 10 And when they came there,  
There was a proud porter standing,  
And I wat they were obliged to wring his  
neck in twa.
- 11 Now they are come to New Castle gile:  
Says they, Sleep thou, wakes thou, John o the  
Side?
- 12 Says he, Whiles I wake, but seldom sleep;  
Who is there that knows my name so well?
- 13 Up speaks the Laird's Jack and says,  
Here is Jack and Watt and Hobby Noble,  
Come this night to set thee free.
- 14 Up speaks John of the Side and says,  
O hold thy tongue now, billy, and of thy talk  
now let me be;  
For if a' Liddisdale were here this night,  
The morn is the day that I must die.
- 15 For their is fifty stone of Spanish iron  
Laid on me fast wee lock and key,  
. . . . .
- 16 Then up speaks the Laird's Jack and says,  
A faint heart neer wan a fair lady;  
Work thou within and we without,  
And this night we'll set the free.
- 17 The first door that they came at  
They lousd without either lock or key,  
. . . . .  
And the next they brock in flinders three.
- 18 Till now Jack has got the prisner on his  
back,  
And down the tolbooth stair came he;  
. . . . .
- 19 Up spack Hobby Noble and says,  
O man, I think thou may lay some weight o  
the prisner upo me;  
'I wat weel no,' says the Laird's Jack,  
'For I do not count him as havy as ane  
poor flee.'
- 20 So now they have set him upo horse back,  
And says, O now so winsomly as thou dost  
ride,  
Just like a bride, wee beth thy feet  
Unto a side.
- 21 Now they are away wee him as fast as they  
can heye,  
Till they are come to the Cholar foord brae  
head;  
And they met an ald man,  
And says, Will the water ride?
- 22 'I wat well no,' says the ald man,  
'For I have lived here this thirty years and  
three,  
. . . . .  
And I think I never saw Tyne running so  
like a sea.'
- 23 Up speaks the Laird's Watt and says—  
The greatest coward of the companie—  
. . . . .  
'Now, dear billies, the day is come that we  
must a' die.'
- 24 Up speaks the Laird's Jack and says, Poor  
cowardly thief,  
They will never one die but him that's fee;  
. . . . .  
Set the prisner on behind me.
- 25 So they have tain the water by ane and two,  
Till they have got safe swum'd through.
- 26 Be they wan safe a' through,  
There were twenty men pursueing them from  
New Castle town.
- 27 Up speaks the land-sergant and says,  
If you be gone with the rog, cast me my irons.
- 28 'I wat weel no,' says the Laird's Jack,  
'For I will keep them to shew my good  
grey mere;  
. . . . .  
For I am sure she has bought them dear.'
- 29 'Good sooth,' says the Laird's Jack,  
'The worst perel is now past.'
- 30 So now they have set him upo hoseback,  
And away as fast as they could hie,

Till they brought him into Liddisdale,  
And now they have set him down at his own  
fireside.

- 31 And says, now John,  
The day was come that thou was to die,  
But thou is full as weel sitting at thy own fire-  
side.

## D

Percy Papers. "These are scraps of the old song repeated to me by Mr Leadbeater, from the neighborhood of Hexham, 1774."

- 1 LIDDISDAILL has ridden a raid,  
But they had better ha staid at hame;  
For Michael a Wingfield he is slain,  
And Jock o the Side they hae taen.
- 2 Dinah's down the water gane,  
Wi a' her coats untill her knees,  
To Mangerton came she.
- 3 . . . . .  
How now? how now? What's your will  
wi me?  
. . . . .
- 4 To the New Castle h[e] is gane.
- 5 They have cuttin their yad's tailles,  
They've cut them a little abune the hough,

- 32 And now they are falln to drink,  
And they drank a whole week one day after  
another,  
And if they be not given over,  
They are all drinking on yet.

And they never gave oer s . . . d running  
Till they came to Hatherly Haugh.

- 6 And when they came to Chollerton ford  
Tyne was mair running like a sea.  
. . . . .
- 7 And when they came to Swinburne wood,  
Quickly they ha fellen a tree;  
Twenty snags on either side,  
And on the top it had lang three.
- 8 'My mare is young, she wul na swim,'  
. . . . .  
. . . . .
- 9 . . . . .  
'Now Mudge the Miller, fie on thee!  
Tak thou mine, and I'll tak thine,  
And the deel hang down thy yad and  
thee.'

- A. 1<sup>1</sup>. whifeild: *the first i may be t: Furnivall*.  
6<sup>3</sup>, 7<sup>1</sup>, 8<sup>1</sup>. 5. 7<sup>3</sup>. 5000. 13<sup>1</sup>, 13<sup>3</sup>. 3.  
13<sup>4</sup>. 3: *Percy queries, tree?* 15<sup>4</sup>. 2 and 2.  
17<sup>4</sup>. 30: 3. 18<sup>1</sup>. 4.  
19<sup>2</sup>. by. *MS. eaten through by ink: Furnivall*.  
20<sup>3</sup>. knight for night. 24<sup>1</sup>. 9: or: 10:.  
24<sup>1</sup>. 10: or: 11:.. *The first and the second  
line might be transposed to the advantage  
of the rhyme.*  
25<sup>1</sup>. hobynoble. 27<sup>4</sup>. infaith. 28<sup>3</sup>. 4.  
28<sup>4</sup>. 2. 29<sup>1</sup>. for 4. 29<sup>2</sup>. 5. 29<sup>4</sup>. 12.  
32<sup>1</sup>, 34<sup>1</sup>, 38<sup>2</sup>. 2 or 3. 39<sup>2</sup>. 5.

- B. a. 13<sup>2</sup>. wi' maun. 16<sup>4</sup>. do seik (= dos seik).  
34<sup>3</sup>. grey mare, *but bay in* 10<sup>3</sup>. b *has bay in  
both.*  
b. *Burden after the first and the fourth line:*  
Wi my fa ding diddle, lal low dow diddle.  
1<sup>2</sup>. hae staid. 1<sup>3</sup>, 3<sup>4</sup>. Michael.  
1<sup>4</sup>. And Jock o the Side.  
2<sup>1</sup>. Lady Downie has. 2<sup>4</sup>. *the wanting*.  
3<sup>1</sup>. and spoke our gude auld lord.  
3<sup>4</sup>. and they hae taen.  
4<sup>2</sup>. ousen eighty and three. 5<sup>1</sup>. I'll send.  
5<sup>2</sup>. A' harneist wi the.  
5<sup>4</sup>. louns for rogues. 6, 7 *wanting*.

8<sup>1</sup>. then *for* them. 8<sup>2</sup>. maun be.  
 8<sup>3</sup>. ye mauna. 8<sup>4</sup>. the road. 9<sup>1</sup>. you.  
 9<sup>2</sup>. yet *for* ance. 9<sup>4</sup>. on each.  
 10<sup>1</sup>. a' *wanting*: the wrang way shod.  
 10<sup>3</sup>. Jock 's on his. 11<sup>1</sup>. nogs on each.  
 13<sup>3</sup>. the gate untill.  
 14<sup>1</sup>. twa the Armstrangs wrang.  
 14<sup>2</sup>. Wi fute or hand. 14<sup>4</sup>. cast the.  
 15<sup>4</sup>. Art thou weary.  
 16<sup>4</sup>. to mese my waes does. 17<sup>1</sup>. out and.  
 17<sup>3</sup>. Now fear ye na. 17<sup>5</sup>. here are.  
 18<sup>1</sup>. Now haud thy tongue, my gude Laird's  
 Jock.  
 18<sup>2</sup>. For ever alas this canna be. 18<sup>4</sup>. was.  
 19<sup>4</sup>. dark and. 20<sup>4</sup>. be sworn we'll.  
 21<sup>4</sup>. a' to. 22<sup>2</sup>. Jock has. 23 *wanting*.  
 28<sup>2</sup>. I hae lived here threty. 29<sup>1</sup>. out and.  
 29<sup>4</sup>. come. 30<sup>1</sup>. cried the Laird's ane Jock.  
 30<sup>2</sup>. but him. 30<sup>3</sup>. I'll guide thee.  
 31<sup>1</sup>. Wi that: they hae. 31<sup>3</sup>. quo the.  
 32<sup>1</sup>. the other brae. 32<sup>4</sup>. lads baith stout.  
 33<sup>2</sup>. says he.  
 33<sup>3</sup>. Then cried aloud, The prisoner take.  
 33<sup>4</sup>. the fetters. 34<sup>1</sup>. quo the.  
 34<sup>3</sup>. bay mare. 34<sup>4</sup>. She has: right dear.  
 35<sup>1</sup>. are onto. 36<sup>2</sup>. is comd. 36<sup>3</sup>. ingle side.

36<sup>4</sup>. twixt thee. 37 *wanting*.

*Scott changes Campbell's readings for Caw's now and then, and Caw's for his own.*

C. *Written continuously after the first stanza, and mostly without punctuation. The end of a stanza is indicated after 3 by the insertion of the burden. Some one, probably Percy, has attempted to show the proper separation by marks between the lines. B has been taken as a guide for the divisions here adopted.*

9<sup>1</sup>. And when they came there ends 8<sup>4</sup> in the MS.

11<sup>2</sup>. Jn° for John.

14<sup>2</sup>. And of thy talk, etc., is a line by itself in the MS.

16<sup>3</sup>. And me. 19<sup>2</sup>. Two lines in the MS.

20<sup>2</sup>. Perhaps dos'. 20<sup>3</sup>. Unto &

21<sup>2,3</sup>, 24, 28. The lines are run together.

31. And says now John the day continues 30<sup>4</sup> in the MS.

D. 5<sup>3</sup>. s . . . d, illegible.

7<sup>1</sup>. Perhaps Swinburin.

9<sup>3</sup>. gang has been changed to hang, or hang to gang: neither is quite intelligible.

1, 2, 3 are in the MS. 2, 3, 1.

## 188

### ARCHIE O CAWFIELD

A. 'Archie of the Cawfield,' communicated to Percy by Miss Fisher of Carlisle, 1780.

B. a. 'Archie of Cafield,' \* Glenriddell MSS, XI, 14, 1791; Scott's Minstrelsy, 1802, I, 177. b. 'Archie of Ca'field,' Scott's Minstrelsy, 1833, II, 116.

C. 'The Three Brothers,' Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 111.

D. 'Billie Archie,' Motherwell's MS., p. 467, communicated by Buchan, and by him derived from James Nicol of Strichen; Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 335.

E. Macmath MS., p. 76, fragments.

F. Communicated by Mr J. M. Watson, of Clark's Island, Plymouth Harbor, Massachusetts.

B a was printed by Scott in the first edition of his Minstrelsy, with the omission of stanzas 11, 13, 15<sup>3-6</sup> (15<sup>3,4</sup>, 16<sup>1,2</sup>, of the MS.), 17<sup>3,4</sup> (18<sup>1,2</sup> of the MS.), 27, 28, and with many editorial improvements, besides Scotticising

\* Miswritten Capeld; again in 12<sup>4</sup>.

of the spelling. Of B b, the form in which the ballad appears in the later edition of the Minstrelsy, the editor says that he has been enabled to add several stanzas obtained from recitation, of which he remarks that, "as they contrast the brutal indifference of the elder

brother with the zeal and spirit of his associates, they add considerably to the dramatic effect of the whole." The new stanzas are ten, and partly displace some of a. None of the omitted stanzas are restored, and the other changes previously made are retained, except of course where new stanzas have been introduced.

This ballad is in all the salient features a repetition of 'Jock o the Side,' Halls playing the parts of Armstrongs. The Halls are several times complained of for reif and away-taking of ky, oxen, etc., in 1579. There is a Jok Hall of the Sykis, Jok Hall, called Paitti's Jok, a Jokie Hall in the Clintis, and the name Archie Hall occurs, which is, to be sure, a matter of very slight consequence. See the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland, III, 236 f., 354 f. Cafeld is about a mile west of Langholm, in Wauchopedale. The Armstrongs had spread into Wauchopedale in the sixteenth century, and Jock Armstrong of the Caffield appears in the Registers of the Privy Council, III, 43, 85, 133, 535. I have not found Halls of Caffield, and hope not to do them injustice by holding that some friend or member of that sept has substituted their name, for the glory of the family.\*

From a passage in *A History of Dumfries*, by William Bennet, in *The Dumfries Monthly Magazine*, III, 9 f., July, 1826 (kindly brought to my attention by Mr Macmath), there appears to have been a version of this ballad in which the Johnstones played the part of the Halls, or Armstrongs; but against their enemies the Maxwells, not against the public authority. A gentleman of Dumfries informed Bennet that he had "often, in early life, listened to an interesting ballad, sung by an old female chronicle of the town, which was founded upon the following circumstance. In some fray between the Maxwells and Johnstones, the former had taken the chief of the latter prisoner, and shut him up in the jail of Dumfries, in Lochmaben gate; for in Dumfries they possessed almost the same power as in the Stewartry of Annandale, Crichton of

Sanquhar, who was then hereditary sheriff of Nithsdale, being their retainer. In a dark night shortly afterwards, a trusty band of the Johnstones marched secretly into Dumfries, and, surprising the jail-keepers, bore off their chief, manacled as he then was, and, placing him behind one of their troopers, galloped off towards the head of Locher, there to regain the Tinwald side and strike into the mountains of Moffat before their enemies should have leisure to start in pursuit. A band of the Maxwells, happening to be in town, and instantly receiving the alarm, started in pursuit of the fugitives, and overtook them about the dawn of morning, just as they had suddenly halted upon the banks of the Locher, and seemed to hesitate about risking its passage; for the stream was much swollen by a heavy rain which had lately fallen, and seemed to threaten destruction to any who should dare to enter it. On seeing the Maxwells, however, and reflecting upon the comparative smallness of their own party, they plunged in, and, by dextrous management, reached in safety the opposite bank at the moment their pursuers drew up on the brink of that which they had left. The Johnstones had now the decided advantage, for, had their enemies ventured to cross, they could, while struggling against the current, have been easily destroyed. The bloodthirsty warriors raged and shook their weapons at each other across the stream; but the flood rolled on as if in mockery of their threatenings, and the one party at length galloped off in triumph, while the other was compelled to return in disgrace."

There are three Halls in A, B, C, brothers, of whom Archie is a prisoner, condemned to die. The actors in D are not said to be brothers or Halls; the prisoner is Archie, as before. In A, Jock the laird and Dickie effect the rescue, assisted by Jocky Ha, a cousin. Dick is the leader, Jocky Ha subordinate, and Jock the laird is the despondent and repining personage, corresponding to Much in Jock o the Side, A, D, and to the Laird's Wat, B, C. In B, Dick is the only brother named; he and Jokie Hall from Teviotdale

\* "Tradition says that his [Archie's] name was Archibald Armstrong." (Note at the end of the MS.)

effect the rescue; Jokie Hall is prominent, and Dickie has the second place; Archie the prisoner is faint-hearted, but, properly speaking, that part is omitted. Jokie Hall represents Hobie Noble, who is the leader in A of the other ballad, as Jokie is here in B, and also C; whereas Dick is the leader in A, D of the ballad before us, and represents the Laird's Jock, who is principal in B, C of the other. In B, C, only two are concerned in breaking the jail. In C, Dick loses heart, or has the place of Much; in D, Caff o Lin.

In A 38, Jock the laird says his colt will drown him if he attempts to cross the river; so Dick in B 23 (for it can be no other, though Dick is not named) and in C 24, and Caff o Lin in D 14. They have not two attacks of panic, as Much has in 'Jock o the Side,' A, with such excellent effect in bringing out Hobie Noble's steadiness. To make up for this, however, the laird has an unheroic qualm after all is well over, in A 44: the dearsome night has cost him Cawfield! It is a fine-spirited answer that Dick makes: 'Light o thy lands! we should not have been three brothers.' In one of the stanzas which Scott added in B b, "coarse Ca'field," that is, the laird again, is addressed (inconsecutively, as the verses stand) with the like reproach: 'Wad ye even your lands to your born billy!'

Archie is prisoner at Dumfries in A, B, at Annan in C; in D no place is mentioned. The route followed in A is Barnglish,\* only two or three miles westward, where the horse-shoes are turned, 8; Bonshaw wood, where they take counsel, 10; over the Annan at Hoddam, 12, to Dumfries, 13; back by Bonshaw Shield, where they again take counsel, 29; over the Annan at Annan Holm (Annan Bank?), opposite Wamphray (where the Johnstones would be friendly), 31, to Cafield. Bonshaw Shield would have to be somewhere

between Dumfries and Annan Water; it seems to be an erroneous repetition of the Bonshaw on the left of the Annan.

The route in B is The Murraywhat, where shoes are turned, 6; Dumfries, 8; back by Lochmaben, 17; The Murraywhat, where they file off the shackles, 18; to and across the Annan. Here we may ask why the shoes are not changed earlier; for The Murraywhat is on the west side of the Annan. The route in C is not described; there is no reason, if they start from Cafield (see 23), why they should cross the Annan, the town being on the eastern side. All difficulties are escaped in D by giving no names.

The New England copy, F, naturally enough, names no places. There are three brothers, as in A, B, C, and Dickie is the leader. The prisoner, here called Archer, gives up hope when he comes to the river; his horse is lame and cannot swim; but horses are shifted, and he gets over. His spirits are again dashed when he sees the sheriff in pursuit.

A, 6<sup>2</sup>, 14<sup>2</sup>, 16<sup>4</sup>, 'for leugh o Liddesdale cracked he,' is explained by B a, 10<sup>2</sup>, 'fra the laigh of Tiviotdale was he;' he bragged for lower Liddesdale, was from lower Liddesdale; it seems to be a sort of *εἴητο εἶναι*. B b reads (that is, Scott corrects), 'The luvie of Teviotdale was he.' B a, 16<sup>4</sup>, 'And her girth was the gold-twist to be,' is unintelligible to me, and appears to be corrupt. b reads, And that was her gold-twist to be, an emendation of Scott's, gold-twist meaning "the small gilded chains drawn across the chest of a war-horse." The three stanzas introduced in B b after 7 (the colloquy with the smith) are indifferent modern stuff. This and something worse are C 14, where Johnny Ha takes the prisoner on his back and *leads* the mare, the refreshments in 16, 17, and the sheriff in 19-21, 28, 29.

\* Belonging to John's Christie, son of Johnnie Armstrong. Christie of Barnglish was in Kinmont Willie's rescue. R.

B. Armstrong, Appendix, p. cii, No LXIV; T. J. Carlyle, The Debateable Land, p. 22. Tytler, IX, 437.

## A

Communicated to Percy by Miss Fisher of Carlisle, 1780.

- 1 LATE in an evening forth as I went,  
   'T was on the dawning of the day ;  
   I heard two brothers make their moan,  
   I listend well what they did say.
- 2 . . . . .  
   . . . . .  
   We were three born brethren,  
   There[s] one of us condemnd to die.
- 3 Then up bespake Jock the laird :  
   ' If I had but a hundre men,  
   A hundred o th best i Christenty,  
   I wad go on to fair Dumfries, I wad loose  
   my brother and set him free.'
- 4 So up bespak then Dicky Ha,  
   He was the wisest o the three :  
   ' A hundre men we 'll never get,  
   Neither for gold nor fee,  
   But some of them will us betray ;  
   They 'l neither fight for gold nor fee.
- 5 ' Had I but ten well-wight men,  
   Ten o the best i Christenty,  
   I wad gae on to fair Dumfries,  
   I wad loose my brother and set him free.
- 6 ' Jocky Ha, our cousin, 's be the first man '  
   (For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he) ;  
   ' An ever we come till a pinch,  
   He 'll be as good as any three.'
- 7 They mounted ten well-wight men,  
   Ten o the best i Christenty ;  
   . . . . .  
   . . . . .
- 8 There was horsing and horsing of haste,  
   And cracking o whips out oer the lee,  
   Till they came to fair Barngliss,  
   And they ca'd the smith right quietly.
- 9 He has shod them a' their horse,  
   He 's shod them sicer and honestly,  
   And he as turnd the cawkers backwards oer,  
   Where foremost they were wont to be.
- 10 And there was horsing, horsing of haste,  
   And cracking of whips out oer the lee,
- Until they came to the Bonsbaw wood,  
   Where they held their council privately.
- 11 Some says, We 'll gang the Annan road,  
   It is the better road, said they ;  
   Up bespak then Dicky Ha,  
   The wisest of that company.
- 12 ' Annan road 's a publick road,  
   It 's no the road that makes for me ;  
   But we will through at Hoddam ford,  
   It is the better road,' said he.
- 13 And there was horsing, horsing o haste,  
   And cracking of whips out oer the lea,  
   Until they came to fair Dumfries,  
   And it was newly stricken three.
- 14 Up bespake then Jocky Ha,  
   For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he :  
   ' I have a mare, they ca her Meg,  
   She is the best i Christenty ;  
   An ever we come till a pinch,  
   She 'll bring awa both thee and me.'
- 15 ' But five we 'll leave to had our horse,  
   And five will watch, guard for to be ;  
   Who is the man,' said Dicky then,  
   ' To the prison-door will go with me? '
- 16 Up bespak then Jocky Ha,  
   For leugh o Liddesdale cracked he :  
   ' I am the man,' said Jocky than,  
   ' To the prison-door I 'll go with thee.'
- 17 They are up the jail-stair,  
   They stepped it right soberly,  
   Until they came to the jail-door ;  
   They ca'd the prisoner quietly.
- 18 ' O sleeps thou, wakest thou, Archie, my  
   billy ?  
   O sleeps thou, wakes thou, dear billy? '  
   'Sometimes I sleep, sometimes I wake ;  
   But who 's that knows my name so well? '  
   [said he.]  
   ' I am thy brother Dicky,' he says ;  
   ' This night I'm come to borrow thee.'
- 19 But up bespake the prisoner then,  
   And O but he spake woefully !  
   ' Today has been a justice-court,  
   . . . . .

- And a' Liddesdale were here the night,  
The morn's the day at I'se to die.'
- 20 'What is thy crime, Archie, my billy?  
What is the crime they lay to thee?'  
'I brake a spear i the warden's breast,  
For saving my master's land,' said he.
- 21 'If that be a' the crime they lay to thee, Archie, my billy,  
If that be the crime they lay to thee,  
Work thou within, and me without,  
And thro good strength I'll borrow thee.'
- 22 'I cannot work, billy,' he says,  
'I cannot work, billy, with thee,  
For fifteen stone of Spanish iron  
Lyes fast to me with lock and key.'
- 23 When Dicky he heard that,  
'Away, thou crabby chiel!' cried he;  
He's taen the door aye with his foot,  
And fast he followd it with his knee.  
Till a' the bolts the door hung on,  
O th' prison-floor he made them flee.
- 24 'Thou's welcome, welcome, Archy, my billy,  
Thou's aye right dear welcome to me;  
There shall be straits this day,' he said,  
'This day or thou be taen from me.'
- 25 He's got the prisoner on o his back,  
He's gotten him irons and aw,  
. . . . .
- 26 Up bespake then Jocky Ha,  
'Let some o th' prisoner lean on me;  
'The diel o there,' quo Dicky than,  
'He's no the wightdom of a flea.'
- 27 They are on o that gray mare,  
And they are on o her aw three,  
And they linked the irons about her neck,  
And galloped the street right wantonly.
- 28 'To horse, to horse,' then, 'all,' he says,  
'Horse ye with all the might ye may,  
For the jailor he will waken next;  
And the prisoners had a' wan away.'
- 29 There was horsing, horsing of haste,  
And cracking o whips out oer the lea,
- Until they came to the Bonshaw Shield;  
There they held their council privately.
- 30 Some says, 'We'll gang the Annan road;  
It is the better road,' said they;  
But up bespak than Dicky Ha,  
The wisest of that company:
- 31 'Annan road's a publick road,  
It's not the road that makes for me;  
But we will through at Annan Holme,  
It is the better road,' said he;  
'An we were in at Wamfrey Gate,  
The Johnstones they will a' help me.'
- 32 But Dicky lookd oer his left shoulder,  
I wait a wiley look gave he;  
He spied the lieutenant coming,  
And a hundre men of his company.
- 33 'So horse ye, horse ye, lads!' he said,  
'O horse ye, sure and sicerly!  
For yonder is the lieutenant,  
With a hundred men of his company.'
- 34 There was horsing, horsing of haste,  
And cracking o whips out oer the lea,  
Until they came to Annan Holme,  
And it was running like a sea.
- 35 But up bespake the lieutenant,  
Until a bonny lad said he,  
'Who is the man,' said the lieutenant,  
'Rides foremost of yon company?'
- 36 Then up bespake the bonny lad,  
Until the lieutenant said he,  
'Some men do ca him Dicky Ha,  
Rides foremost of yon company.'
- 37 'O haste ye, haste ye!' said the lieutenant,  
'Pursue with a' the might ye may!  
For the man had needs to be well saint  
That comes thro the hands o Dicky Ha.'
- 38 But up bespak Jock the laird,  
'This has been a dearsome night to me;  
I've a colt of four years old,  
I wait he wannelld like the wind;  
If ever he come to the deep,  
He will plump down, leave me behind.'



39 'Wae light o thee and thy horse baith, Jock,  
And even so thy horse and thee!  
Take thou mine, and I 'll take thine,  
Foul fa the warst horse i th' company!  
I 'll cast the prisoner me behind;  
There 'll no man die but him that 's fee.'

40 There they 've a' taen the flood,  
And they have taen it hastily;  
Dicky was the hindmost took the flood,  
And foremost on the land stood he.

41 Dicky's turnd his horse about,  
And he has turnd it hastily:  
'Come through, come thro, my lieutenant,  
Come thro this day, and drink wi me,  
And thy dinner's be dressd in Annan Holme,  
It sall not cost thee one penny.'

42 'I think some witch has bore thee, Dicky,  
Or some devil in hell been thy daddy;

I woud not swum that wan water double-  
horsed,  
For a' the gold in Christenty.

43 'But throw me thro my irons, Dicky,  
I wait they cost me full dear;'  
'O devil be there,' quo Jocky Hall,  
'They 'l be good shoon to my gray mare.'

44 O up bespoke then Jock the laird,  
'This has been a dearsome night to me;  
For yesternight the Cawfield was my ain,  
Landsman again I neer sall be.'

45 'Now wae light o thee and thy lands baith,  
Jock,  
And even so baith the land and thee!  
For gear will come and gear will gang,  
But three brothers again we never were to  
be.'

## B

a. Glenriddell MSS, XI, 14, 1791, "an old West Border ballad." b. Scott's Minstrelsy, 1833, II, 116.

1 As I was walking mine alane,  
It was by the dawning o the day,  
I heard twa brothers make their maine,  
And I listned well what they did say.'

2 The eldest to the youngest said,  
'O dear brother, how can this be!  
There was three brethren of us born,  
And one of us is condemnd to die.'

3 'O chuse ye out a hundred men,  
A hundred men in Christ[e]ndie,  
And we 'll away to Dumfries town,  
And set our billie Archie free.'

4 'A hundred men you cannot get,  
Nor yet sixteen in Christendie;  
For some of them will us betray,  
And other some will work for fee.

5 'But chuse ye out eleven men,  
And we ourselves thirteen will be,  
And we 'ill away to Dumfries town,  
And borrow bony billie Archie.'

6 There was horsing, horsing in haste,  
And there was marching upon the lee,  
Untill they came to the Murraywhat,  
And they lighted a' right speedylie.

7 'A smith, a smith!' Dickie he cries,  
'A smith, a smith, right speedily,  
To turn back the cakers of our horses feet!  
For it is forward we woud be.'

8 There was a horsing, horsing in haste,  
There was marching on the lee,  
Untill they came to Dumfries port,  
And there they lighted right manfulie.

9 'There['s] six of us will hold the horse,  
And other five watchmen will be;  
But who is the man among you a'  
Will go to the Tolbooth door wi me?'

10 O up then spake Jokie Hall  
(Fra the laigh of Tiviotdale was he),  
'If it should cost my life this very night,  
I 'll ga to the Tollbooth door wi thee.'

11 'O sleepest thou, wakest thou, Archie laddie?  
O sleepest thou, wakest thou, dear billie?'  
'I sleep but saft, I waken oft,  
For the morn 's the day that I man die.'

- 12 'Be o good cheer now, Archie lad,  
Be o good cheer now, dear billie;  
Work thow within and I without,  
And the morn thou's dine at Cawfield wi me.'
- 13 'O work, O work, Archie?' he cries,  
'O work, O work? ther's na working for  
me;  
For ther's fifteen stane o Spanish iron,  
And it lys fow sair on my body.'
- 14 O Jokie Hall stept to the door,  
And he bended it back upon his knee,  
And he made the bolts that the door hang on  
Jump to the wa right wantonlie.
- 15 He took the prisoner on his back,  
And down the Tollbooth stairs came he;  
Out then spak Dickie and said,  
Let some o the weight fa on me;  
'O shame a ma!' co Jokie Ha,  
'For he's no the weight of a poor flee.'
- 16 The gray mare stands at the door,  
And I wat neer a foot stirt she,  
Till they laid the links out oer her neck,  
And her girth was the gold-twist to be.
- 17 And they came down thro Dumfries town,  
And O but they came bonily!  
Untill they came to Lochmaben port,  
And they leugh a' the night manfulie.
- 18 There was horsing, horsing in haste,  
And there was marching on the lee,  
Untill they came to the Murraywhat,  
And they lighted a' right speedilie.
- 19 'A smith, a smith!' Dickie he cries,  
'A smith, a smith, right speedilie,  
To file off the shakles fra my dear brother!  
For it is forward we wad be.'
- 20 They had not fitt a shakle of iron,  
A shakle of iron but barely three,  
Till out then spake young Simon brave,  
'Ye do na see what I do see.
- 21 'Lo yonder comes Liewtenant Gordon,  
And a hundred men in his company:'
- 'O wo is me!' then Archie cries,  
'For I'm the prisoner, and I must die.'
- 22 O there was horsing, horsing in haste,  
And there was marching upon the lee,  
Untill they came to Annan side,  
And it was flowing like the sea.
- 23 'I have a colt, and he's four years old,  
And he can amble like the wind,  
But when he comes to the belly deep,  
He lays himself down on the ground.'
- 24 'But I have a mare, and they call her Meg,  
And she's the best in Christendie;  
Set ye the prisoner me behind;  
Ther'll na man die but he that's fae!'
- 25 Now they did swim that wan water,  
And O but they swam bonilie!  
Untill they came to the other side,  
And they wrang their cloathes right drunk-  
[i]lie.
- 26 'Come through, come through, Lientenant  
Gordon!  
Come through, and drink some wine wi me!  
For ther's a ale-house neer hard by,  
And it shall not cost thee one penny.'
- 27 'Throw me my irons, Dickie!' he cries,  
'For I wat they cost me right dear;'  
'O shame a ma!' cries Jokie Ha,  
'For they'll be good shoon to my gray mare.'
- 28 'Surely thy minnie has been some witch,  
Or thy dad some warlock has been;  
Else thow had never attempted such,  
Or to the bottom thow had gone.
- 29 'Throw me my irons, Dickie!' he cries,  
'For I wot they cost me dear enough;'  
'O shame a ma!' cries Jokie Ha,  
'They'll be good shakles to my plough.'
- 30 'Come through, come through, Liewtenant  
Gordon!  
Come throw, and drink some wine wi me!  
For yesterday I was your prisoner,  
But now the night I am set free.'

## C

Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland, I, 111.

- 1 As I walked on a pleasant green —  
'T was on the first morning of May —  
I heard twa brothers make their moan,  
And hearkend well what they did say.
- 2 The first he gave a grievous sigh,  
And said, Alas, and wae is me!  
We hae a brother condemned to death,  
And the very morn must hanged be.
- 3 Then out it speaks him Little Dick,  
I wat a gude fellow was he:  
'Had I three men unto mysell,  
Well borrowd shoud Bell Archie be.'
- 4 Out it speaks him Johnny Ha,  
A better fellow by far was he:  
'Ye shall hae six men and yoursell,  
And me to bear ye companie.
- 5 'Twa for keepers o the guard,  
See that to keep it sickerlie,  
And twa to come, and twa to gang,  
And twa to speak wi Bell Archie.
- 6 'But we winna gang like men o weir,  
Nor yet will we like cavalliers;  
But we will gang like corn-buyers,  
And we 'll put brechens on our mares.'
- 7 Then they are to the jail-house doors,  
And they hae tirl'd at the pin:  
'Ye sleep ye, wake ye, Bell Archie?  
Quickly rise, lat us come in.'
- 8 'I sleep not aft, I lie not saft;  
Wha's there that knocks and kens my  
name?'  
'It is your brothers Dick and John;  
Ye 'll open the door, lat us come in.'
- 9 'Awa, awa, my brethren dear,  
And ye 'll had far awa frae me;  
If ye be found at jail-house door,  
I fear like dogs they 'll gar ye die.'
- 10 'Ohon, alas! my brother dear,  
Is this the hearkning ye gie to me?
- If ye 'll work therein as we thereout,  
Well borrowd shoud your body be.'
- 11 'How can I work therein, therein,  
Or yet how can I work thereout,  
When fifty tons o Spanish iron  
Are my fair body round about?'
- 12 He put his fingers to the lock,  
I wat he handled them sickerlie,  
And doors of deal, and bands of steel,  
He gart them all in flinders flee.
- 13 He's taen the prisoner in his arms,  
And he has kiss'd him cheek and chin:  
'Now since we've met, my brother dear,  
There shall be dunts ere we twa twine.'
- 14 He's taen the prisoner on his back,  
And a' his heavy irons tee,  
But and his marie in his hand,  
And straight to Annan gate went he.
- 15 But when they came to Annan water,  
It was roaring like the sea:  
'O stay a little, Johnny Ha,  
Here we can neither fecht nor flee.
- 16 'O a refreshment we maun hae,  
We are baith dry and hungry tee;  
We 'll gang to Robert's at the mill,  
It stands upon yon lily lee.'
- 17 Up in the morning the jailor raise,  
As soon 's 't was light that he coud see;  
Wi a pint o wine and a mess sae fine,  
Into the prison-house went he.
- 18 When he came to the prison-door,  
A dreary sight he had to see;  
The locks were shot, the doors were broke,  
And a' the prisoners won free.
- 19 'Ye 'll gae and waken Annan town,  
Raise up five hundred men and three;  
And if these rascals may be found,  
I vow like dogs I 'll gar them die.
- 20 'O dinna ye hear proud Annan roar,  
Mair loud than ever roard the sea?  
We 'll get the rascals on this side,  
Sure they can neither fecht nor flee.

- 21 'Some gar ride, and some gar rin,  
Wi a' the haste that ye can make;  
We 'll get them in some tavern-house,  
For Annan water they winna take.'
- 22 As Little Dick was looking round,  
All for to see what he could see,  
Saw the proud sheriff trip the plain,  
Five hundred men his companie.
- 23 'O fare ye well, my bonny wife,  
Likewise farewell, my children three!  
Fare ye well, ye lands o Cafield!  
For you again I neer will see.'
- 24 'For well I kent, ere I came here,  
That Annan water woud ruin me;  
My horse is young, he 'll nae lat ride,  
And in this water I maun die.'
- 25 Out it speaks him Johnny Ha,  
I wat a gude fellow was he:  
'O plague upo your cowardly face!  
The bluntest man I eer did see.'
- 26 'Gie me your horse, take ye my mare,  
The devil drown my mare and thee!
- Gie me the prisoner on behind,  
And nane will die but he that 's fay.'
- 27 He quickly lap upo the horse,  
And strait the stirrups siccarlie,  
And jumpd upo the other side,  
Wi the prisoner and his irons tee.
- 28 The sheriff then came to the bank,  
And heard its roaring like the sea;  
Says, How these men they hae got ower,  
It is a marvel unto me.
- 29 'I wadna venture after them,  
For a' the criminals that I see;  
Nevertheless now, Johnny Ha,  
Throw ower the fetters unto me.'
- 30 'Deil part you and the fetters,' he said,  
'As lang as my mare needs a shее;  
If she gang barefoot ere they be done,  
I wish an ill death mat ye die.'
- 31 'Awa, awa, now Johnny Ha,  
Your talk to me seems very snell;  
Your mither 's been some wild rank witch,  
And you yoursell an imp o hell.'

## D

Motherwell's MS., p. 467, "received in MS. by Buchan from Mr Nicol, of Strichen, who wrote as he had learned early in life from old people:" Motherwell's Minstrelsy, p. 335.

- 1 'SEVEN years have I loved my love,  
And seven years my love 's loved me,  
But now to-morrow is the day  
That billy Archie, my love, must die.'
- 2 O then out spoke him Little Dickie,  
And still the best fellow was he:  
'Had I but five men and my self,  
Then we would borrow billy Archie.'
- 3 Out it spoke him Caff o Lin,  
And still the worst fellow was he:  
'You shall have five men and yourself,  
And I will bear you companie.'
- 4 'We will not go like to dragoons,  
Nor yet will we like grenadiers,  
But we will go like corn-dealers,  
And lay our brechans on our meares.
- 5 'And twa of us will watch the road,  
And other twa will go between,  
And I will go to jail-house door,  
And hold the prisoner unthought lang.'
- 6 'Who is this at jail-house door,  
So well as they do know the gin?'  
'It 's I myself,' [said] him Little Dickie,  
'And oh sae fain 's I would be in!'
- 7 'Away, away, now, Little Dickie!  
Away, let all your folly be!  
If the Lord Lieutenant come on you,  
Like unto dogs he 'll cause you die.'
- 8 'Hold you, hold you, billy Archie,  
And now let all your folly be!  
Tho I die without, you 'll not die within,  
For borrowed shall your body be.'

- 9 'Away, away, now, Little Dickie!  
 Away, let all this folly be!  
 An hundred pounds of Spanish irons  
 Is all bound on my fair bodie.'
- 10 Wi plough-culters and gavellocks  
 They made the jail-house door to flee;  
 'And in God's name,' said Little Dickie,  
 'Cast you the prisoner behind me!'
- 11 They had not rode a great way off,  
 With all the haste that ever could be,  
 Till they espied the Lord Lieutenant,  
 With a hundred men in 's companie.
- 12 But when they came to wan water,  
 It now was rumbling like the sea;  
 Then were they got into a strait,  
 As great a strait as well could be.
- 13 Then out did speak him Caff o Lin,  
 And aye the warst fellow was he:  
 'Now God be with my wife and bairns!  
 For fatherless my babes will be.
- 14 'My horse is young, he cannot swim;  
 The water 's deep, and will not wade;  
 My children must be fatherless,  
 My wife a widow, whateer betide.'
- 15 O then cried out him Little Dickie,  
 And still the best fellow was he:  
 'Take you my mare, I 'll take your horse,  
 And Devil drown my mare and thee!'
- 16 Now they have taken the wan water,  
 Tho it was roaring like the sea,  
 And whan they got to the other side,  
 I wot they bragged right crouselie.
- 17 'Come thro, come thro now, Lord Lieutenant!  
 O do come thro, I pray of thee!  
 There is an alehouse not far off,  
 We 'll dine you and your companye.'
- 18 'Away, away, now, Little Dickie!  
 O now let all your taunting be!  
 There 's not a man in the king's army  
 That would have tried what 's done by thee.
- 19 'Cast back, cast back my fetters again!  
 Cast back my fetters! I say to thee;  
 And get you gane the way you came,  
 I wish no prisoners like to thee.'
- 20 'I have a mare, she 's called Meg,  
 The best in all our low countrie;  
 If she gang barefoot till they are done,  
 An ill death may your lordship die!'

## E

Macmath MS., p. 76. "Taken down by me, September, 1886, from my aunt, Miss Jane Webster: heard by her in her youth, at Airds."

- 1 . . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 'We 'll awa to bonnie Dundee,  
 And set our brither Archie free.'

\* \* \* \* \*

- 2 They broke through locks, and they broke  
 through bars,  
 And they broke through everything that  
 cam in their way,

Until they cam to a big iron gate,  
 And that 's where brother Archie lay.

[Little John says]

- 3 . . . . .  
 'O brither Archie speak to me,  
 . . . . .  
 For we are come to set ye free.'

- 4 . . . . .  
 'Such a thing it canna be,  
 For there 's fifty pund o gude Spanish airn  
 Atween my neckbane and my knee.'

## F

Communicated by Mr J. M. Watson, of Clark's Island, Plymouth Harbor, Massachusetts, April 10, 1889, as remembered by him from the singing of his father.

- 1 As I walked out one morning in May,  
Just before the break of day,  
I heard two brothers a making their moan,  
And I listened a while to what they did say.  
I heard, etc.
- 2 'We have a brother in prison,' said they,  
'Oh in prison lieth he!  
If we had but ten men just like ourselves,  
The prisoner we would soon set free.'
- 3 'Oh no, no, no!' Bold Dickie said he,  
'Oh no, no, no, that never can be!  
For forty men is full little enough  
And I for to ride in their companie.
- 4 'Ten to hold the horses in,  
Ten to guard the city about,  
Ten for to stand at the prison-door,  
And ten to fetch poor Archer out.'
- 5 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,  
Who but they so merrilie!  
They rode till they came to a broad river's side,  
And there they alighted so manfullie.
- 6 They mounted their horses, and so swam they,  
Who but they so merrilie!  
They swam till they came to the other side,  
And there they alighted so manfullie.
- 7 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,  
Who but they so merrilie!  
They rode till they came to that prison-door,  
And then they alighted so manfullie.
- 8 . . . . .  
. . . . .  
'For I have forty men in my companie,  
And I have come to set you free.'
- 9 'Oh no, no, no!' poor Archer says he,  
'Oh no, no, no, that never can be!  
For I have forty pounds of good Spanish iron  
Betwixt my ankle and my knee.'
- 10 Bold Dickie broke lock, Bold Dickie broke  
key,  
Bold Dickie broke everything that he could  
see;  
He took poor Archer under one arm,  
And carried him out so manfullie.
- 11 They mounted their horses, and so rode they,  
Who but they so merrilie!  
They rode till they came to that broad river's  
side,  
And there they alighted so manfullie.
- 12 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' poor Archer says  
he,  
'Take my love home to my wife and chil-  
dren three;  
For my horse grows lame, he cannot swim,  
And here I see that I must die.'
- 13 They shifted their horses, and so swam they,  
Who but they so merrilie!  
They swam till they came to the other side,  
And there they alighted so manfullie.
- 14 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' poor Archer says  
he,  
'Look you yonder there and see;  
For the high-sheriff he is a coming,  
With an hundred men in his companie.'
- 15 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' High-sheriff said  
he,  
'You're the damndest rascal that ever I see!  
Go bring me back the iron you've stole,  
And I will set the prisoner free.'
- 16 'Oh no, no, no!' Bold Dickie said he,  
'Oh no, no, no, that never can be!  
For the iron 't will do to shoe the horses,  
The blacksmith rides in our companie.'
- 17 'Bold Dickie, Bold Dickie,' High-sheriff says  
he,  
'You're the damndest rascal that ever I  
see!'  
'I thank ye for nothing,' Bold Dickie says he,  
'And you're a damned fool for following  
me.'

A. *Written in long lines, without division into stanzas, excepting a few instances.*

- 1<sup>1</sup>. folk I saw went. 13<sup>1</sup>. And cracking, etc.  
13<sup>4</sup>. 3. 29<sup>2</sup>. o whips, etc.  
42<sup>8</sup>. one water. 42<sup>4</sup>. Xtenty.  
43<sup>1</sup>. *Perhaps we should read*, But throw me,  
throw me.

B. a. 12<sup>4</sup>. Capeld. 15<sup>5,6</sup> are 16<sup>1,2</sup>: 16<sup>1,2</sup> are 16<sup>3,4</sup>:  
16<sup>3,4</sup>, 17<sup>1,2</sup>: 17<sup>1,2</sup>, 17<sup>3,4</sup>: 17<sup>3,4</sup>, 18<sup>1,2</sup>: 18<sup>1,2</sup>, 18<sup>3,4</sup>.

- b. 1<sup>1</sup>. a-walking. 1<sup>4</sup>. weel to what.  
2<sup>1,2</sup>. The youngest to the eldest said, Blythe  
and merrie how can we be.  
2<sup>3</sup>. were.

3-5.

'An ye wad be merrie, an ye wad be sad,  
What the better wad billy Archie be?  
Unless I had thirty men to mysell,  
And a' to ride in my companie.

'Ten to hald the horses' heads,  
And other ten the watch to be,  
And ten to break up the strong prison  
Where billy Archie he does lie.'

Then up and spak him mettled John Hall  
(The luvie of Teviotdale aye was he);  
'An I had eleven men to mysell,  
It's aye the twalt man I wad be.'

Then up bespak him coarse Ca'field  
(I wot and little gude worth was he);  
'Thirty men is few anew,  
And a' to ride in our companie.'

- 6<sup>2</sup>. on the. 6<sup>3</sup>. the *wanting*.  
6<sup>4</sup>, 18<sup>4</sup>. there *for* a'. 7<sup>3</sup>. shoorn *for* feet.  
7<sup>4</sup>. it's unkenzome.

After 7:

'There lives a smith on the water-side  
Will shoe my little black mare for me,  
And I've a crown in my pocket,  
And every groat of it I wad gie.'

'The night is mirk, and it's very mirk,  
And by candle-light I canna weel see;  
The night is mirk, and it's very pit mirk,  
And there will never a nail ca rигht for me.'

'Shame fa you and your trade baith!  
Canna beet a good fellow by your mystery;  
But leeze me on thee, my little black mare!  
Thou's worth thy weight in gold to me.'

- 8<sup>1</sup>. a *wanting*. 8<sup>2</sup>. And there: upon.  
8<sup>4</sup>. And they lighted there right speedilie.  
9<sup>1</sup>. There's five. 9<sup>2</sup>. will watchmen be.  
9<sup>3</sup>. ye a'. 10<sup>1</sup>. spak him mettled John Hall.  
10<sup>2</sup>. of *wanting*. 11 *wanting*. 12<sup>3</sup>. and we.  
12<sup>4</sup>. Ca'field. 13 *wanting*.  
14<sup>2</sup>. bended low back his knee.  
14<sup>3</sup>. that *wanting*. 14<sup>4</sup>. Loup frae the.  
15<sup>2</sup>. stair. 15<sup>3,6</sup> *wanting*.  
16<sup>1</sup>. The black mare stood ready at.  
16<sup>2</sup>. And *wanting*: I wot a foot neer stirred she.  
16<sup>3</sup>. Till *wanting*. 16<sup>4</sup>. And that was her gold.  
17<sup>2</sup>. And wow: speedilie. 17<sup>3,4</sup> *wanting*.  
18<sup>1,2</sup>. The live-lang night these twelve men  
rade, And aye till they were right wearie.  
18<sup>4</sup>. lighted there right.  
19<sup>1</sup>. then Dickie. 19<sup>3</sup>. file the irons frae.  
19<sup>4</sup>. For forward, forward. 20<sup>1</sup>. hadna filed.  
20<sup>3</sup>. When out and spak.  
20<sup>4</sup>. O dinna you see. 21<sup>2</sup>. Wi a.  
21<sup>3,4</sup>. This night will be our lyke-wake night,  
The morn the day we a' maun die.  
22<sup>1</sup>. was mounting, mounting.  
22<sup>3</sup>. Annan water.

23, 24. \*

'My mare is young and very skeigh,  
And in o the weil she will drown me;'  
'But ye 'll take mine, and I 'll take thine,  
And sune through the water we sall be.'

Then up and spak him coarse Ca'field  
(I wot and little gude worth was he):  
'We had better lose ane than lose a' the lave;  
We 'll lose the prisoner, we 'll gae free.'

'Shame fa you and your lands baith!  
Wad ye een your lands to your born billy?  
But hey! bear up, my bonnie black mare,  
And yet thro the water we sall be.'

- 25<sup>2</sup>. And wow. 25<sup>4</sup>. drunkily.  
26<sup>3</sup>. there is an ale-house here.  
26<sup>4</sup>. thee ae. 27, 28 *wanting*.  
29<sup>1</sup>. irons, quo Lieutenant Gordon.  
29<sup>2</sup>. For *wanting*.  
29<sup>3</sup>. The shame a ma, quo mettled John Ha.  
30<sup>3</sup>. Yestreen I was.  
30<sup>4</sup>. now this morning am I free.  
C. 5<sup>2</sup>. Sae that?  
D. *Slightly changed by Motherwell in printing.*  
2<sup>1</sup>, 15<sup>1</sup>, 18<sup>2</sup>. Oh.  
E. The ancient and veritable ballad of 'Bold Dickie,'  
as sung by A. M. Watson, and remembered  
and rendered by his son, J. M. Watson.

## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

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### VOL. I.

#### 1. Riddles Wisely Expounded.

P. 1 a. Guess or die. A grim kemp, an unco knight, asks nine riddles of a young man; all are guessed; wherefore the kemp says it shall go well with him. Kristensen, Skattegravveren, II, 97 ff., 154 f., Nos 457, 458, 724; V, 49, No 454.

#### 2. The Elfin Knight.

P. 6. Nigra, No 118, p. 483, 'Che mestiere è il vostro?' A sempstress to make a shirt without stitch or seam; a mason to make a room without bricks and mortar.

7 b, second paragraph. Add: 'Store Fordringer,' Kristensen's Skattegravveren, II, 8, No 6.

#### 3. The Fause Knight upon the Road.

P. 20. 'Kall og svein ungi,' Hammershaimb, Færøsk Anthologi, p. 283, No 36 (three versions), is another piece of this kind. The boat is in all the copies, Scottish, Swedish, and Færøe.

M. Gaidoz, *Mélusine*, IV, 207, cites a passage from Plutarch's life of Numa, c. 15, which is curiously like this ballad. The question being what is the proper expiatory sacrifice when divine displeasure has been indicated by thunderbolts, Zeus instructs Numa that it must be made with heads. Onions? interposes Numa. With *m e n*'s — says Zeus. Hairs? suggests Numa. With *L I V E* — says Zeus. Sardines? puts in Numa.

#### 4. Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight.

P. 22. **E** is given from singing and recitation in Shropshire Folk-Lore, edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne, 1883-86, p. 548.

Mr W. H. Babcock has recently printed the following version, as sung in a Virginian family from "the corner between the Potomac and the Blue Ridge:" *The Folk-Lore Journal*, VII, 28.

WILSON.

- 1 Wilson, sitting in his room one day,  
With his true-love on his knee,  
Just as happy as happy could be, be, be,  
Just as happy as happy could be,

- 2 'Do you want for fee?' said she,  
'Or do you want for gold?  
Or do you want a handsome ladye,  
More handsomer than me?'

- 3 'I do want for fee,' said he,  
'And I do want for gold;  
But I don't want a handsomer ladye,  
More handsomer than thee.

- 4 'Go get some of your father's fee,  
And some of your father's gold,  
And two of the finest horses he has,  
And married we will be, be, be,  
And married we will be.'

- 5 She mounted on the milk-white steed,  
And he the iron-grey,  
And when they got to the broad waterside  
It was six hours and a half till day.

- 6 'Get down, get down! my pretty fair maid,  
Get down, get down!' said he;  
'For it's nine of the king's daughters I've drowned  
here,  
And the tenth one you shall be.

- 7 'Take off, take off that costly silk,  
For it is a costly thing;  
It cost your father too much bright gold  
To drown your fair body in.

- 8 'In stooping down to cut the cords round,  
Sing, Turn your back on me;  
And with all the strength this lady had,  
She pushed him right into the sea.

- 9 'Help me out! my pretty fair miss,  
O help me out!' said he,  
'And we'll go down to the Catholic church,  
And married we will be.'

- 10 'Lie there, lie there! you false-hearted man,  
Lie there, lie there!' said she,  
'For it's nine of the king's daughters you've  
drowned here,  
But the tenth one 's drowned thee.'

- 11 She mounted on the milk-white steed,  
And led the iron-grey,  
And when she got to her own father's house  
It was three hours and a half till day.



12 While she was walking in the room,  
Which caused the parrot to wake,  
Said he, What's the matter, my pretty fair miss,  
That you're up so long before day?

13 'Hush up, hush up! my pretty little parrot,  
Don't tell no tales on me;  
Your cage shall be lined with sweet may gold,  
And the doors of ivory.'

14 While they were talking all of this,  
Which caused the old man to wake,  
Said, What's the matter, my pretty little parrot,  
That you chatter so long before day?

15 'The cat she sprung against my cage,  
And surely frightened me,  
And I called for the pretty fair miss  
To drive the cat away.'

(1 lacks the third verse; in 2<sup>12</sup>, 3<sup>12</sup>, 4<sup>12</sup>, *fee* and *gold* should be exchanged; in 12<sup>2</sup>, 14<sup>2</sup>, *wake* should perhaps be *say*.)

26 b. Add these Danish copies: Kristensen, Skattegraveren, I, 210 ff., Nos 1198, 1199. (Some stanzas of 'Kvindemorderen' are inserted in No 932, III, 177.)  
29, 34 f. O, P. O is repeated in Lütolf, Sagen, Bränche u. Legenden, u. s. w., p. 71, No 29, 'Schön Anneli'; P in Kurz, Aeltere Dichter, u. s. w., der Schweizer, I, 117. 'Schön Anneli', Töbler, Schweizerische Volkslieder, II, 170, No 6, is an edited copy, mainly O, with use of P.

42. A variety of A in Revue des Traditions populaires, II, 293, communicated by A. Gittée, Chanson wallonne, de Bliques, environs d'Ath.

42 f. A robber has his hand cut off by a girl. Later he marries her. The day after the marriage they go on horseback to see his relations. On coming to a wood he says, Do you remember the night when you cut off my hand? It is now my turn. He orders her to strip, threatening her with his dagger. When she is in her shift, she begs him to turn away his eyes, seizes the dagger, and cuts his throat. 'Le Voleur des Crêpes,' Sébillot, Contes pop. de la Haute-Bretagne, I, 341, No 62. (G. L. K.)

43 b. 'La Fille de Saint-Martin,' etc. Add: Rolland, II, 171, obtained by Nérée Quépat.

44 a. Nigra, Canti popolari del Piemonte, 1888, p. 90 ff., No 13, 'Un' Eroina,' gives five unpublished versions (B-F), 'La Monferrina,' D, being A of this large and beautiful collection.

Add also: Giannini, Canti p. della Montagna Lucchese, 1889, p. 143, 'La Liberatrice,' Finamore, Storie p. abruzzesi, in Archivio, I, 207, 'Lu Pringepo de Melané.'

44 b. 'Il Corsaro,' in Nigra's collection, No 14, p. 106 ff., with the addition of another version. For 'La

Monferrina incontaminata,' see Nigra again, 'La Fuga,' No 15, pp. 111 ff.; Finamore, in Archivio, I, 87, 'La Fandell' e lu Cavaljere' (mixed).

Spanish. Nos 38-41, 'Venganza de Honor,' No 42, 'La Hija de la Vindina,' Pidal, Asturian Romances, have the incident of the girl's killing with his own sword or dagger a caballero who offers her violence. The weapon is dropped in the course of a struggle in all but No 40; in this the damsel says, Give me your sword, and see how I would wear it.

It is a commonplace for a pair on horseback to go a long way without speaking. So Pidal, pp. 114, 115, 130, 133, 135, 159:

Siete leguas anduvieron  
sin hablar una palabra.

60 a. A. Burden. The song in the Tea-Table Miscellany and the music are found in John Squair's MS., fol. 22, Laing collection, library of the University of Edinburgh, handwriting about 1700. (W. Macmath.)

## 5. Gil Brenton.

P. 65 b. A ballad from Normandy, published by Legendre, Romania, X, 367, III, which I am surprised to find that I have not mentioned, is a very interesting variety of 'Gil Brenton,' more particularly of the Danish 'Peder og Malfred.' It has the attempt at substitution (a sister); the wife acknowledges that she had been forced (par ses laquais les bras il me bandit); the husband reveals, and proves, that he was the ravisher. The beginning of the Norman ballad, which is lost, would probably have had the feature of the information given the husband by the shepherdess. Another French ballad, corrupted (environs de Redon, Ille-et-Vilaine), has this and the attempt to pass off the sister; the husband kills his wife. Music is ordered in the last stanza. Rolland, IV, 70. An Italian and a Breton ballad which begin like the Danish, but proceed differently, are spoken of under 'Fair Janet,' No 64, II, 102 f. See now Nigra's 'Fidanzata infedele' in his collection, No 34, p. 197.

## 6. Willie's Lady.

P. 82. 'Hustru og mands moder,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, I, 73, No 436, VII, 97, No 651; 'Barselkvinden,' the same, II, 10, No 7. (The tale, p. 83 b, is reprinted by inadvertence, I, 73, No 234.)

## 7. Earl Brand.

P. 88 a. B. "The copy principally used in this edition of the ballad was supplied by Mr Sharpe." Scott. "The Douglas Tragedy was taught me by a nursery-maid, and was so great a favorite that I committed it to paper as soon as I was able to write." Sharpe's

Letters, ed. Allardye, I, 135, August 5, 1802. Sharpe was born in 1781.

88 b. 'Hr. Ribolt,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, VI, 17, No 257, is a good copy of 'Ribold og Guld-borg.' It has the testaments at the end, like several others (see I, 144 b).

89-91 a. 'Stolt Hædell,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, I, 68, No 231, is another version of 'Hildebrand og Hilde,' closely resembling G. So is 'Den mislykkede flugt,' the same, VIII, 17, No 24, with the proper tragic conclusion. Both are inferior copies.

92 a and 489 b. Add: K, 'Kung Vallemo ock liten Kerstin,' Bergström ock Nordlander, Nyare Bidrag, o. s. v., p. 101.

95 b, 96, 489. I have omitted to mention the effect of naming on 'Cloutie' in No 1, C 19, I, 5:

As sure as she the fiend did name,  
He flew awa in a blazing flame.

The Alpthier loses its power to harm and appears in its proper shape, as this or that person, if called by name: Wuttke, *Der deutsche Volksaberglaube der Gegenwart*, 2d ed., p. 257. Were-wolves appear in their proper human shape on being addressed by their name: Wilhelm Hertz, *Der Werwolf*, pp. 61, 84, Ulrich Jahn, *Volkssagen aus Pommern u. Rügen*, pp. 386-7. An enchanted prince is freed when his name is pronounced: Meier, No 53, p. 188 and n., p. 311. "There was in the engagement a man [on the side of Hades] who could not be vanquished unless his name could be discovered." *Myvyrian Archaeology of Wales*, I, 167, as quoted by Rhys, *Celtic Mythology*, Hibbert Lectures, p. 244. (G. L. K.)

96 ff., 489, II, 498. Plants from lovers' graves.

Add: Portuguese, Romero, II, 157, two pines.

Italian, Nigra, No 18, 'Le due Tombe,' p. 125 ff.

A. The lovers are buried apart, one in the church, one outside, a pomegranate springs from the man's grave, an almond-tree from the maid's; they grow large enough to shade three cities! B. A pomegranate is planted on the man's grave, a hazel on the maid's; they shade the city, and interlock. C. An almond-tree is planted on the maid's grave, and is cut down. D. The lovers are buried as in A (and C), an almond-tree grows from the grave of the man, a jessamine from the maid's. See also No 19, 'Fior di Tomba,' where, however, there is but one grave, which is to contain the maid's parents as well as her lover. The same phenomenon in the fragments E, F. 'Il Castello d'Oviglio,' Ferraro, *Canti p. monferrini*, No 45, p. 64, is another version of this ballad. A pomegranate springs up at the maid's feet, and shades three cities. Cf. 'La Mort des deux Amants,' Rolland, I, 247, No 125.

Romanian. 'Ring and Handkerchief' also in Marienescu, Balade, p. 50: cited in Mélusine, IV, 142.

97 b and 489 f., II, 498 a. Bulgarian, Miladinof, *Bulgarski narodni pjesni*, p. 455, No 497, translated

by Krauss, *Sagen u. Mäehen der Südslaven*, II, 427; the youth as rose-tree, the maid as grape-vine. Cited by G. Meyer in *Mélusine*, IV, 87. Little-Russian, plane-trees of the two sexes; cited by J. Karłowicz, *ib.*, 87 f. Ruthenian (another attempting to poison her son's wife poisons both wife and son), Herrmann, *Ethnologische Mittheilungen*, 205 f.; buried on different sides of the church, plants meet over the roof of the church, the mother tries to cut them down, and while so engaged is turned into a pillar.

Servian. Vuk, I, No 342, II, No 30; youth, pine, maid, grape-vine. Krasie, p. 105, No 21, p. 114, No 26; vine and pine, vine twines round pine. Bulgarian, Miladinof, p. 375, No 288, rose and vine. Magyar-Croat, Kurelac, p. 147, No 444, grape-vine and rose; No 445, youth behind the church, maid before, grape-vine and rose; p. 154, No 454, rosemary and a white flower (aleluja?). (W. W.)

Breton. Mélusine, III, 453 f. A tree springs from over the young man's heart (but this is an insertion, and not quite beyond suspicion), a rose from the maid's. There is another version of the ballad at p. 182 f., in which one fleur dorée grows over the man's grave, nothing being said of his mistress's grave, or even of her death.

Italo-Albanian. Also in Vigo, *Canti p. siciliani*, 1857, p. 345, V, and the edition of 1870-74, p. 698: cited in *Mélusine*, IV, 87.

Gaelic. Of Naisi (Naosis) and Deirdre. King Conor caused them to be buried far apart, but for some days the graves would be found open in the morning and the lovers found together. The king ordered stakes of yew to be driven through the bodies, so that they might be kept asunder. Yew trees grew from the stakes, and so high as to embrace each other over the cathedral of Armagh. Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin, I, 133, 1808.

In a Scotch-Gaelic version recently obtained, after Naosis is put into his grave, Deirdre jumps in, lies down by his side and dies. The bad king orders her body to be taken out and buried on the other side of a loch. First shoot out of the two graves and unite over the loch. The king has the trees cut down twice, but the third time his wife makes him desist from his vengeance on the dead. The original in Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, XIII, 257; a translation in The Celtic Magazine, XIII, 138. (All of these cited by Gaidoz, *Mélusine*, IV, 12, and 62, note.)

## 8. Erlinton.

107 b, and also No 53, 'Young Beichan,' I, 463 b. For the Magyar ballads of Szilágyi and Hagymási, see Herrmann, *Ethnologische Mittheilungen*, cols 65-66; also col. 215. (A Transylvanian-Saxon ballad, a Roumanian tale, and a Transylvanian-Gipsy ballad, which follow, are of more or less questionable authenticity: Herrmann, col. 216.)

109. **C**, as well as 'Robin Hood and the Pedlars,' III, 170, are found in a manuscript pretended to be of about 1650, but are written in a forged hand of this century. I do not feel certain that the ballads themselves, bad as they are, are forgeries, and accordingly give the variations of Gutch's Robin Hood from the manuscript, not regarding spelling.

3<sup>d</sup>. hold good. 3<sup>d</sup>. thou will. 7<sup>d</sup>. thus he.  
10<sup>l</sup>. Thorough : I run. 11<sup>l</sup>. [kine ?] 16<sup>l</sup>. while.  
19<sup>l</sup>. Ile. 21<sup>l</sup>. he lent. 24<sup>l</sup>. be not. 25<sup>l</sup>. eldest.  
28<sup>l</sup>. leant. 29<sup>l</sup>. wield. No "Finis" at the end.

## 9. The Fair Flower of Northumberland.

P. 113. The Servian hero Marko Kraljević is guilty of the same ingratitude. The daughter of the Moorish king releases him from a long captivity and makes him rich gifts. He promises to marry her and they go off together. During a halt the princess embraces him, and he finds her black face and white teeth so repulsive that he strikes off her head. He seeks to atone for his sin by pious foundations. Servian, Vuk, II, No 44 [Bowring, p. 86]; Croat, Bogišić, p. 16; Bulgarian, Miladinof, No 54, Kačanofskij, No 132. (W. W.)

## 10. The Twa Sisters.

P. 119. A Danish fragment of nine stanzas in Kristensen's Skattegraveren, IV, 161, No 509.

119 b. Three copies of the Swedish ballad are printed by Wahlfsk, Bidrag till Södermanlands äldre Kulturhistoria, No VI, p. 33 f.

124 b, 493 b, II, 498 b.

Rudchenko, South Russian Popular Tales, I, No 55: murder of brother revealed by a flute made from a reed that grows from his grave (No 56, flute from a willow). II, No 14, murder of a boy killed and eaten by his parents revealed by a bird that rises from his bones. (W. W.)

In a Flemish tale reported in the Revue des Traditions populaires, II, 125, Janneken is killed by Milken for the sake of a golden basket. The murder is disclosed by a singing rose. In 'Les Roseaux qui chantent' a sister kills her brother in a dispute over a bush covered with *pain-prunelle*. Roses grow from his grave. A shepherd, hearing them sing, cuts a stem of the rose-bush and whistles in it. The usual words follow. Revue des Traditions populaires, II, 365 ff.; cf. Sébillot's long note, p. 366 ff. Das Flötenrohr (two prose versions), U. Jahn, Volkssagen aus Pommern und Rügen, No 510, pp. 399-401. (G. L. K.)

## 11. The Cruel Brother.

Pp. 142 b, 496 a. 'Rizzardo bello,' **E**, 'Ruggiero,' in Mazzatinti, Canti p. umbri, p. 286, Bologna, 1883.

143 b. 'Hr. Adelbrant og jomfru Lindelil,' with a

testament, again in Skattegraveren, I, 5, No I, and V, 17, No 12.

144 a, 496 b. Testaments. A wife who has been gone from home in pursuit of her pleasure is so beaten by her husband on her return that she dies. She leaves valuable legacies to her children and a rope to him. Nigra, No 25, 'Testamento della Moglie,' p. 159.

144 b. 'Rævens Arvegods,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, II, 192 ff, Nos 774-78, and VIII, 209, No 810.

## 12. Lord Randal.

Pp. 152, 498. Italian. Add **G**, **H**, **I**, Nigra, No 26, **A**, **B**, **C**, 'Testamento dell' Avvelenato.' **J**. 'L'Amante avvelenato,' Giannini, No 27, p. 199. **K**. 'Mamma e Figgliolo,' Nerucci, in Archivio, II, 526.

154 b, 498 b. 'A megetétt János' in Arany and Gyulai, III, 7, Kriza.

156 a. 'Donna Lombarda' is now No 1 of Nigra's collection, where it is given in sixteen versions.

156 b, 499 a, II, 499 a. Slavic ballads of the sister that poisons her brother, etc. Add : Servian, Rajković, No 251. Compare, Bulgarian, Miladinof, No 262; Croat, Mažuranić, p. 152, Sammlung der Zeitschrift 'Naša Sloga,' II, No 158; Slovenian, Koritko, IV, No 47. — In Golovatsky, II, 584, a mother asks her son whether he supped with the widow. He supped with her, the witch. What did she cook for him? A small fish. Where did she catch it, dress it? Did she eat any of it? No, her head ached. Did the children? No, they went to bed. — In Verković, No 317, p. 350, the fair Stana is poisoned by her husband's parents with a snake given as a fish. (W. W.)

A Ruthenian ballad of a mother attempting to poison her son's wife, and poisoning the pair, Herrmann, in Ethnologische Mittheilungen, col. 205 f.

A Slovak ballad of this sort in Kollár, Narodnie Zpiewanky, II, 32, translated by Herrmann, 91 f., No 3; and another version of the same col. 204 f., No 7. Roumanian versions, cols 206, 207 f., 209 f., Nos 9, 10, 12, the last with another story prefixed. See also Herrmann, col. 90, No 1, 92 f., Nos 4, 5, 208 f., No 11, for poisoning-ballads, and his references at the top of col. 211

## 13. Edward.

Pp. 167 b, 501 b. Another copy of 'Sven i Rosengård,' **F**, is printed by Aminson in Bidrag till Södermanlands äldre Kulturhistoria, No V, p. 12, eleven stanzas. The swain has killed his sister.

168 b. Danish. Four concluding stanzas (When?) in Kristensen's Skattegraveren, II, 100, No 459.

## 14. Babylon, or, The Bonnie Banks o Fordie.

P. 170. Add :

## F

"In Gipsy Tents," by Francis Hindes Groome, p. 143.

- 1 There were three sisters going from home,  
All in a lea and alony, oh  
They met a man, and he made them stand,  
Down by the bouny banks of Airdrie, oh.
- 2 He took the first one by the hand,  
He turned her round, and he made her stand.
- 3 Saying, Will you be a robber's wife?  
Or will you die by my penknife?
- 4 'Oh, I wont be a robber's wife,  
But I will die by your penknife.'
- 5 Then he took the second by her hand,  
He turned her round, and he made her stand.
- 6 Saying, Will you be a robber's wife?  
Or will you die by my penknife?
- 7 'Oh, I wont be a robber's wife,  
But I will die by your penknife.'
- 8 He took the third one by the hand,  
He turned her round, and he made her stand.
- 9 Saying, Will you be a robber's wife?  
Or will you die by my penknife?
- 10 'Oh, I wont be a robber's wife,  
And I wont die by your penknife.'
- 11 'If my two brothers had been here,  
You would not have killed my sisters two.'
- 12 'What was your two brothers' names?'  
'One was John, and the other was James.'
- 13 'Oh, what did your two brothers do?'  
'One was a minister, the other such as you.'
- 14 'Oh, what is this that I have done?  
I have killed my sisters, all but one.
- 15 'And now I'll take out my penknife,  
And here I'll end my own sweet life.'

P. 173, II, 499. Add to the French ballad: 'Le Passage du Bois,' V. Smith, Chants p. du Velay et du Forez, Romania, X, 205; 'La Doulento,' Arbaud, I,

120; Poésies p. de la France, MS., IV, fol. 442, printed in Rolland, III, 55. With these belong 'La Ragazza assassinata,' Nigra, No 12, three versions, p. 85 ff.; 'La Vergine uccisa,' Ferraro, Canti p. monferrini, p. 17.

## 15. Leesome Brand.

P. 179 a. Danish, II. 'Rosenelle og hr. Agervold,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, I, 65, No 230, is an important variety of Redselille og Medelvold. Another version, III, 82, No 260, 'Rosenelle og hr. Medervold.' In both of these the knight is the lady's brother.

Swedish, II. A copy of 'Lilla Lisa och Herr Nedervall' is printed by Aminson, Bidrag, o. s. v., No 5, p. 17.

## 16. Sheath and Knife.

P. 185. Mr Macmath has found the following ballad in Motherwell's handwriting, on a half-sheet of paper. It is not completely intelligible (why should Lady Ann be left in the death-throe, to bury herself?), but undoubtedly belongs here. The first stanza agrees with D.

## E

- 1 One king's daughter said to anither,  
Brume blumes bonnie and grows sae fair  
'We'll gae ride like sister and brither.'  
And we'll neer gae down to the brume nae  
mair
- 2 'We'll ride down into yonder valley,  
Whare the greene green trees are budding sae  
gaily.
- 3 'Wi hawke and hounde we will hunt sae rarely,  
And we'll come back in the morning early.'
- 4 They rade on like sister and brither,  
And they hunted and hawket in the valley the-  
gether.
- 5 'Now, lady, hauld my horse and my hawk,  
For I maun na ride, and I downa walk.
- 6 'But set me doun be the rute o this tree,  
For there hae I dreamt that my bed sall be.'
- 7 The ae king's dochter did lift doun the ither,  
And she was licht in her armis like ony fether.
- 8 Bonnie Lady Ann sat doun be the tree,  
And a wide grave was houkit whare nane suld  
be.

- 9 The hawk had nae lure, and the horse had nae master,  
And the faithless hounds thro the woods ran faster.

- 10 The one king's dochter has ridden awa,  
But bonnie Lady Ann lay in the deed-thraw.

*Some words are difficult to read.*

2. *sae wanting in burden* 1.

3<sup>1</sup>. *hunt? growis fair in burden* 1.

5<sup>1</sup>. *Originally* Oh hauld my bridle and stirrup.

Ann, or come, *is written over* Oh.

9<sup>2</sup>. *faithless?*

The lost knife here in A 8-10, B 5, and in 'Lee-some Brand,' No 15, 36-41, appears in 'The Squire of Low Degree,' Percy Folio, III, 267, vv. 117-126 (not in the version printed by Ritson and by Hazlitt).

'Daughter,' he sais, 'fior whose sake  
Is that sorrow that still thou makes?'

'Ffather,' shee sais, 'as I doe see,  
Itt is fior no man in Christentye;

Ffather,' shee sayes, 'as I doe thriue,  
Itt is fior noe man this day alie.

Ffor yesterday I lost my knife;  
Much rather had I haue lost my liffe!'

'My daughter,' he sayes, 'if itt be but a blade,  
I can gett another as good made.'

'Ffather,' shee sais, 'there is neuer a smith but one  
That [can] smith you such a one.'

(G. L. K.)

## 17. Hind Horn.

P. 193 (2). 'Hr. Lovmand' in Kristensen's Skatte-graveren, VIII, 49, No 115.

194 ff., 502 f., II, 499 b.

According to a Devonshire tradition given by Mrs Bray, Traditions of Devonshire, II, 172 (II, 32, of the new ed. of 1879, which has a fresh title, The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy), Sir Francis Drake, having been abroad seven years, was apprised by one of his devils that his wife was about to marry again. He immediately discharged one of his great guns up through the earth. The cannon-ball "fell with a loud explosion between the lady and her intended bridegroom," who were before the altar. In another version, known to Southey and communicated by him to Mrs Bray (as above, II, 174; new ed., II, 33, 34), the marriage is broken off by a large stone (no doubt a gun-stone) which falls on the lady's train as she is on her way to church. Drake, in this version, returns in disguise, but is recognized by his smile. See for various stories of the same kind, 'Iouenn Kerménou,' Luzel, Contes pop. de Basse-Bretagne, I, 416; 'Der tode

Schuldner,' Zingerle, Zeitschrift für deutsche Mythologie, II, 367; 'De witte Swâne,' Woeste, the same, III, 46, translated from the Markish dialect by Simrock, 'Der gute Gerhard,' u. s. w., p. 75; Vernaleken, Mythen u. Bräuche des Volkes in Oesterreich, p. 372; Vernaleken, Kinder- u. Hausmärchen, No 54, p. 315 f.; J. H. Knowles, Folk-Tales of Kashmir, p. 184 f.; Prym u. Socin, Syrische Sagen u. Märchen, No 20, II, 72. (G. L. K.)

Pp. 198 b, 502 b, II, 499 b. An Italian form of 'Le Retour du Mari' is 'Il Ritorno del Soldato,' Nigra, No 28<sup>b</sup>, p. 174.

Another Italian ballad has some of the points in the story of Horn. A man goes off for seven years immediately after marriage; the woman looking out towards the sea perceives a pilgrim approaching; he asks for charity, and makes what seems an impudent suggestion, for which she threatens him with punishment. But how if I were your husband? Then you would give me some token. He pulls out his wedding-ring from under his cloak. 'Il finto [falso] Pellegrino,' Bernoni, ix, no 7, Ferraro, C. p. monferrini, p. 33, Giannini, p. 151 (nearly the same in Archivio, VI, 361); 'La Moglie fedele,' Wolf, p. 59, No 81, Ive, p. 334; 'Bennardo,' Nerucci, in Archivio, III, 44.

To the Portuguese ballads, I, 502 b, add 'A bella Infanta,' Bellermaun, p. 100.

Add to the Polish ballads, p. 502 b: Roger, p. 13, Nos 25, 26.

With the Slavic ballads belong: Servian, Vuk, III, No 25; Bulgarian, Miladinof, Nos 65, 66, 111, 573, Kačanovskiy, Nos 68-73, 112. (W. W.)

202 a. The three singing laverocks in B 3, F 4, (cf. A 3), are to be taken as curiosities of art. Artificial singing-birds are often mentioned in the earlier times, (by Sir John Mandeville for instance): see Liebrecht, Volkskunde, p. 89 f., No 5. Such birds, and artificially hissing snakes, occur in the Great-Russian bylina of Djuk Stepanovic; cf. Wollner, Untersuchungen ü. d. grossr. Volksepi, p. 134 f. (W. W.)

205. G would have been printed as it stands in Kinloch MSS VII, 117, had the volume been in my possession. The copy principally used in Kinloch's Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 138, was derived from the editor's niece, M. Kinnear. Readings of another copy are written in pencil over the transcript of the first in places, and as the name "Christy Smith" is also written at the beginning in pencil, it may be supposed that these readings were furnished by this Christy Smith. Kinloch adopted some of these readings into the copy which appears in his book, and he introduced others which seem to be his own. The readings of the Kinnear copy not retained by Kinloch will now be given under a, and those supplied (as may be supposed) by Christy Smith under b.

a. 1<sup>2</sup>. Whare was ye born? or frae what cuntries?

3<sup>1</sup>. a gay gowd wand. 4<sup>1</sup>. a silver ring.

5<sup>1</sup>. Whan that ring. 6<sup>1</sup>. Whan that ring.

- 7<sup>2</sup>. Till he cam. 8<sup>1</sup>. Whan he lookit to.  
 8<sup>2</sup>. Says, I wish. 9<sup>2</sup>. Until he cam till.  
 10<sup>1</sup>. met with. 10<sup>2</sup>. It was with.  
 11<sup>1</sup>. my puir auld man. 13<sup>1</sup>. to me.  
 13<sup>2</sup>. I'll lend you.  
 15<sup>1</sup>. He has changed wi the puir auld.  
 16<sup>1</sup>. What is the way that ye use. 16<sup>2</sup>. words that.  
 18<sup>1</sup>, 22<sup>1</sup>. to yon town end.  
 19<sup>2</sup>. your Hynde (your *struck out*).  
 23<sup>2</sup>. his Hynde (his *struck out*).  
 24<sup>1</sup>. he took na frac ane.  
 27<sup>1</sup>. But he drank his glass. 27<sup>2</sup>. Into it he dropt.  
 30<sup>2</sup>. to your. 34<sup>2</sup>. him evermair.  
 36<sup>1</sup>. The red : oure them aw.  
 b. 1<sup>2</sup>. in what. 2<sup>1</sup>. greenwud's. 2<sup>2</sup>. have left.  
 3<sup>1</sup>. a silver wand.  
 4<sup>1</sup>. And my love gave me a gay gowd ring.  
 5<sup>1</sup>. As lang as that ring. 7<sup>2</sup>. Till that he cam.  
 9<sup>2</sup>. Until that. 10<sup>2</sup>. a jolly beggar man.  
 15<sup>1</sup>. *struck out in pencil*.  
 18<sup>1</sup>. And whan : yonder down.  
 20<sup>2</sup>. Unless it be frae. 22<sup>1</sup>. yonder down.  
 24<sup>1</sup>. But he wad tak frac nane. 34<sup>2</sup>. for evermair.

### 19. King Orfeo.

P. 217. The first half of the Norse burden is more likely to have been, originally, what would correspond to the Danish Skoven [er] herlig grøn, or, Skoven herlig grønes. In the other half, grøn forbids us to look for hjort in the giorten, where we are rather to see Danish urt (English wort), Icelandic jurt: so that this would be, in Danish, Ilvor urten hun grønnes herlig. (Note of Mr. Axel Orlík.)

### 20. The Cruel Mother.

P. 218 b. Danish. 'I dølgsmål,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, V, 98, No 644; corrupted.  
 (N, O should be O, P, II, 500: see I, 504.)

## Q

'The Cruel Mother,' Shropshire Folk-Lore, edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne, 1883-86, p. 540; "sung by Eliza Wharton and brothers, children of gipsies, habitually travelling in North Shropshire and Staffordshire, 13th July, 1885."

- 1 There was a lady, a lady of York,  
 Ri fol i diddle i gee wo  
 She fell a-courting in her own father's park.  
 Down by the greenwood side, O
- 2 She leaned her back against the stile,  
 There she had two pretty babes born.
- 3 And she had nothing to lap 'em in,  
 But she had a penknife sharp and keen.

- 4 . . . . .  
 There she stabbed them right through the heart.
- 5 She wiped the penknife in the sludge;  
 The more she wiped it, the more the blood  
 showed.
- 6 As she was walking in her own father's park,  
 She saw two pretty babes playing with a ball.
- 7 'Pretty babes, pretty babes, if you were mine,  
 I'd dress you up in silks so fine.'
- 8 'Dear mother, dear mother, [when we were  
 thine,]  
 You dressed us not in silks so fine.
- 9 'Here we go to the heavens so high,  
 You 'll go to bad when you do die.'

219 b, 504 a, II, 500 a. (M at this last place should be O.) Add : P, 'Die Schäferstochter,' as sung in the neighborhood of Köslin, Ulrich Jahn, Volkssagen aus Pommern u. Rügen, No 393, p. 310 f. (G. L. K.)

A Magyar-Croat ballad of the same tenor as the German, Kurelac, p. 150, No 451. (W. W.)

### 21. The Maid and the Palmer.

P. 228 a. Danish. Another copy of 'Synderinden' in Kristensen's Skattegraveren, VII, 81, No 505.  
 230 b. Slavic. Sušil, No 3, p. 2, closely resembles Moravian A; the woman is turned to stone. In a variant, p. 3, she has had fifty paramours, and again in a Little-Russian ballad, Golovatsky, I, 235, No 68, seventy. In this last, after shrift, the sinner is dissipated in dust. (W. W.)

231. French. Add: Victor Smith, Chants du Velay et du Forez, Romania IV, 439 (the conversion, p. 438); Chabaneau, Revue des Langues Romanes, XXIX, 265, 267, 268.

Catalan. 'Santa Magdalena,' conversion and penance, Miscelánea Folc-Lòrica, 1887, p. 119, No 8. The Samaritan Woman, simply, p. 118, No 7.

### 22. St Stephen and Herod.

P. 234 a. 'Rudisar vísa' is now No 11 of Hammershaimb's Færøsk Anthologi, p. 39. There are two other copies.

237. 'Skuin over de groenelands heide,' Dykstra en van der Meulen, p. 121, resembles the Breton stories, but lacks the miracle of the capon.

239. Miracle of the roasted cock. Jesus visits a Jew on Easter Sunday and reproaches him with not believing in the resurrection. The Jew replies that Jesus

having been put to death it was as impossible for him to come to life again as it would be for a roast chicken which lies before them. Faith can do anything, says Jesus. The fowl comes to life and lays eggs; the Jew has himself baptized. Kostomarov, *Monuments of the older Russian Literature*, I, 217. In a note, a Red-Russian ballad is mentioned which seems to be identical with Golovatsky, II, 6, No 8. A young Jewess, who was carrying water, was the first to see Jesus after his resurrection. She tells her father, as he sits at meat, that the God of the Russians is risen from the dead. "If you were not my daughter, I would have you drowned," says the father. "The God of the Russians will not rise again till that capon flies up and crows." The capon does both; the Jew is turned to stone. (W. W.)

## 25. Willie's Lyke-Wake.

Pp. 247-49 a. **Danish.** Add: 'Vågestuen,' in Kristensen's Skattegraveren, II, 17, No 17; IV, 17, 115, Nos 26, 285.

249 b and 506 a. **Swedish.** Bröms Gyllenmårs' visbok has been printed in Nyare Bidrag, o. s. v., 1887, and the ballad of Herr Carl is No 77, p. 252. There is an imperfect copy in Bergström ock Nordlander, Nyare Bidrag, p. 102, No 9.

250. 'Il Genovese' is given in eight versions, one a fragment, by Nigra, No 41, p. 257.

250, 506 a, II, 502 a. **Bulgarian.** Stojan, who wants to carry off Bojana, does, at his mother's advice, everything to bring her within his reach. He builds a church, digs a well, plants a garden. All the maids come but her. He then feigns death; she comes with flowers and mourns over him; he seizes her; the priest blesses their union. Miladinof, p. 294, No 185. An old woman, in a like case, advises a young man to feign death, and brings Bojana to see the body. "Why," asks Bojana, "do his eyes look as if they had sight, his arms as if they would lay hold of me, his feet as if ready to jump up?" "That is because he died so suddenly," says the beldam. The youth springs up and embraces Bojana. Verković, p. 334, No 304. A Magyar-Croat version begins like this last, but has suffered corruption: Kurelac, p. 148, No. 447. (W. W.)

## 28. Burd Ellen and Young Tamlane.

P. 256. The first paragraph was occasioned by a misprint in Motherwell (corrected at p. cv of his Introduction), and may be dropped. In Pitcairn's MS. it is noted that this fragment was obtained from Mrs Gam-mell.

## 29. The Boy and the Mantle.

Pp. 268 ff., 507, II, 502.

On going to war a king gives each of his two daugh-

ters a rose. "Si vous tombez en faute, quoi que ce soit," says he, "vos roses flétriront." Both princesses yield to the solicitations of their lovers, so that the king, on returning, finds both roses withered, and is grieved thereat. Vinson, *Folk-Lore du Pays Basque*, p. 102.

Wer ein ausgelöschtes Licht wieder anblasen kann ist noch Jungfrau oder Junggeselle. Wer ein ganz volles Glas zum Munde führen kann, ohne einen Tropfen zu verschütten, ist Junggeselle. Zingerle, *Sitten der Tiroler*, p. 35.

There is a shield in Perceval le Gallois which no knight can wear with safety in a tournament if he is not all that a knight should be, and if he has not, also, "bele amie qui soit loiaus sans treccerie." Several of Arthur's knights try the shield with disastrous results; Perceval is more fortunate. (See 31805-31, 31865, 32023-48, 32410 ff., Potvin, IV, 45 ff.)

"Upon the various earth's embrodered gowne

There is a weed upon whose head grows downe;

Sow-thistle 'tis ycleepd; whose downy wreath

If any one can blow off at a breath,

We deeme her for a maid."

(William Browne, *Britannia's Pastorals*, Book I, Song 4, Works, ed. Hazlitt, p. 103.)

Eodem auxilii genere, Tucciae virginis Vestalis, incesti criminis reac, castitas infamiae nube obscurata emerit. Quae conscientia certae sinceritatis suae spem salutis ancipiti argumento ausa petere est. Arrepto enim cribro, 'Vesta,' inquit, 'si sacris tuis castas semper admovi manus, effice ut hoc hauriam e Tiberi aquam et in aedem tuam perferam.' Audaciter et temere iactis votis sacerdotum rerum ipsa natura cessit. Valerius Maximus, viii, 1, 5. Cf. also Pliny, *Hist. Nat.*, xxviii, 2 (3), and the commentators.

There was a (qualified) test of priestesses of Ge at Ægege by drinking bull's blood, according to Pausanias, VIII, xxv, 8; cited by H. C. Lea, *Superstition and Force*, 3d ed, 1878, p. 236 f. (All the above by G. L. K.)

A spring in Apollonius Heinricus von Neustadt blackens the hand of the more serious offender, but in a milder case only the ring-finger, "der die geringste Befleckung nicht erträgt." W. Grimm's *Kleinere Schriften*, III, 446. (C. R. Lannan.)

## 30. King Arthur and King Cornwall.

P. 274. That this ballad is a traditional variation of Charlemagne's Journey to Jerusalem and Constantinople, was, I am convinced, too hastily said. See M. Gaston Paris's remarks at p. 110 f. of his paper, *Les romans en vers du cycle de la Table Ronde* (*Extrait du tome xxx de l'Histoire Littéraire de la France*). The king who thinks himself the best king in the world, etc., occurs (it is Arthur) also in the romance of *Rigomer*: the same, p. 92.

## 34. Kemp Owyne.

P. 307 b. Add 'Linden,' Kristensen's Skattegrav-  
eren, V, 50, No 455.

A princess in the form of a toad is kissed three times and so disenchanted : *Revue des Traditions populaires*, III, 475-6. A princess in the form of a black wolf must be kissed thrice to be disenchanted : *Vernaleken, Alpensagen*, p. 123. A princess persuades a man to attempt her release from enchantment. Three successive kisses are necessary. On the first occasion she appears as a serpent ; he can kiss her but once. The second attempt is also unsuccessful ; she appears as a salamander and is kissed twice. The third time she takes the form of a toad, and the three kisses are happily given. Luzel, in the *Annuaire de la Soc. des Traditions populaires*, II, 53. (G. L. K.)

## 35. Allison Gross.

P. 314 a. Ill-maid's promises. Add : 'Bjærgjom-  
fruens frieri,' Kristensen's Skattegraveren, II, 100, No  
460.

## 37. Thomas Rymer.

P. 319 b, last paragraph. In a Breton story, 'La  
Fleur du Rocher,' Sébillot, *Contes pop. de la Haute-  
Bretagne*, II, 31, Jean Cate addresses the fairy, when  
he first sees her, as the Virgin Mary. (G. L. K.)

## 39. Tam Lin.

P. 335. Mr Macmath has found an earlier transcript  
of B in Glenriddel's MSS, VIII, 106, 1789. The vari-  
ations (except those of spelling, which are numerous)  
are as follows :

- 1<sup>st</sup>. that wears. 1<sup>st</sup>. go. 3<sup>rd</sup>. has snoded.  
3<sup>rd</sup>. is gaen. 5<sup>th</sup>. had not. 6<sup>th</sup>. comes. 7<sup>th</sup>. give.  
8<sup>th</sup> & 16<sup>th</sup> & 35<sup>th</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup>. above.  
11<sup>th</sup>. Out then : gray-head.  
11<sup>th</sup>. And ever alas, fair Janet, he says.  
13<sup>th</sup>. fair Janet. 13<sup>th</sup>. thow gaes. 14<sup>th</sup>. If I.  
14<sup>th</sup>. Ther'e not. 14<sup>th</sup> & 34<sup>th</sup>. bairns.  
15<sup>th</sup>. ye nae, *wrongly*. 16<sup>th</sup>. she is on.  
19<sup>th</sup>. groves green. 20<sup>th</sup>. Thomas. 20<sup>th</sup>. for his.  
20<sup>th</sup>. Whether ever. 22<sup>nd</sup>. from the.  
22<sup>nd</sup>. Then from. 23<sup>rd</sup>. The Queen o' Fairies has.  
23<sup>rd</sup>. do dwell. 23<sup>rd</sup>. Fiend, *wrongly*.  
24<sup>th</sup>. is a Hallow-een. 24<sup>th</sup>. And them.  
25<sup>th</sup>. Amongst. 27<sup>th</sup>. ride on. 27<sup>th</sup>. gave.  
30<sup>th</sup>. wardly. 31<sup>st</sup>. Ilald me. 34<sup>th</sup>. then in.  
37<sup>th</sup>. And there. 38<sup>th</sup>. Them that hes. 38<sup>th</sup>. Has.  
40<sup>th</sup> & 4<sup>th</sup>. eyes. 41<sup>st</sup>. I kend. 41<sup>st</sup>. I'd.

## J.

'The Queen of the Fairies,' Macmath MS., p. 57.  
"Taken down by me 14th October, 1886, from the reci-

tation of Mr Alexander Kirk, Inspector of Poor, Dalry,  
in the Stewartry of Kirkeudbright, who learned it about  
fifty years ago from the singing of David Ray, Barlay,  
Balmaclellan."

This copy has been considerably made over, and was  
very likely learned from print. The cane in the maid's  
hand, already sufficiently occupied, either with the  
Bible or with holy water, is an imbecility such as only  
the "makers" of latter days are capable of. (There  
is a cane in another ballad which I cannot at this mo-  
ment recall.)

- 1 The maid that sits in Katherine's Hall,  
Clad in her robes so black,  
She has to yon garden gone,  
For flowers to flower her hat.
- 2 She had not pulled the red, red rose,  
A double rose but three,  
When up there starts a gentleman,  
Just at this lady's knee.
- 3 Says, Who 's this pulls the red, red rose ?  
Breaks branches off the tree ?  
Or who 's this treads my garden-grass,  
Without the leave of me ?
- 4 'Yes, I will pull the red, red rose,  
Break branches off the tree,  
This garden in Moorcartney wood,  
Without the leave o' thee.'
- 5 He took her by the milk-white hand  
And gently laid her down,  
Just in below some shady trees  
Where the green leaves hung down.
- 6 'Come tell to me, kind sir,' she said,  
'What before you never told ;  
Are you an earthly man ?' said she,  
'A knight or a baron bold ?'
- 7 'I'll tell to you, fair lady,' he said,  
'What before I neer did tell ;  
I'm Earl Douglas's second son,  
With the queen of the fairies I dwell.
- 8 'When riding through yon forest-wood,  
And by yon grass-green well,  
A sudden sleep me overtook,  
And off my steed I fell.
- 9 'The queen of the fairies, being there,  
Made me with her to dwell,  
And still once in the seven years  
We pay a teind to hell.
- 10 'And because I am an earthly man,  
Myself doth greatly fear,



For the cleverest man in all our train  
To Pluto must go this year.

- 11 'This night is Halloween, lady,  
And the fairies they will ride ;  
The maid that will her true-love win  
At Miles Cross she may bide.'
- 12 'But how shall I thee ken, though, sir ?  
Or how shall I thee know,  
Amang a pack o' hellish wraiths,  
Before I never saw ?'
- 13 'Some rides upon a black horse, lady,  
And some upon a brown,  
But I myself on a milk-white steed,  
And I aye nearest the toun.'
- 14 'My right hand shall be covered, lady,  
My left hand shall be bare,  
And that's a token good enough  
That you will find me there.'
- 15 'Take the Bible in your right hand,  
With God for to be your guide,  
Take holy water in thy left hand,  
And throw it on every side.'
- 16 She's taen her mantle her about,  
A cane into her hand,  
And she has unto Miles Cross gone,  
As hard as she can gang.
- 17 First she has letten the black pass by,  
And then she has letten the brown,  
But she's taen a fast hold o' the milk-white steed,  
And she's pulled Earl Thomas doun.
- 18 The queen of the fairies being there,  
Sae loud she's letten a cry,  
'The maid that sits in Katherine's Hall  
This night has gotten her prey.'
- 19 'But hadst thou waited, fair lady,  
Till about this time the morn,  
He would hae been as far from thee or me  
As the wind that blew when he was born.'
- 20 They turned him in this lady's arms  
Like the adder and the snake ;  
She held him fast; why should she not ?  
Though her poor heart was like to break.
- 21 They turned him in this lady's arms  
Like two red gads of airn;  
She held him fast; why should she not ?  
She knew they could do her no harm.
- 22 They turned him in this lady's arms  
Like to all things that was vile;

She held him fast; why should she not ?  
The father of her child.

- 23 They turned him in this lady's arms  
Like to a naked knight;  
She's taen him hame to her ain bower,  
And clothed him in armour bright.

338 a, 507, II, 505 b.

A king transformed into a nightingale being plunged three times into water resumes his shape : Vernalen, K.-u. II. Märchen, No 15, p. 79. In Guillaume de Palerne, ed. Michelant, v. 7770 ff., pp. 225, 226, the queen who changes the werewolf back into a man takes care that he shall have a warm bath as soon as the transformation is over; but this may be merely the bath preliminary to his being dubbed knight (as in Li Chevaliers as Deus Espes, ed. Förster, vv. 1547-49, p. 50, and L'Ordene de Chevalerie, vv. 111-124, Barbazan-Méon, I, 63, 64). A fairy maiden is turned into a wooden statue. This is burned and the ashes thrown into a pond, whence she immediately emerges in her proper shape. She is next doomed to take the form of a snake. Her lover, acting under advice, cuts up a good part of the snake into little bits, and throws these into a pond. She emerges again. J. H. Knowles, Folk-Tales of Kashmir, p. 468 ff. (G. L. K.)

339 b, II, 505 b.

Fairy salve and indiscreet users of it. See also Sébillot, Contes pop. de la Haute-Bretagne, II, 41, 42, cf. I, 122-3; the same, Traditions et Superstitions de la Haute-Bretagne, I, 89, 109; the same, Litt. orale de la Haute-B., pp. 19-23, 24-27, and note; Mrs Bray, Traditions of Devonshire, 1838, I, 184-188, I, 175 ff. of the new ed. called The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy; "Lageniensis" [J. O'Hanlon], Irish Folk-Lore, Glasgow, n. d., pp. 48-49. In a Breton story a fairy gives a one-eyed woman an eye of crystal, warning her not to speak of what she may see with it. Disregarding this injunction, the woman is deprived of the gift. Sébillot, Contes pop. de la Haute-Bretagne, II, 24-25. (G. L. K.)

340. The danger of lying under trees at noon. "Is not this connected with the belief in a δαιμόνιον μεσημβρινόν (LXX, Psalm xci, 6)? as to which see Rochholz, Deutscher Unsterblichkeitsglaube, pp. 62 ff., 67 ff., and cf. Lobeck, Aglaophamus, pp. 1092-3." Kittredge, Sir Orfeo, in the American Journal of Philology, VII, 190, where also there is something about the dangerous character of orchards. Of processions of fairy knights, see p. 189 of the same.

Tam o Lin. Add: Tom a Lin, Robert Mylne's MS. Collection of Scots Poems, Part I, 8, 1707. (W. Macmath.)

#### 40. The Queen of Elfan's Nourice.

P. 358 f., II, 505 b.

Mortal women as midwives to fairies, elves, water-

sprites, etc. Further examples are: Sébillot, *Littérature orale de la Haute-Bretagne*, pp. 19-23; the same, *Traditions et Superstitions de la Haute-Bretagne*, I, 89, 109; Vinson, *Folk-Lore du Pays Basque*, pp. 40, 41; Meier, *Deutsche Sagen*, u. s. w., aus Schwaben, pp. 16-18, 59, 62; Mrs Bray, *Traditions of Devonshire*, 1838, I, 184-188 (in the new ed., which is called *The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy*, I, 174 ff.); "Lageniensis" [J. O'Hanlon], *Irish Folk Lore*, Glasgow, n. d., pp. 48, 49; U. Jahn, *Volkssagen aus Pommern und Rügen*, pp. 50, 72; Vonbun, *Die Sagen Vorarlbergs*, p. 16, cf. p. 6; Vernaleken, *Alpensagen*, p. 183. — Mortal woman as nurse for fairy child. Sébillot, *Contes populaires de la Haute-Bretagne*, I, 121. (G. L. K.)

#### 41. Hind Etin.

P. 361 f. **Danish**. Add: 'Jomfruen og dværgen,' Kristensen, *Skattegraveren*, III, 98, No 393. A fragment of four stanzas, IV, 193, No 570.

364. **Danish**. Add: 'Angenede og havmanden,' Kristensen, *Skattegraveren*, III, 17, No 34.

#### 42. Clerk Colvill.

P. 379 a, II, 506. Breton **F** is now printed entire (twenty-one stanzas instead of eleven) by Gaidoz, in *Mélusine*, IV, 301 ff. (The language appears to be Cornish.)

380, II, 506. **A** is printed by Rolland, III, 39; **P**, **Q**, *ib.*, p. 41, p. 37; **T**, *ib.*, p. 32, and in *Revue des Traditions pop.*, I, 33; **X**, by Rolland, III, 45; **GG**, in *Revue des T. p.*, III, 195. The five stanzas in *Poés. pop. de la F.*, MS., VI, 491 (**MM**), by Rolland, III, 36.

Add: **NN**, 38 verses, without indication of place, by C. de Sivry in *Rev. des T. p.*, II, 24; **OO**, 'Le roi Léouis,' *Haute-Bretagne*, 60 verses, P. Sébillot, in the same, III, 196.

A Basque version, with a translation, in *Rev. des Trad. pop.*, III, 198.

382 a. **Italian**. **C-F**, **H-K** now in Nigra's collection, 'Morte Occulta,' **A-G**, No 21, p. 142, in a different order. **C, D, E, F, H, I, K** are in Nigra now **A, C, D, E, G, F, B**. The fragment spoken of p. 383 b is now Nigra's No 22, p. 149, 'Mal ferito.' The tale which follows this is given p. 148 f.

384 a. There are two good Asturian versions in Pidal, 'Doña Alda,' Nos 46, 47, pp. 181, 183. The editor mentions a copy in the second number of *Folk-Lore Betio-Extremoño*, much injured by tradition, which is more like the Catalan than the Asturian versions.

#### 43. The Broomfield Hill.

P. 392 b. Sleep-thorns.

Sleep-thorns, or something similar, occur in the West Highland tales. In a story partly reported by Camp-

bell, I, xci, "the sister put gath nimh, a poisonous sting or thorn, into the bed, and the prince was as though he were dead for three days, and he was buried. But Knowledge told the other two dogs what to do, and they seraped up the prince and took out the thorn, and he came alive again and went home." So in "The Widow's Son," Campbell, II, 296: "On the morrow he went, but the carlin stuek a bior nimh, spike of hurt, in the outside of the door post, and when he came to the church he fell asleep." In another version of *The Widow's Son*, II, 297, a "big pin" serves as the "spike of hurt." Cf. the needle in Haltrich, *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus dem Sachsenlande in Siebenbürgen*, 3d ed., p. 141, No 32. (G. L. K.)

393. **Italian** ballad. Add: Righi, p. 33, No 96; Nigra, No 77, p. 393, 'La Bevanda sonnifera,' **A-H**; Giannini, 'Il Cavaliere ingannato,' p. 157; Ferrari, *Biblioteca di Lett. pop. italiana*, I, 218, 'La bella Brunetta,' *Finamore*, in *Archivio*, I, 89, 'La Fandell' e lu Cavaliere (mixed); Nerucci, in *Archivio*, II, 524, 'La Ragazza Fantina'; Julia, in *Archivio*, VI, 244, 'La 'nfantina e lu Cavaliere'; Rondini, in *Archivio*, VII, 189.

Ricordi, *Canti p. Lombardi*, No 9, 'La Moraschina,' gives the first half of the story, with a slight alteration for propriety's sake.

#### 44. The Two Magicians.

P. 400 a, II, 506 b. **E, F**, partly, in *Revue des Traditions populaires*, I, 104 f. (**Q** was previously cited as **J**.) **Q**, 'Les Transformations,' Avenay, Marne, Gaston Paris, in *Rev. des Trad. pop.*, I, 98; **R**, *Haute-Bretagne*, Sébillot, the same, p. 100; **S**, Le Morvan, Tiersot, p. 102; **T**, Tarn-et-Garonne, the same, II, 208. **U**, 'Les Métamorphoses,' Finistère, Rolland, IV, 32, c; **V**, environs de Brest, the same, p. 33, d. **E** is printed by Rolland, IV, 30, b.

**Italian**. A ballad in Nigra, No 59, p. 329, 'Amore inevitabile.'

401 a. Vuk, I, No 602, is translated in Bowring's *Servian Popular Poetry*, p. 195.

In a Magyar-Croat ballad the lover advises the maid, who has been chidden by her mother on his account, if her mother repeats the scolding, to turn herself into a fish, then he will be a fisherman, etc. Kurelac, p. 309, XV, 2. (W. W.)

401 b, last two paragraphs.

Other specimens of the first kind (not in Köhler's note to Gönnenbach, II, 214) are:

Luzel, *Annuaire de la Société des Traditions populaires*, II, 56; Baissac, *Folk-Lore de l'Île Maurice*, p. 88 ff.; Wigström, *Sagor ock Äfventyr uppt. i Skåne*, p. 37; Luzel, *Revue des Traditions populaires*, I, 287, 288; Luzel, *Contes pop. de Basse-Bretagne*, II, 13, 41 ff., cf. 64-66; Vernaleken, *Kinder- u. Hausmärchen*, No 49, p. 277; Bladé, *Contes pop. de la Gascogne*, II, 26-36; Carnoy, *Contes populaires picards*, Romania, VIII, 227. Cf. also Ortolí, *Contes pop. de l'Île de*

Corse, pp. 27-29, and Cosquin's notes (which do not cite any of the above-mentioned places), Contes pop. de Lorraine; I, 105 ff.

Other specimens of the second kind:

Luzel, Contes pop. de Basse-Bretagne, II, 92-95, and note; Haltrich, Deutsche Volksmärchen aus dem Sachsenlande, u. s. w., 3d ed., 1882, No 14, p. 52 f. (G. L. K.)

402 a, last paragraph. "The pursuit in various forms by the witch lady has an exact counterpart in a story of which I have many versions and which I had intended to give if I had room. It is called 'The Fuller's Son,' 'The Cotter's Son,' and other names, and it bears a strong resemblance to the end of the Norse tale of 'Farmer Weathersky.'" Campbell, Pop. Tales of the West Highlands, IV, 297. (G. L. K.)

#### 46. Captain Wedderburn's Courtship.

P. 415, note †. A version from Scotland has been printed in the Folk-Lore Journal, III, 272, 'I had six lovers over the sea.' (G. L. K.)

417, note †, II, 507 b.

The one stake with no head on it occurs also in Wolf-dietrich B. The heathen, whom Wolfdietrich afterwards overcomes at knife-throwing, threatens him thus:

"Sihstu dort an den zinnen fünf hundert houbet stän,  
Diu ich mit minen henden alle verderbet hân?

Noch stät ein zinne lère an minem türniln:

Dâ muoz din werdez houbet ze einem phande sin."

(St. 595, Jänicke, Deutsches Heldenbuch, III, 256.)

Two cases in Campbell's Pop. T. of the West Highlands. "Many a leech has come, said the porter. There is not a spike on the town without a leech's head but one, and may be it is for thy head that one is." (The Ceabharnach, I, 312.) Conall "saw the very finest castle that ever was seen from the beginning of the universe till the end of eternity, and a great wall at the back of the fortress, and iron spikes within a foot of each other, about and around it; and a man's head upon every spike but the one spike. Fear struck him and he fell a-shaking. He thought that it was his own head that would go on the headless spike." (The Story of Conall Gulban, III, 202.) In Crestien's Erec et Enide, Erec overcomes a knight in an orchard. There are many stakes crowned with heads, but one stake is empty. Erec is informed that this is for his head, and that it is customary thus to keep a stake waiting for a new-come, a fresh one being set up as often as a head is taken. Ed. by Bekker in Haupt's Zitscher, X, 520, 521, vv. 5732-66. (G. L. K.)

#### 49. The Twa Brothers.

P. 435. There is a copy in Nimmo, Songs and Ballads of Clydesdale, p. 131, made from D, E, with half a dozen lines for connection.

437 b. It is E (not A) that is translated by Grundtvig; and D by Afzelius, Grimm, Talvj, Rosa Warrens.

436 f. In one of the older Croat ballads Marko Kraljević and his brother Andrija, who have made booty of three horses, quarrel about the third when they come to dividing, and Marko fells Andrija with a stab. Andrija charges Marko not to tell their mother what took place, but to say that he is not coming home, because he has become enamored of a girl in a foreign country. Bogišić, p. 18, No 6. There is a Magyar-Croat variant of this, in which two brothers returning from war fall out about a girl, and the older (who, by the way, is a married man) stabs the younger. The dying brother wishes the mother to be told that he has staid behind to buy presents for her and his sisters. The mother asks when her son will come home. The elder brother answers, When a crow turns white and a withered maple greens. The (simple) mother gets a crow and bathes it daily in milk, and irrigates the tree with wine; but in vain. Other Slavic examples of these hopeless eventualities: Little-Russian, Golovatsky, I, 74, No 30, 97, No 7, 164, No 12, 173, No 23, 229, No 59; II, 41, No 61, 585, No 18, 592, No 27; III, 12, No 9, 136, No 256, 212, No 78; Bohemian, Erben, p. 182, No 340; Polish, Roger, p. 3, No 2; Servian, Vuk, I, No 364, Herzegovine, p. 209, No 176, p. 322, No 332; Bulgarian, Verković, No 226; Dozon, p. 95; Magyar-Croat, Kurelac, p. 11, No 61, p. 130, No 430, p. 156, No 457 (and note), p. 157, No 459, p. 244, No 557. (W. W.)

#### 53. Young Beichan.

P. 454. The modern street or broadside ballad L (see II, 508) is given from singing by Miss Burne, Shropshire Folk-Lore, p. 547.

459 b. The Färöe ballad (of which there are four copies) is printed in Hammershaimb's Færøsk Anthologi, p. 260, No 33, 'Harra Pætur og Elinborg.'

462 a. 'Gerincledo,' also in Pidal, Asturian Romances, p. 90 f.

462 a, b. 'Moran d' Inghilterra,' with a second version, in Nigra, No 42, p. 263.

#### VOL. II.

#### 55. The Carnal and the Crane.

P. 7 f., 510 a. Legend of the Sower. Catalan (with the partridge), Miscelánea Folk-Lórica, 1887, p. 115, No 6.

Moravian, Sušil, p. 19, No 16; Little-Russian, Golovatsky, II, 9, No 13. (W. W.)

#### 56. Dives and Lazarus.

P. 10 b. 'Il ricco Epulone,' Nigra, No 159, p. 543, with Jesus and the Madonna for Lazarus.

Little-Russian, Golovatsky, II, 737, No 5; III, 263, No 1, and 267, No 2. Lazarus and the rich man are represented as brothers. (W. W.)

### 57. Brown Robyn's Confession.

P. 13 b, 5th line. A is not a manuscript of the 'fifteenth' century, but of the date 1590 or 1591. (Note of Mr Axel Olrik.)

### 59. Sir Aldingar.

Pp. 37-43. The first adventure of the fragmentary romance of Joufrois affords this story. Count Richard of Poitiers has a son Joufrois. The boy begs his father to send him to the English court, that King Henry may knight him. The English king receives him well, but he remains a *vaslet* for some time. The seneschal of the court endeavors to win the queen's *amisté*, but fails. He tells the king that he has seen the queen in bed with a kitchen-boy, and Henry swears that she shall hang or burn. The *vaslet* Joufrois offers to prove the seneschal a liar, and begs to be knighted for that purpose. Everybody thinks him mad to undertake battle with the seneschal, who is an unmatched man-at-arms: *li biaus vaslet estoit enfens*. The fight takes place at Winchester. Joufrois' sword is broken, but he picks up a piece of a huge lance and disables his adversary with a blow on the arm. Joufrois then threatens to cut off the felon's head if he does not retract, and as the seneschal prefers death to eating his words, this is done. Joufrois, *Altfranzösisches Rittergedicht*, ed. Hofmann und Muncker, vv. 91-631, pp. 3-18. (G. L. K.)

### 60. King Estmere.

Pp. 51, 510 b. Mr Kittredge has noted for me some twenty other cases in metrical romances of knights riding into hall.

Aiol's steed is stabled in the hall, Aiol et Mirabel, ed. Förster, vv. 1758-61, p. 51. So Gawain's horse in the 'Chevalier à l'Espée,' vv. 224-236, Méon, Nouveau Recueil, I, 134. Cf. 'Pereval le Gallois,' ed. Potvin, II, 255 ff., vv. 16803-42. In 'Richars li Biaus,' the hero evidently has his horse with him while at dinner in the hall of the robber-castle: ed. Förster, v. 3396, p. 93; cf. the editor's note, p. 182. In 'Pereval le Gallois,' a knight takes his horse with him into a bed-chamber and ties him to a bed-post: ed. Potvin, III, 34, v. 21169 f. Cf. *Elie de Saint Gille*, ed. Förster, pp. 377, 379, 380, vv. 2050-55, 2105, 2129-42. (G. L. K.)

### 61. Sir Cawline.

P. 56 b. Amadas, while watching at the tomb of Ydoine, has a terrific combat with a highly mysterious stranger knight, whom he vanquishes. The stranger

then informs Amadas that Ydoine is not really dead, etc., etc. He gives sufficient evidence of his elitch character, and the author clinches the matter by speaking of him as "the maufe" (v. 6709). Amadas et Ydoine, ed. Hippeau, vv. 5465 ff., p. 189 ff. (G. L. K.)

60. Stanzas 42 ff.. It might have been remarked that this feat of tearing out a lion's heart belongs to King Richard (see Weber's *Romances*, II, 44), hence, according to the romance, named *Cœur de Lion*, and that it has also been assigned to an humbler hero, in a well-known broadside ballad, 'The Honour of a London Prentice,' *Old Ballads*, 1723, I, 199 (where there are two lions for one).

### 63. Child Waters.

P. 83. Italian. 'Ambrogio e Lietta,' Nigra, No 35, p. 201. The Piedmontese ballad, though incomplete, has the rough behavior of the man to the woman, the crossing of the water, the castle and the mother, the stable, and twins brought forth in a manger.

84 b. Danish. 'Hr. Peders staldtæng,' Kristensen, *Skattegravener*, I, 121, No 441; 'Liden Kirsten som staldtæng,' V, 98, No 645.

'Hr. Grønnevold,' Kristensen, *Skattegravener*, VII, 49, No 177, is an imperfect copy of the second sort of Scandinavian ballads.

### 64. Fair Janet.

P. 103, note. 'La Fidanzata Infedele' is now No 34 of Nigra's collection. See above the addition to No 5, I, 65 b.

### 65. Lady Maisry.

P. 113 a, last paragraph. Burning, etc. See Amis e Amiloun (the French text), v. 364, p. 134, ed. Kölbinger; *Elie de St Gille*, ed. Förster, vv. 2163-69, p. 381. Amadis de Gaule, Nicolas de Herberay, Anvers, 1573, I, 8 f., book 1, chap. 2, maid or wife; but Venice, 1552, I, 6 b, and Gayangos, *Libros de Caballerias*, p. 4, wife. (G. L. K.)

113 b. Only certain copies, and those perverted, of Grundtvig Nos 108, 109 have the punishment of burning for simple incontinence. This is rather the penalty for incest: cf. Syv, No 16, = Kristensen, I, No 70, II, No 49, = Grundtvig, No 292, and many other ballads. (Note of Mr Axel Olrik.)

Note §. 'Galanzuca,' 'Galancina,' Pidal, *Asturian Romance*, Nos 6, 7, pp. 92, 94, belong here. They have much of the story of 'Lady Maisry,' with a happy ending.

### 66. Lord Ingram and Chiel Wyet.

P. 127 a, 9th line of the second paragraph. A copy of 'Fru Margaretha' in Harald Olufssons *Visebók*, Ny-are Bidrag, o. s. v., p. 36, No 16, stanzas 21, 22.

127 b, 511 b. In a Breton ballad, Mélusine, III, 350 f., a priest jumps a table, at the cry of his sister, who is in a desperate extremity.

But the greatest achievements in this way are in Slavic ballads. A bride, on learning of her bridegroom's death, jumps over four tables and lights on the fifth, rushes to her chamber and stabs herself: Moravian, Sušil, p. 83. According to a variant, p. 84, note, she jumps over nine. A repentant husband who had projected the death of his wife, on hearing that she is still living, leaps nine tables without touching the glasses on them: Magyar-Croat, Kurelac, p. 184, No 479. (W. W.)

Mr Kittredge has given me many cases from romances.

127 b, note. Sword reduced to a straw: add Nigra, No 113, etc. 'Gerinaldo:' add Pidal, Asturian Romances, Nos 3, 4, 5.

### 67. Glasgerion.

P. 137 b. 'Poter del Canto' is now No 47, p. 284, of Nigra's collection.

### 68. Young Hunting.

P. 142. A copy in A. Nimmo's Songs and Ballads of Clydesdale, 'Young Hyndford,' p. 155, is made up (with changes) from Scott, Kinloch, Buchan, Motherwell and Herd, E, J, B, K, F, G.

143, 512 a. Discovery of drowned bodies. See Revue des Traditions populaires, I, 56; Mélusine, III, 141.

### 69. Clerk Saunders.

P. 157. There are four copies of the Färöe 'Faðir og dóttir,' and Hammershaimb has printed a second (with but slight variations) in his Færøsk Anthologi: p. 253, No 31.

158. Spanish. Add: 'La Esposa infiel,' Pidal, Asturian Romances, No 33, p. 154.

### 71. The Bent Sae Brown.

P. 170. Nine versions of 'Jomfruens Brødre' in Kristensen's Skattegraveren, II, 145 ff., Nos 717-23, V, 81 ff., Nos 633, 634.

### 72. The Clerk's Twa Sons o Owsenford.

Pp. 174, 512. Add to the French ballads one from Carcassonne, first published in a newspaper of that place, Le Bon Sens, August 10, 1878, and reprinted in Mélusine, II, 212. The occurrence which gave rise to the ballad is narrated by Nigra, C. p. del Piemonte, p. 54 f., after Mary Lafon, and the Italian version is No 4 of that collection, 'Gli Scolari di Tolosa.' The ballad is originally French, the scene Toulouse.

### 73. Lord Thomas and Fair Annet.

P. 179 f. D. The Roxburghe copy of 'Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor,' III, 554, is printed by Mr J. W. Ebsworth in the Ballad Society's edition of the Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 647. (Mr Ebsworth notes that the broadside occurs in the Bagford Ballads, II, 127; Douce, I, 120 v., III, 58 v., IV, 36; Ouvry, II, 38; Jersey, III, 88.) 'The Unfortunate Forrester,' Roxburghe, II, 553, is printed at p. 645 of the same volume. A copy from singing is given (with omissions) in Miss Burne's Shropshire Folk-Lore, 1883-86, p. 545; another, originally from recitation, in Mr G. R. Tomson's Ballads of the North Countrie, 1888, p. 82. Both came, traditionally, from print. Still another, from the singing of a Virginian nurse-maid (helped out by her mother), was communicated by Mr W. H. Babcock to the Folk-Lore Journal, VII, 33, 1889, and may be repeated here, both because it is American and also because of its amusing perversions.

#### THE BROWN GIRL

- 1 'O mother, O mother, come read this to me,  
And regulate all as one,  
Whether I shall wed fair Ellinter or no,  
Or fetch you the brown girl home.'
- 2 'Fair Ellinter she has houses and wealth,  
The brown girl she has none;  
But before I am charged with that blessing,  
Go fetch me the brown girl home.'
- 3 He dressed himself in skylight green,  
His groomsman all in red;  
And every town as he rode through  
They took him to be some king.
- 4 He rode and he rode until he came to fair Ellinter's door;  
He knocked so loud at the ring;  
There was none so ready as fair Ellinter herself  
To rise and let him in.
- 5 'O what is the news, Lord Thomas?' she said,  
'O what is the news to thee?'  
'I've come to invite you to my wedding,  
And that is bad news to thee.'
- 6 'God forbid, Lord Thomas,' she said,  
'That any such thing should be!  
For I should have been the bride myself,  
And you should the bridegroom be.'
- 7 'O mother, O mother, come read this to me,  
And regulate all as one,  
Whether I shall go to Lord Thomas' wed,  
Or stay with you at home.'

- 8 'Here you have one thousand friends,  
Where there you would but one;  
So I will invite you, with my blessing,  
To stay with me at home.'
- 9 But she dressed herself in skylight red,  
Her waiting-maids all in green,  
And every town as she rode through  
They took her to be some queen.
- 10 She rode and she rode till she came to Lord  
Thomas's door;  
She knocked so loud at the ring;  
There was none so ready as Lord Thomas himself  
To rise and let her in.
- 11 He took her by her lily-white hand,  
He led her across the hall;  
Sing, 'Here are five and twenty gay maids,  
She is the flower of you all.'
- 12 He took her by her lily-white hand,  
He led her across the hall,  
He sat her down in a big arm-chair,  
And kissed her before them all.
- 13 The wedding was gotten, the table was set,  
The first to sit down was Lord Thomas himself,  
His bride, fair Ellinter, by his side.
- 14 'Is this your bride, Lord Thomas?' she said;  
'If this is your bride, Lord Thomas, she looks  
most wonderfully dark,  
When you could have gotten a fairer  
As ever the sun shone on.'
- 15 'O don't you despise her,' Lord Thomas said he,  
'O don't you despise her to me;  
Yes, I like the end of your little finger  
Better than her whole body.'
- 16 The brown girl, having a little penknife,  
And being both keen and sharp,  
Right between the long and short ribs,  
She pierced poor Ellinter's heart.
- 17 'O what is the matter, fair Ellinter,' said he,  
'That you look so very dark,  
When your cheeks used to have been so red and  
rosy  
As ever the sun shined on?'
- 18 'Are you blind, or don't you see,  
My heart-blood come trickling down to my  
knee?'

3<sup>1,2</sup>. green and red should be interchanged: cf. 9.  
13, 14. *Rearranged*. 15<sup>1</sup>. said she.

181. Add to the French ballads, 'La Délaisée,' V. Smith, Romania, VII, 82; Legrand, Romania, X, 386, No 32; 'La triste Noce,' Thiriart, Mélusine, I, 189; and to the Italian ballad, Nigra, No 20, p. 139, 'Danze e Funerali.'

## 75. Lord Lovel.

P. 205 b. Other copies of 'Den elskedes Død' ('Kjærestens Død'), Kristensen, Skattegraveren, VII, 1, 2, Nos 1, 2; Bergström ock Nordlander, in Nyare Bidrag, o. s. v., pp. 92, 100; and 'Olof Adelen,' p. 98, may be added, in which a linden grows from the common grave, with two boughs which embrace.

Note. With the Scandinavian-German ballads belongs 'Greven og lille Lise,' Kristensen, Skattegraveren, V, 20, No 14.

206, 512 b. To the southern ballads which have a partial resemblance may be added: French, Beaupaire, p. 52, Combes, Chants p. du Pays castrais, p. 139, Arbaud, I, 117, Victor Smith, Romania, VII, 83, No. 32; Italian, Nigra, 'La Sposa morta,' No 17, p. 120 ff. (especially D).

215. I ought not to have omitted the *σφμετα* by which Ulysses convinces Penelope, Odyssey, xxiii, 181-208; to which might be added those which convince Laertes, xxiv, 328 ff. See also the romance of Don Bueso, Duran, I, lxxv:

¿Qué señas me dabas  
Por ser conocida? et cét.

## 76. The Lass of Roch Royal.

II, 213. There is a version of this ballad in the Roxburghe collection, III, 488, a folio slip without imprint, dated in the Museum Catalogue 1740. I was not aware of the existence of this copy till it was printed by Mr Ebsworth in the Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 609. He puts the date of issue *circa* 1765. It is here given from the original. Compare H.

### THE LASS OF OCRAM

- 1 I built my love a gallant ship,  
And a ship of Northern fame,  
And such a ship as I did build,  
Sure there never was seen.
- 2 For her sides were of the beaten gold,  
And the doors were of block-tin,  
And sure such a ship as I built  
There sure never was seen.
- 3 And as she was a sailing,  
By herself all alone,  
She spied a proud merchant-man,  
Come plowing oer the main.

- 4 'Thou fairest of all creatures  
Under the heavens,' said she,  
'I am the Lass of Ocram,  
Seeking for Lord Gregory.'
- 5 'If you are the Lass of Ocram,  
As I take you for to be,  
You must go to yonder island,  
There Lord Gregory you 'll see.'
- 6 'It rains upon my yellow locks,  
And the dew falls on my skin;  
Open the gates, Lord Gregory,  
And let your true-love in!'
- 7 'If you're the Lass of Ocram,  
As I take you not to be,  
You must mention the three tokens  
Which passd between you and me.'
- 8 'Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,  
One night on my father's hill,  
With you I swaft my linen fine?  
It was sore against my will.
- 9 'For mine was of the Holland fine,  
And yours but Scotch cloth;  
For mine cost a guinea a yard,  
And yours but five groats.'
- 10 'If you are the Lass of Ocram,  
As I think you not to be,  
You must mention the second token  
That passd between you and me.'
- 11 'Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,  
One night in my father's park,  
We swaffed our two rings?  
It was all in the dark.
- 12 'For mine was of the beaten gold,  
And yours was of block-tin;  
And mine was true love without,  
And yours all false within.'
- 13 'If you are the Lass of Ocram,  
As I take you not to be,  
You must mention the third token  
Which past between you and me.'
- 14 'Don't you remember, Lord Gregory,  
One night in my father's hall,  
Where you stole my maidenhead?  
Which was the worst of all.'
- 15 'Begone, you base creature!  
Begone from out of the hall!  
Or else in the deep seas  
You and your babe shall fall.'
- 16 'Then who will shoe my bonny feet?  
And who will close my hands?  
And who will lace my waste so small,  
Into a landen span?
- 17 'And who will comb my yellow locks,  
With a brown berry comb?  
And who's to be father of my child  
If Lord Gregory is none?'
- 18 'Let your brother shoe your bonny feet,  
Let your sister close your hands,  
Let your mother lace your waist so small,  
Into a landen span.
- 19 'Let your father comb your yellow locks,  
With a brown berry comb,  
And let God be father of your child,  
For Lord Gregory is none.'
- 20 'I dreamt a dream, dear mother,  
I could wish to have it read;  
I saw the Lass of Ocram  
A floating on the flood.'
- 21 'Lie still, my dearest son,  
And take thy sweet rest;  
It is not half an hour ago,  
The maid passd this place.'
- 22 'Ah! cursed be you, mother!  
And cursed may you be,  
That you did not awake me,  
When the maid passd this way!
- 23 'I will go down into some silent grove,  
My sad moan for to make;  
It is for the Lass of Ocram  
My poor heart now will break.'
- (41. Perhaps the reading was : The fairest, etc.)

Mr W. H. Babcock has printed a little ballad as sung in Virginia, in which are two stanzas that belong to 'The Lass of Roch Royal:' The Folk-Lore Journal, VII, 31.

'Come along, come along, my pretty little miss,  
Come along, come along,' said he,  
'And seat yourself by me.'

'Neither will I come, and neither sit down,  
For I have not a moment's time;  
For I heard that you had a new sweetheart,  
And your heart is no more mine.'

'It never was, and it never shall be,  
And it never was any such a thing;  
For yonder she stands, in her own father's garden,  
The garden of the vine,  
Mourning for her own true love,  
Just like I've mourned for mine.'

I laid my head in a little closet-door,  
To hear what my true love had to say,  
So that I might know a little of his mind  
Before he went away.

I laid my head on the side of his bed,  
My arms across his breast;  
I made him believe, for the fall of the year,  
The sun rose in the west.

'I'm going away, I'm coming back again,  
If it is ten thousand miles;  
It's who will shoe your pretty little feet?  
And who will glove your hand?  
And who will kiss your red, rosy lips,  
While I'm in a foreign land?'

'My father will shoe my pretty little feet,  
My mother glove my hand,  
My babe will kiss my red, rosy lips,  
While you're in a foreign land.'

Mr James Mooney, of the Bureau of Ethnology, obtained two very similar stanzas in the 'Carolina Mountains.'

'O who will shoe your feet, my dear?  
Or who will glove your hands?  
Or who will kiss your red rosy cheeks,  
When I'm in the foreign lands?'

'My father will shoe my feet, my dear,  
My mother will glove my hands,  
And you may kiss my red rosy cheeks  
When you come from the foreign lands.'

## 78. The Unquiet Grave.

P. 234.

### E

'In Gipsy Tents,' by Francis Hinds Groome, 1880, p. 141, as sung by an old woman.

- 1 'Cold blows the wind over my true love,  
Cold blows the drops of rain;

I never, never had but one sweet-heart,  
In the green wood he was slain.

- 2 'But I'll do as much for my true love  
As any young girl can do;  
I'll sit and I'll weep by his grave-side  
For a twelvemonth and one day.'

- 3 When the twelvemonth's end and one day was  
past,  
This young man he arose:  
'What makes you weep by my grave-side  
For twelve months and one day?'

- 4 'Only one kiss from your lily cold lips,  
One kiss is all I crave;  
Only one kiss from your lily cold lips,  
And return back to your grave.'

- 5 'My lip is cold as the clay, sweet-heart,  
My breath is earthly strong;  
If you should have a kiss from my cold lip,  
Your days will not be long.'

- 6 'Go fetch me a note from the dungeon dark,  
Cold water from a stone;  
There I'll sit and weep for my true love  
For a twelvemonth and one day.

- 7 'Go dig me a grave both long, wide and deep;  
I will lay down in it and take one sleep,  
For a twelvemonth and one day;  
I will lay down in it and take a long sleep,  
For a twelvemonth and a day.'

### F

'Cold blows the wind,' Shropshire Folk-Lore, edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne, 1883-86, p. 542; "sung by Jane Butler, Edgmond, 1870-80."

'Cold blows the wind over my true love,  
Cold blow the drops of rain;  
I never, never had but one true love,  
And in Camville he was slain.

'I'll do as much for my true love  
As any young girl may;  
I'll sit and weep down by his grave  
For twelve months and one day.'

But when twelve months were come and gone,  
This young man he arose:



‘What makes you weep down by my grave?  
I can’t take my repose.’

‘ One kiss, one kiss, of your lily-white lips,  
One kiss is all I crave ;  
One kiss, one kiss, of your lily-white lips,  
And return back to your grave.’

‘My lips they are as cold as my clay,  
My breath is heavy and strong;  
If thou wast to kiss my lily-white lips,  
Thy days would not be long.

‘O don’t you remember the garden-grove  
Where we was used to walk?  
Pluck the finest flower of them all,  
’T will wither to a stalk.’

‘Go fetch me a nut from a dungeon deep,  
And water from a stone,  
And white milk from a maiden’s breast  
[That babe bare never none].’

And if you kiss my lily-white lips  
Your time will not be long.'

235 f. Add: Gaspé, Les anciens Canadiens, Québec, 1877, I, 220 ff.; cited by Sébillot, *Annuaire des Traditions populaires*, 1887, p. 38 ff..

236. A 5, etc. So Nigra, 'La Sposa morta,' p. 122, No 17, D 12: 'Mia buca morta l'à odor di terra, ch'a l'era, viva, di roze e fiur.'

Little-Russian tale, *Trudy*, II, 416, No 122. A girl who is inconsolable for the death of her mother is advised to hide herself in the church after vespers on Thursday of the first week in Lent, and does so. At midnight the bells ring, and a dead priest performs the service for a congregation all of whom are dead. Among them is the girl's godmother, who bids her begone before her mother remarks her. But the mother has already seen her daughter, and calls out, You here too? Weep no more for me. My coffin and my grave are filled with your tears; wretched it is to bathe in them! (W. W.) After this the mother's behavior is not quite what we should expect. Cf. the tale in *Gaspé*, just cited.

79. The Wife of Usher's Well.

II, 238.

C

From the singing of a wandering minstrel and story-teller of the parish of Curry, Cornwall. After the last stanza followed "a stormy kind of duet between the maiden and her lover's ghost, who tries to persuade the maid to accompany him to the world of shadows." Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, First Series, 1865, p. xvi.

1 'Cold blows the wind to-day, sweetheart,  
Cold are the drops of rain;  
The first true love that ever I had  
In the green wood he was slain.

2 "T was down in the garden-green, sweetheart,  
Where you and I did walk ;  
The fairest flower that in the garden grew  
Is witherd to a stalk.

3 'The stalk will bear no leaves, sweetheart,  
The flowers will neer return,  
And since my truelove is dead and gone,  
What can I do but mourn?'

4 A twelvemonth and a day being gone,  
The spirit rose and spoke :

5 'My body is clay-cold, sweetheart,  
My breath smells heavy and strong,

"The Widow-Woman," Shropshire Folk-Lore, edited by Charlotte Sophia Burne, 1883-86, p. 541; "taken down by Mr Hubert Smith, 24th March, 1883, from the recitation of an elderly fisherman at Bridgworth, who could neither read nor write, and had learnt it some forty years before from his grandmother in Corve Dale."

"The West and South Shropshire folk say *far for fair*."

1 There was a widow-woman lived in far Scotland,  
And in far Scotland she did live,  
And all her cry was upon sweet Jesus,  
Sweet Jesus so meek and mild.

2 Then Jesus arose one morning quite soon,  
And arose one morning betime,  
And away he went to far Scotland,  
And to see what the good woman want.

3 And when he came to far Scotland,  
Crying, What, O what, does the good woman  
want,  
That is calling so much on me?

4 'It's you go rise up my three sons,  
 Their names, Joe, Peter, and John,  
 And put breath in their breast,  
 And clothing on their backs,  
 And immediately send them to far Scotland,  
 That their mother may take some rest.'

- 5 Then he went and rose up her three sons,  
 Their names, Joe, Peter, and John,  
 And did immediately send them to far Scot-  
 land,  
 That their mother may take some rest.

- 6 Then she made up a supper so neat,  
 As small, as small, as a yew-tree leaf,  
 But never one bit they could eat.

- 7 Then she made up a bed so soft,  
 The softest that ever was seen,  
 And the widow-woman and her three sons  
 They went to bed to sleep.

- 8 There they lay; about the middle of the night,  
 Bespeaks the youngest son:  
 'The white cock he has crowed once,  
 The second has, so has the red.'

- 9 And then bespeaks the eldest son:  
 'I think, I think it is high time  
 For the wicked to part from their dead.'

- 10 Then they laid [= led] her along a green road,  
 The greenest that ever was seen,  
 Until they came to some far chaperine,  
 Which was builded of lime and sand;  
 Until they came to some far chaperine,  
 Which was builded with lime and stone.

- 11 And then he opened the door so big,  
 And the door so very wide;  
 Said he to her three sons, Walk in!  
 But told her to stay outside.

- 12 'Go back, go back!' sweet Jesus replied,  
 'Go back, go back!' says he;  
 'For thou hast nine days to repent  
 For the wickedness that thou hast done.'

- 13 Nine days then was past and gone,  
 And nine days then was spent,  
 Sweet Jesus called her once again,  
 And took her to heaven with him.

#### 80. Old Robin of Portingale.

P. 240 a. 'Sleep you, wake you.' Add: 'Young  
 Beichan,' No 53, B 5; Duran, *Romancero*, I, 488, Nos  
 742, 743.

240 a, II, 513 a.

The very wicked knight Owen, after coming out of  
 St Patrick's Purgatory, lay in his orisons fifteen days  
 and nights before the high altar,

"And suppe in is bare flech þe holi crois he nom,  
 And wende to þe holi lond, and holi mon bicom."

Horstmann, *Altengl. Legenden*, 1875, p. 174, vv. 611-  
 612; also p. 208, v. 697, and p. 209, v. 658. In a me-  
 dieval traveller's tale the Abyssinians are said to burn  
 the cross in their children's foreheads. "Vort wonent  
 da andere snoide kirsten in deme lande ind die heisch-  
 ent Ysini; wan wan yr kinder douft ind kirsten machet,  
 dan broet der priester yn cyn cruce vor dat honft."  
 Ein niederrheinischer Bericht über den Orient, ed.  
 Röhrich u. Meier, in *Zacher's Zeitschrift*, XIX, 15.  
 (G. L. K.)

#### 83. Child Maurice.

P. 272. F.

Mr Macmath has found the edition of 1755, and has  
 favored me with a copy. Substitute for F. a., p. 263:  
 Gill Morice, An Ancient Scottish Poem. Second Edition.  
 Glasgow, Printed and sold by Robert and Andrew  
 Foulis, 1755. (Small 4°, 15 pages.) The copy  
 mentioned p. 263 b, note, is a reprint of this or of the  
 first edition; it has but two variations of reading. The  
 deviations from the text of 1755 will be put in the list  
 of things to be corrected in the print.

#### 84. Bonny Barbara Allen.

P. 276. In Miss Burne's *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, 1883-  
 86, p. 543, there is a copy, taken from singing, which  
 I must suppose to be derived ultimately from print.

#### 85. Lady Alice.

P. 279. The following version is printed by Mr G.  
 R. Tomson in his *Ballads of the North Countrie*, 1888,  
 p. 434, from a MS. of Mrs Rider Haggard.

GILES COLLINS AND LADY ANNICE

- 1 Giles Collins said to his own mother,  
 'Mother, come bind up my head,  
 And send for the parson of our parish,  
 For to-morrow I shall be dead.
- 2 'And if that I be dead,  
 As I verily believe I shall,  
 O bury me not in our churchyard,  
 But under Lady Annice's wall.'

- 3 Lady Annice sat at her bower-window,  
 Mending of her night-coif,  
 When passing she saw as lovely a corpse  
 As ever she saw in her life.

- 4 'Set down, set down, ye six tall men,  
 Set down upon the plain,

That I may kiss those clay-cold lips  
I neer shall kiss again.

- 5 'Set down, set down, ye six tall men,  
That I may look thereon;  
For to-morrow, before the cock it has crowd,  
Giles Collins and I shall be one.

- 6 'What had you at Giles Collins's burying?  
Very good ale and wine?  
You shall have the same to-morrow night,  
Much about the same time.'

- 7 Giles Collins died upon the eve,  
This fair lady on the morrow;  
Thus may you all now very well know  
This couple died for sorrow.

Lt-Col. Prideaux has sent me this copy, from Fly-  
Leaves, London, John Miller, 1854, Second Series, p. 98.

#### GILES COLLINS

- 1 Lady Annis she sat in her bay-window,  
A-mending of her night-coif;  
As she sat, she saw the handsomest corpse  
That ever she saw in her life.
- 2 'Who bear ye there, ye four tall men?  
Who bear ye on your shouldyers?'  
'It is the body of Giles Collins,  
An old true lover of yours.'
- 3 'Set 'n down, set 'n down,' Lady Annis she  
said,  
'Set 'n down on the grass so trim;  
Before the clock it strikes twelve this night,  
My body shall lie beside him.'
- 4 Lady Annis then fitted on her night-coif,  
Which fitted her wondrous well;  
She then pierced her throat with a sharp-edgd  
knife,  
As the four pall-bearers can tell.
- 5 Lady Annis was buried in the east church-yard,  
Giles Collins was laid in the west.  
And a lily grew out from Giles Collins's grave  
Which touched Lady Annis's breast.
- 6 There blew a cold north-westerly wind,  
And cut this lily in twain;  
Which never there was seen before,  
And it never will again.

#### 89. Fause Foodrage.

P. 298 a. Add, 'Sönnens hævn,' Kristensen, Skatte-  
graveren, IV, 113, No 284; a fragment.

#### 90. Jellon Grame.

Pp. 303 b, 513 b. Marvellous growth, etc. Ormr  
Stórfólfsson very early attained to a great size, and at  
seven was a match for the strongest men: Flateyjar-  
bok, I, 521, Fornmanna Sögur, III, 205, cited by Bugge  
in Paul u. Braune's Beiträge, XII, 58. Woldfietrich  
gains one man's strength every year, and amazes every-  
body in his infancy even. Woldfietrich A, ed. Ame-  
lung, sts 31, 38-41, 45, 233, 234, pp. 84, 85, 86, 108.  
(Some striking resemblances to Robert le Diable.)  
Cf. also Wigalois, ed. Pfeiffer, 36, 2 f., =Benecke,  
1226 f.:

In einem järe wuchs ez mër  
dan ein anderz in zwein tuo.

Elias (afterwards the Knight of the Swan), who is to  
avenge his mother, astonishes by his rapid growth the  
old hermit who brings him up:

"A! Dieu! dist ly preudons, à qui est cest enfant?  
Il est sy jouènes d'âge et s'a le corps sy grant:  
S'il croist sy faitement, ce sera ung gaïant."

Chevalier au Cygne, ed. Reiffenberg, vv. 960-963, I, 45.  
"The little Malbrouk grew fast, and at seven years old  
he was as tall as a tall man." Webster, basque Le-  
gends, 2d ed., p. 78; Vinson, Folk-Lore du Pays basque,  
p. 81. The Ynca Mayta Ccapac "a few months after  
his birth began to talk, and at ten years of age fought  
valiantly and defeated his enemies." Markham, Nar-  
ratives of the Rites and Laws of the Yncas, Hakluyt  
Society, p. 83. A Tête-Rasée infant in four days grows  
to the full size of man. Petitot, Traditions Indiennes  
du Canada Nord-Ouest, pp. 241-243. (G. L. K.)

#### 91. Fair Mary of Wallington.

P. 310. Danish. Another copy of 'Malfreds Død,'  
Kristensen's Skattegraveren, VI, 195, No 804.

#### 93. Lamkin.

P. 320. The negroes of Dumfries, Prince William  
County, Virginia, have this ballad, orally transmitted  
from the original Scottish settlers of that region, with  
the stanza found in F (19) and T (15):

Mr Lammikin, Mr Lammikin,  
oh, spare me my life,  
And I'll give you my daughter Betsy,  
and she shall be your wife.

"They sang it to a monotonous measure." (Mrs Du-  
lany.)

## 94. Young Waters.

P. 343. By the kindness of Mr Macmath, I have now a copy of the original edition.

Young Waters, an Ancient Scottish Poem, never before printed. Glasgow, Printed and sold by Robert and Andrew Foulis, 1755. (Small 4°, 8 pages.) The few differences of reading will be given with corrections to be made in the print.

## 95. The Maid Freed from the Gallows.

P. 346. Mr Alfred Nutt has communicated to the Folk-Lore Journal, VI, 144, 1888, the outline of a ballad in which, as in some versions of the European continent, the man has the place of the maid. But this may be a modern turn to the story, arising from the disposition to mitigate a tragic tale. The ballad was obtained "from a relative of Dr Birbeck Hill's, in whose family it is traditional. Mother, father, and brethren all refuse him aid, but his sweetheart is kinder, and buys him off." For the burden see C 6, which, as well as B 12, might better have been printed as such.

- 1 'Hold up, hold up your hands so high!  
Hold up your hands so high!  
For I think I see my own mother coming  
O'er yonder stile to me.  
Oh the briars, the prickly briars,  
They prick my heart full sore;  
If ever I get free from the gallows-tree,  
I'[11] never get there any more.
- 2 'Oh mother hast thou any gold for me,  
Any money to buy me free,  
To save my body from the cold clay ground,  
And my head from the gallows-tree?'
- 3 'Oh no, I have no gold for thee,  
No money to buy thee free,  
For I have come to see thee hanged,  
And hanged thou shalt be.'

Struppa's text of 'Scibilia Nobili' is repeated in Salomone-Marino's *Leggende p. siciliane in Poesia*, p. 160, No 29. The editor supplies defects and gives some varying readings from another version, in which Scibilia is the love, not the wife, of a cavalier.—Mango, Calabria, in *Archivio*, I, 394, No 75 (wife).—'La Prigioniera,' Giannini, No 25, p. 195, two copies, reduces the story to four or five stanzas. The sequel, No 26, p. 197, is likely to have been originally an independent ballad. It is attached to 'Scibilia Nobili,' but is found separately in Bernoni, XI, No 3, 'La Figlia snaturata,' *Finamore*, *Archivio*, I, 212, 'Catarine.'

347 b. 'Frísa vísa' is reprinted by Hammershaimb, *Færøsk Anthologi*, p. 268, No 34. The editor expressly says that the ballad is used as a children's game, like the English F. So also are Danish A, and a Magyar ballad of like purport, to be mentioned presently.

348 b. Danish. A, in Kristensen's *Skattegrave-ren*, 'Jomfruens udløsning,' II, 49, No 279, 1884; B, III, 5, No 3, 1885. From tradition. Both versions agree with the Swedish in all important points, and the language of B points to a Swedish derivation.

349 a. Ransom for maid refused by father, mother, brother, sister, and paid by lover: Little-Russian, Golovatsky, I, 50, No 11; II, 245, No 7. (W. W.)

349 b, 514 a. Man redeemed by maid when abandoned by his own blood: Little-Russian, Golovatsky, I, 250, No 26; Servian, Vuk, III, 547, No 83; Magyar-Croat, Kurelae, p. 254, No 61, p. 352, No 96. (W. W.)

In a Slovak ballad in Kollár, *Národné Zpiewanky*, II, 13, translated by Herrmann, *Ethnologische Mittheilungen*, col. 42 f., John, in prison, writes to his father to ransom him; the father asks how much would have to be paid; four hundred pieces of gold and as many of silver; the father replies that he has not so much, and his son must perish. An ineffectual letter to mother, brother, sister, follows; then one to his sweetheart. She brings a long rope, with which he is to let himself down from his dungeon. If the rope proves too short, he is to add his long hair (cf. I, 40 b, line 2, 486 b); and if it be still too short, he may light upon her shoulders. John escapes. Nearly the same is the Polish ballad translated in Waldbühn's *Balalaika*, which is referred to II, 350 b.

A fragment of a Székler ransom-ballad is found in Arany and Gyulai's collection, III, 42: Herrmann, as above, col. 49. Another form of love-test is very popular in Hungary, of which Herrmann gives eight versions. In one of these, from a collection made in 1813, Arany and Gyulai, I, 189 (Herrmann's IV), the story is told with the conciseness of the English ballad. A snake has crept into a girl's bosom: she entreats her father to take it out; he dares not, and sends her to her mother; the mother has as little devotion and courage as the father, and sends her to her brother; she is successively passed on to sister-in-law, brother-in-law, sister; then appeals to her lover, who instantly does the service. This is the kernel, and perhaps all that is original, in versions, I (of Herrmann), col. 34 f., contributed by Kálmány; II, 36 f., contributed by Szabó; V, col. 38, Kálmány, Koszorúk az Alföld vad Virágai-ból, I, 21, translated into German by Wislocki, *Un-garische Revue*, 1884, p. 344; VIII, col. 39, Kálmány, Szeged Népe, II, 13. In Herrmann, VI, col. 38, Kálmány, Koszorúk, II, 62; VII, col. 38 f., Kálmány, Szeged Népe, II, 12; and III, col. 37 (a fragment), young man and maid change parts. In I, III, V (?). VI, VII, the father says he can better do without a daughter (son) than without one of his hands, and the youth (maid) would rather lose one of his (her) hands than his (her)

beloved.\* In I the snake has been turned to a purse of gold when the maid attempts to take it out; in II, according to a prose and prosaic comment of the reciter, there was no snake, but the girl had put a piece of gold in her bosom, and calls it a yellow adder to experiment upon her family; in VII, again, there is no snake, but a rouleau of gold, and the snake is explained away in like manner in a comment to VIII. Even the transformation in I is to be deprecated; the money in the others is a modern depravation.

A brief ballad of the Transylvania Gipsies, communicated and translated by Wlilocki, *Ungarische Revue*, 1884, p. 345 f., agrees with the second series of those above. A youth summons mother and sister to take a reptile from his breast; they are afraid; his sweetheart will do it if she dies. A very pretty popular Gipsy tale to the same effect is given by Herrmann, col. 40 f.

A Roumanian ballad, 'Giurgiu,' closely resembling the Magyar I, VII, from Pompiliu Miron's *Balade populare române*, p. 41, is given in translation by Herrmann, col. 106 ff.; a fragment of another, with parts reversed, col. 213.

A man, to make trial of his blood-relations, begs father, mother, etc., to take out a snake from his breast, and is refused by all. His wife puts in her hand and takes out a pearl necklace, which she receives as her reward: Servian, Vuk, I, No 289, Herzegovine, No 136, Petranović, *Serajevo*, 1867, p. 191, No 20; Slavonian, Stojanović, No 20. (W. W.)

There are many variations on this theme, of which one more may be specified. A drowning girl given over by her family is saved by her lover: Little-Russian, Golovatsky, II, 80, No 14, 104, No 18, 161, No 15, 726, No 11; Servian, Vuk, I, Nos 290, 291; Bulgarian, Dozon, p. 98, No 61; Polish, Kolberg, *Lud*, 1857, I, 151, 12\*. Again, man is saved by maid: Little-Russian, Golovatsky, I, 114, No 28; Wacław z Oleska, p. 226. (W. W.)

## 96. The Gay Goshawk.

P. 356 a. (1.) (2.) (4.) are now printed in *Mélusine*, II, 342, III, 1, II, 341. (15.) (16.) 'La Fille dans la Tour,' Victor Smith, *Chansons du Velay* et du Forez, Romania, VII, 76, 78. (17.) Bladé, *Poésies p. rec. dans l'Armagnac*, etc., p. 23, 'La Prisonnière.'

There is an Italian form of 'Belle Isambourg' in Nigra, No 45, p. 277, 'Amor costante.'

356 b. For other forms of 'Les trois Capitaines,' see, French, *Puymaigre*, I, 131, 134 and note; Tiersot, in *Revue des Traditions populaires*, III, 501, 502; Roland, III, 58 ff., a, b, d; Italian, Marcoaldi, p. 162, 'La Fuga e il Pentimento'; Nigra, No 53, p. 309, 'L'Onore salvato.'

\* The "white hand" in the Slovenian ballad, II, 350, is hard to explain unless there is a mixture of a prison-ballad and a snake-ballad.

357 b, second paragraph.

On messenger-birds, see Nigra, p. 339 f., and note.

A girl feigns death simply to avoid a disagreeable suitor. Proof by fire, etc.; cf. C 23 f., D 7 f., E 27 f., F 1-3, G 36-38. Servian. (1.) Mara, promised to the Herzog Stephen, and wishing for good reasons to escape him, pretends death. Stephen is incredulous; puts live coals into her bosom, then a snake; she does not flinch. He then tickles her face with his beard; she does not stir. Stephen is convinced and retires; Mara springs from the bier. Her mother asks her what had given her most trouble. She had not minded the coals or the snake, but could hardly keep from laughing when tickled with the beard. Vuk, I, 551, No 727. (2.) The suitor tests the case by thrusting his hands into the girl's bosom, fire, snake. The first is the worst. Vuk, Herzegovine, No 133. (3.) The same probation, with the same verdict (in this case the girl loves another), Petranović, *Srpske n. pjesme*, *Serajevo*, 1867, No 362. Cf. Rajković, p. 176, No 211.—Bulgarian. Proofs by snow and ice laid on the heart; a snake. She stands both. *Miladinof*, No 68, cf. No 468. In the same, No 660, the girl holds out under ice and snake, but when kissed between the eyes wakes up.—Bohemian, Erben, p. 485, No 20, 'The Turk duped,' and Moravian, Sušil, No 128, the tests are lacking. (W. W.)

Three physicians from Salerno pour melted lead in the hands of Fenice, who is apparently dead. (She has taken a drug which makes her unconscious for a certain time. Her object is to escape from her husband to her lover, Cligés.) The lead has no effect in rousing Fenice. Crestien de Troies, Cligés, ed. Förster, vv. 6000-6009, pp. 246, 247. Förster cites Solomon and Morolf (Salman und Morolf, st. 133, ed. F. Vogt, *Die deutschen Dichtungen v. Salomon und Markolf*, I, 27, *molten gold*), and other parallels. Einleitung, pp. xix-xx. Cf. *Revue de Traditions pop.*, II, 519. (G. L. K.)

## 100. Willie o Winsbury.

P. 398. There is a 'Lord Thomas of Wynnesbury' in the Murison MS., p. 17, which was derived from recitation in Aberdeenshire, but it seems to me to have had its origin in the stalls, resembling I, which is of that source.

## 101. Willie o Douglas Dale.

Pp. 407, 409, A 142, B 122, 'An lions gaed to their dens,' 'And the lions took the hill.' "Lions we have had verie manie in the north parts of Scotland, and those with maines of no less force than they of Mauritania are sometimes reported to be; but how and when they were destroyed as yet I do not read." Holinshed, I, 379.

## 102. Willie and Earl Richard's Daughter.

P. 412 b. **A** is translated by Anastasius Grün, Robin Hood, p. 57; Doenniges, p. 166; Knortz, L. u. R. Altenglands, No 18; Løevé-Veimars, p. 252.

## 105. The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington.

II, 426 b, 428. The tune of 105 b is, I have a good old woman at home: of f, I have a good old wife at home.

Italian. 'La Prova,' Nigra, No 54, p. 314, **A-D**. 'Il Ritorno,' Giannini, p. 154.

## 106. The Famous Flower of Serving-Men.

P. 428. The Roxburghe copy, III, 762, Aldermay Church-Yard, is in the Ballad Society's edition, VI, 567. The Euing copy, printed for John Andrews, is signed L. P., for Laurence Price: Mr J. W. Ebsworth, at p. 570.

## 109. Tom Potts.

P. 441 b. B. b. Ritson's copy was "compared with another impression, for the same partners, without date."

I have failed to mention, but am now reminded by Mr Maemath, that the ballad of 'Jamie o Lee' is given, under the title 'James Hatelie,' by Robert Chambers in the Romantic Scottish Ballads, their Epoch and Authorship, 1859, p. 37, Lord Phenix appearing as simple Fenwick.

## 112. The Baffled Knight.

P. 450 b. Spanish **C**, 'El Caballero burlado,' is now printed in full in Fidal, Asturian Romances, No 34, p. 156.

481 b. Add: 'La Marchande d'Oranges' in Rolland, V, 10. (Say Rolland, I, 258.)

Tears. Add: Rolland, II, 29, c, g, h.

Varieties. There may be added: Mélusine I, 483 = Revue des Traditions pop., III, 634 f.; Romania, X, 379 f., No 18; Bladé, Poésies p. de la Gasogne, II, 208.

482 a. Italian. Nigra, No 71, p. 375, 'Occasione mancata,' **A-F**. See also 'La Monacella salvata,' No 72, p. 381, and 'Il Galante burlato,' No 75, p. 388.

482 b. The ballad, it seems, is by Madame Favart: see Rolland, II, 33, k. Add: *l. ib.*, p. 34, and Poésies pop. de la France, MS., III, 493.

483 h. Danish **A** is translated by Prior, III, 182, No 126.

## 113. The Great Silkie of Sule Skerry.

P. 494.

"On the west coast of Ireland the fishermen are loth to kill the seals, which once abounded in some localities, owing to a popular superstition that they

enshrined 'the souls of thim that were drowned at the flood.' They were supposed to possess the power of casting aside their external skins and disporting themselves in human form on the sea-shore. If a mortal contrived to become possessed of one of these outer coverings belonging to a female, he might claim her and keep her as his bride." Charles Hardwick, Traditions, Superstitions, and Folk-Lore, chiefly Lancashire and the North of England, p. 231. (G. L. K.)

506 a, last paragraph but one. So in Douns Lioð, Strengleikar, ed. Kayser and Unger, p. 52 ff. (G. L. K.)

## VOL. III.

## 116. Adam Bell, etc.

P. 17 b. I have omitted to mention the Norwegian ballad 'Hemingjen aa Harald kungen' in Bugge's Gamle Norske Folkeviser, No 1, p. 1.

44. 'A Robynhode,' etc.

In the Convocation Books of the Corporation of Wells, Somerset, vol. ii, "under the 13th Henry 7, Nicholas Trappe being master, there is the following curious entry, relative, apparently, to a play of Robin Hood, exhibitions of dancing girls, and church ales, provided for at the public expense.

"Et insuper in eadem Convocatione omnes et singuli burgenses unanimi assensu ad tune et ibidem decerunt Magistro Nicolao Trappe potestatem generalem ad inquirendum in quorum manibus pecunie ecclesie ac communitatis Wellie sunt injuste detentae; vide licet, provenientes ante hoc tempus de Robynhode, puellis tripudiantibus, communi cervisia ecclesie, et hujusmodi. Atque de bonis et pecuniis dictae communitati qualitercunque detentis, et in quorumcunque manibus existentibus. Et desuper, eorum nomina scribere qui habent hujusmodi bona, cum summis, etc." II. T. Riley in the First Report of the Historical MSS Commission, 1874, Appendix, p. 107.

The passage in the Wells Convocation Records is perhaps illustrated by an entry in the Churchwardens' Accounts of the Parish of Kingston-upon-Thames, cited by Ritson, Robin Hood, 2d ed., I, exviii, from Lysons, Environs of London, 1792, I, 228:

"16 Hen. 8. Rec<sup>d</sup> at the church-ale and Robynhode all things deducted 3 10 6."

With this may be compared the following:

"Anno MDLXVI, or 9 of Eliz., payde for setting up Robin Hoodes bower 0 18"

(Churchwardens' Accounts of St. Helen's [at Abingdon, Berks], Archaeologia, I, 18). This latter entry is loosely cited by Ritson, I, cxiv, 2d ed., as dating from 1556. Ibidem may be found his opinion as to R. H.'s bower (n. \*). Hampson, Mediæ Ævi Kalendarium, I,

265, quotes this entry, also with the wrong year. He has no doubt about the Bower: "An arbour, called Robin Hood's Bower, was erected in the church-yard, and here maidens stood gathering contributions." I, 283. (All the above by G. L. K.)

### 117. A Gest of Robyn Hode.

P. 46 b, note. The Sloane MS. cited by Ritson as No 715 is No 780 (which is bound up with 715) and is "paper, early xviii century." Ward, Catalogue of Romances, etc., I, 517. This correction is also to be made at p. 121 b, note; pp. 129 a, 173 b, 175 b.

51 b, sts 62-66.

The late Miss Hamilton McKie, New Galloway, told me this story:

A sturdy beggar, or luskan, came to a farm-house among the hills and asked quarters for the night. The gudewife, before entrusting him with the bedclothes in which to sleep in one of the outhouses, required a pledge or security for their return. He said he had none to offer but his Maker, and got his night's lodging. In the morning he walked off with the bedclothes, but, becoming bewildered in a mist, he wandered about the whole day, and in the evening, seeing the light of a house, made towards it and knocked at the door. A woman opened it and said, "Your Cautioner has proved gude!" He had come back to the same house.

MacTaggart gives the story in his Gallovidian Encyclopedia, p. 325, but without the trait of the security. (W. Macmath.)

### 147. Robin Hood's Golden Prize.

P. 210. The signature to a, L. P., is for Laurence Price: Ebsworth, Roxburghe Ballads, VI, 64.

### 150. Robin Hood and Maid Marian.

P. 218 (and 43-46).

Mr H. L. D. Ward, in his invaluable Catalogue of Romances, etc., while treating of Fulk Fitz-Warine, has made the following important remarks concerning the literary history of Maid Marian (p. 506 f.).

"There were three Matildas who were popularly supposed to have been persecuted by King John. The most historical of these was Matilda de Braose. She was imprisoned, with her son and her son's wife, in 1210, some (Matthew Paris and others) say at Windsor, but another chronicler says at Corfe Castle (see a volume published by the Soc. de l'Hist. de France in 1840), and they were all starved to death. The second was Fulk's wife Mahaud, who was the widow of Theobald Walter. The third was the daughter of Robert Fitz-Walter. The only authority that can be quoted for the story of the third Matilda is the Chronicle of Dunmow, of which one copy of the 16th century remains, in the Cotton MS., Cleopatra, C. iii. (ff. 281-7), but which

was probably begun by Nicholas de Brumfeld, a canon of Dunmow in the latter part of the 13th century. It is there stated that, when Robert Fitz-Walter fled to France in 1213, his daughter took refuge in Dunmow Priory, where John, after a vain attempt at seduction, poisoned her. Now all these three Matildas may be said to appear in the two plays known as *The Downfall* and *The Death of Robert Earle of Huntingdon*, by Anthony Munday and Henry Chettle, which are first mentioned in Henslowe's *Diary* in February and November, 1598. Two of them indeed appear in their own names, Matilda de Braose (or Bruce) and Matilda Fitz-Walter; and the one is starved at Windsor and the other is poisoned at Dunmow in the second play. But in the first play Matilda Fitz-Walter escapes the solicitations of John by joining her newly-married husband in Sherwood, where they are called Robin Hood and Maid Marian. This is clearly owing to a combination of the second and third Matildas. It may have been effected by the course of tradition, or it may have been the arbitrary work of a single author. But if the romance of Fulk Fitz-Warine had been known to either Munday or Chettle, other portions of it would almost certainly have appeared in plays or novels or ballads. Now Munday introduces the piece as a rehearsal, conducted by John Skelton the poet, who himself plays Friar Tuck, with a view to performing it before Henry VIII. And it is not at all unlikely that it was really founded upon a May-day pageant devised by Skelton, but not important enough to be specified in the list of his works in his *Garlande of Laurell*. We know that Skelton did write Interludes, of which one still remains, *Magnificence*: and Anthony Wood tells us that at Diss in Norfolk, where Skelton was rector, he was 'esteemed more fit for the stage than the pew or pulpit.' Thus there was no man more likely than Skelton to devise a new Robin Hood pageant for his old pupil, Henry VIII. And again, there was no man more likely to celebrate the story of Matilda Fitz-Walter, for the patron of his living was Robert Lord Fitz-Walter, who was himself a Ratcliffe, but who had inherited the lordship of Diss through his grandmother, the last of the old Fitz-Walters.\* But whether Skelton may have read the then accessible poem about Fulk, afterwards described by Leland, or whether either he or Munday may have received the story in its composite form, it is pretty evident that the two reputed objects of King John's desire, Matilda Walter and Matilda Fitz-Walter, have become blended together into the Maid Marian of the play."

### 155. Sir Hugh, or, The Jew's Daughter.

P. 235 a. Bells ringing of themselves (in ballads).

\* "The earldom of Huntingdon was vacant from about 1487 to 1529, and, as the Fitz-Walters were lineally descended from the daughter of the first Simon de St Liz, Earl of Huntingdon, this may have suggested to Skelton the idea of giving that title to the husband of Matilda Fitz-Walter."

Pidal, *Asturian Romances*, 'II Penitente,' Nos 1, 2, pp. 82, 84; Nigra, 'Sant' Alessio,' No 148, A, B, p. 538 ff., and see p. 541.

### 161. The Battle of Otterburn.

P. 294. St George our Lady's knight.

A nemnede sein Gorge our leuedi kniȝt:

Sir Beues of Hamtoun, ed. Kölbing, v. 2817, p. 129; Maitland Club ed., v. 2640. (G. L. K., who also gave me the case in Roister Doister.)

"Now holy St George, myne only avower,  
In whom I trust for my protection,  
O very Chevalier of the stourished Flower,  
By whose Hands thy Sword and Shield hast wone,  
Be mediator, that she may to her Sone  
Cause me to hear Rex splendens songen on hye,  
Before the Trinitye, when that I shall dye."

Poem on the Willoughbies of Eresby, in the form of a prayer to St George put into the mouth of one of the Willoughby family, Dugdale, Baronage of England, 1676, II, 85, 86. Dugdale does not date the MS. The male line of the Willoughbies became extinct in 1525.

(3. flourished? 4. thou thy?) (G. L. K.)

### 169. Johnie Armstrong.

P. 371 f. B a, b are signed T. R., the initials of a purveyor or editor of ballads for the popular press. B a of 'Robin Hood and the Butcher,' No 122, and a of 'Robin Hood and the Beggar,' I, No 133, bear the same signature: see pp. 116, 156 of this volume. No such rhymster as T. R. shows himself to be in these two last pieces could have made 'Johnie Armstrong,' one of the best ballads in English.

### 178. Captain Car, or, Edom o Gordon.

P. 423. "The Donecan Tourist," by Alexander Laing, Aberdeen, 1828, p. 100, has a very bad copy, extended to fifty-nine stanzas.

### 182. The Laird o Logie.

P. 449. 'Young Logie' is among the ballads taken down by Mrs Murison in Aberdeenshire, p. 88 of the collection. The copy is imperfect, and extremely corrupted. Lady Margaret is the daughter of the king (who is not called by that name), but is confused with her mother, who counterfeits her consort's han-write and steals his right-han glove, as is done in D. Three ships at the pier of Leith, and three again at Queen's Ferry.

### 184. The Lads of Wamphray.

P. 458. Mr Macmath has pointed out to me a case in Pitcairn's *Criminal Trials*, I, 397 f., in which "Jok Johnstoun, callit the Galzeart, Jok J., bruper to Wille of Kirkhill," with a Grahame, a couple of Armstrangs, and their accomplices, are accused of the theft of twelve score sheep from James Johnstoun, in February, 1557. We can make no inference as to the relation of Jok the Galliard to the Galliard of our ballad. There were generations of Jocks and Wills in these families, and the sobriquet of The Galliard, as Pitcairn has remarked, "was very prevalent." He cites a "Gilbert Ellote, callit Gib the Galzart," III, 441, under the date 1618.

### To be Corrected in the Print.

- I, 7 b, last line but three of text. *Read* Fordringer.  
71 a, 33<sup>2</sup>. tell thee, ed. 1802; tell to thee, ed. 1833.  
132 b, 7<sup>2</sup>. *Read* Lord John.  
159 a, 31<sup>2</sup>. to your, in the MS.  
186 a, Notes to A b. *Add* 2<sup>2</sup>. slung at.  
256 a, 1<sup>4</sup>. *Read* Machey for May-hay.  
274 b, note †. *Read* Romania IX.  
356 b, D c 1<sup>3</sup>. *Read* O go not.  
400 a, I. *Read* II, 360.  
469 a, 22<sup>3</sup>. *Read* your for your.  
482 a, D 16, 17, 5th line. *Read* Hine.  
489 a, between 67 a and 84 b. *Insert* 6. Willie's Lady.  
503 a. The title of I is 'Hynd Horn.'  
504 b, between 226 a and 231. *Insert* 21. The Maid and the Palmer.  
II, 70 a, 18<sup>4</sup>. Fall, ed. 1802; fell, ed. 1833.  
104 a, 191<sup>2</sup>. *Read* pat.  
129 a, 11<sup>1</sup>. *Read* 'O here I am' the boy says.  
135 a, A. a. 11<sup>1</sup>. *Drop*.  
176 b, 11<sup>3</sup>. *Read* Gae.  
179 b, note to B 7<sup>2</sup>. *Drop*.  
192 a, 7<sup>4</sup>. *Read* maun. 8<sup>2</sup>. *Read* Ye'r seer.  
9<sup>2</sup>. *Drop* the brackets.  
193 a, 20<sup>4</sup>. *Read* ye never gat.  
22<sup>2</sup>. *Drop* the brackets. 25<sup>2</sup>. *Read* dreams.  
193 b, 28<sup>1</sup>. *Read* Ge (= Gae) for Ye.  
226 a, 229 a, 'Sweet William's Ghost,' A. *Read* 1750 for 1763.  
239 a, B 3<sup>1</sup>. *Read* O she.  
272 f. *Read* (according to the text of 1755): 2<sup>1</sup>. will I.  
7<sup>4</sup>. gar thy. 10<sup>2</sup>. to thy. 18<sup>3</sup>. maun cum.  
22<sup>1</sup>. *Note*: "perhaps fethie" nurse.  
23<sup>4</sup>. hes he. 26<sup>1</sup>. sits. 26<sup>3</sup>. means a' those folks.  
26<sup>4</sup>. mother she.  
27<sup>1</sup>. And when he cam to gude grene wod.  
27<sup>3</sup>. first saw. 27<sup>4</sup>. Kemeing down.  
28<sup>2</sup>. Than, *misprint* for That. 34<sup>4</sup>. they lay.  
35<sup>4</sup>. hip was. 39<sup>2</sup>. ill deed.  
275 b. *Read*, v. 17, You see his heid upon my. v. 20, that did, apparently a *misprint* for that thoct.



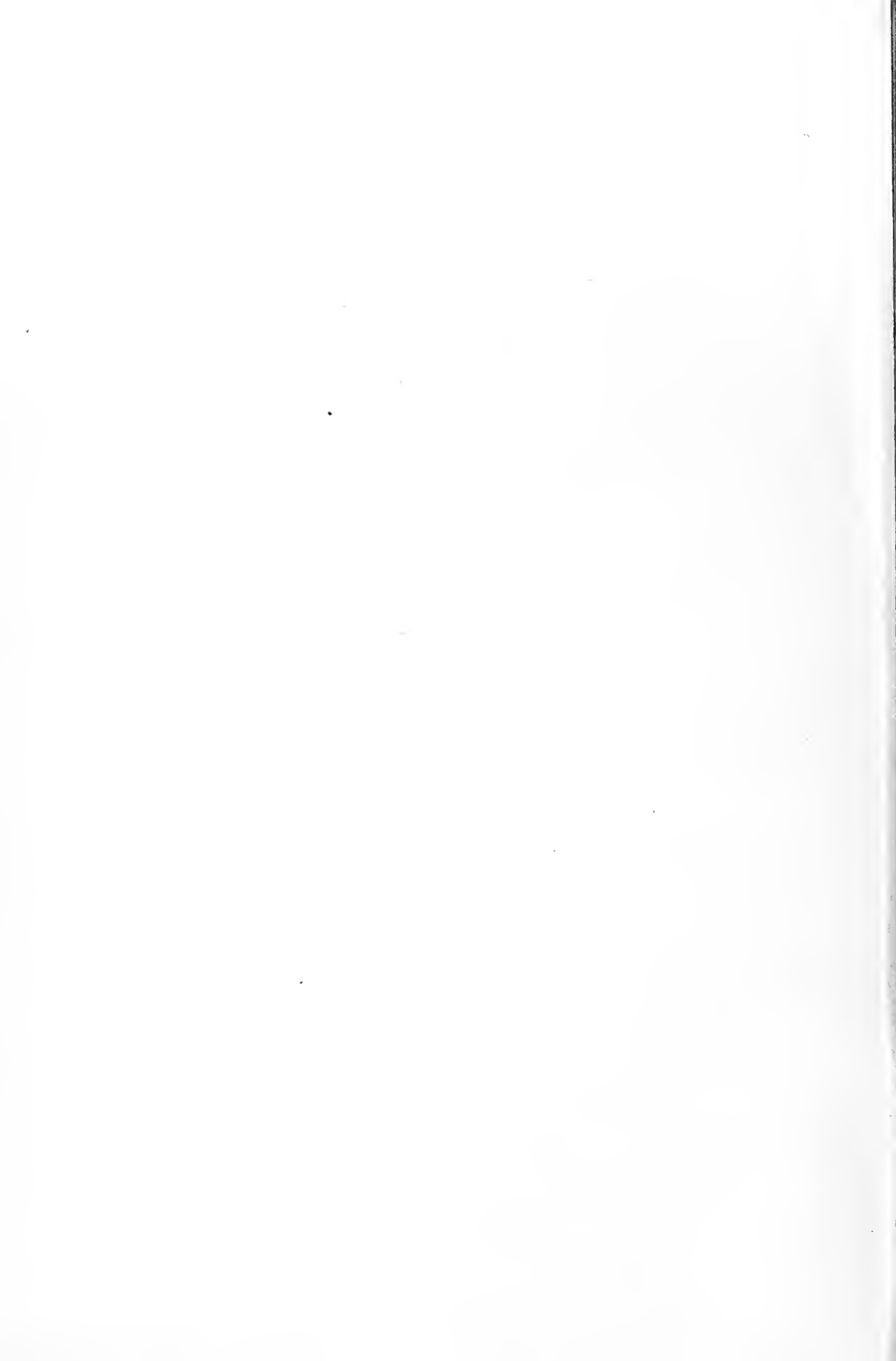
The only variations in the other copy are: 26<sup>3</sup>, these for those; thoct for did, in v. 20 of p. 275 b.

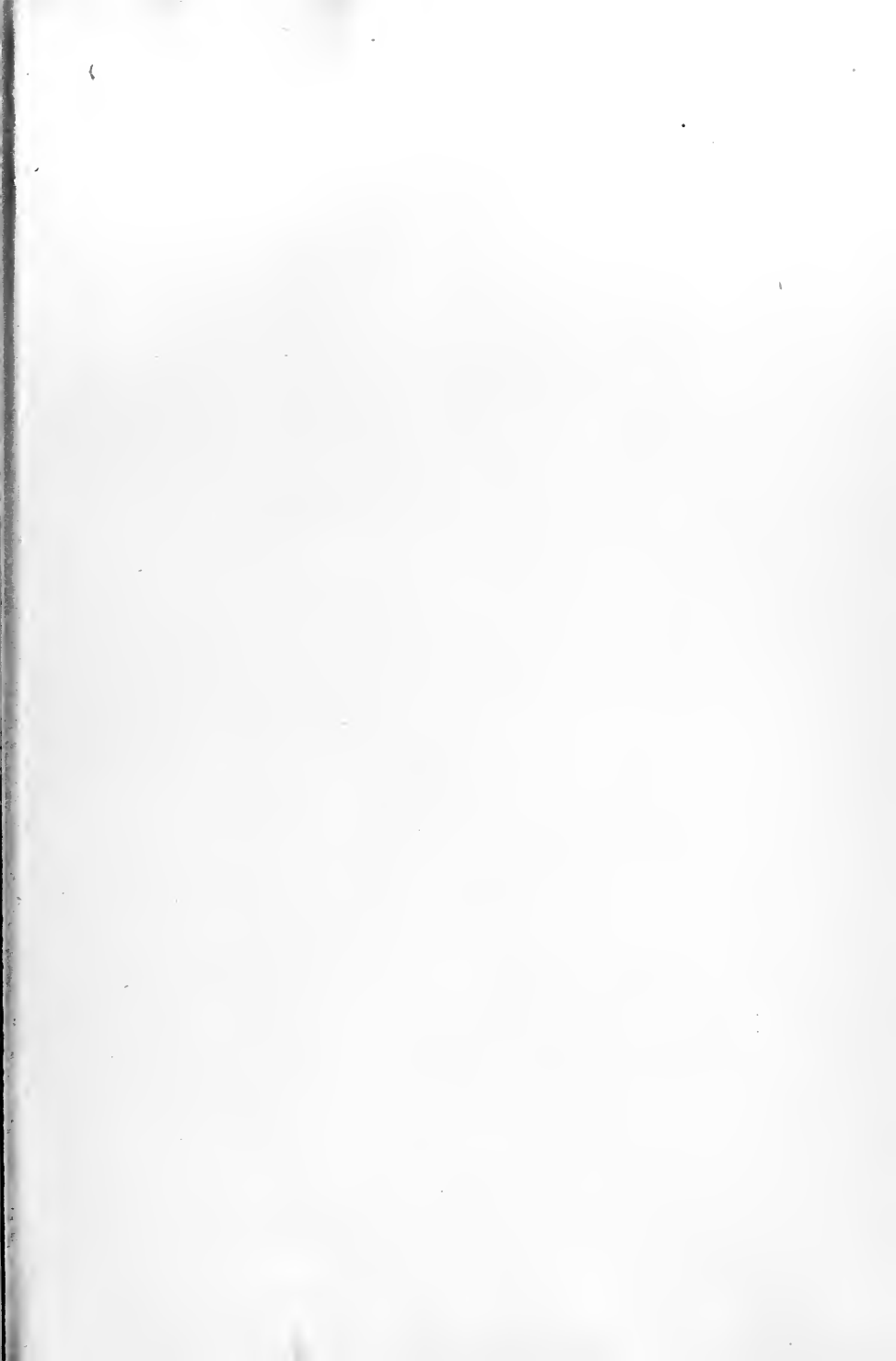
- 276 a, **A. a.** Read 1750 for 1763 twice.  
 276 b, 4th line of the preface. Read Annandale.  
 13th line of the preface. Read our old.  
 2<sup>1</sup>. Read man (ed. 1750).  
 310 a, third paragraph, line seven. Read authenticatable.  
 343. Read (ed. 1755): 2<sup>3</sup>. And there.  
 3<sup>3</sup>. And mantel.  
 12<sup>1</sup>. I have. (Drop the notes to 3<sup>3</sup>, 5<sup>1</sup>.)  
 348 b, **G. H.** Read Reifferscheid.  
 352 b, **D 5<sup>4</sup>**. MS. has And free.  
 378 a, last line. Read Andrew Small.  
 381 b, 20<sup>3</sup>. Read Scotch.  
 393 a, 14<sup>2</sup>. Read shook.  
 405 b, notes. 16 belongs to **I** and should be on p. 406.  
 437 b, translations. Read **E** is translated by Grundtvig, etc.; **D** by Afzelius, etc.  
 462 a, 26<sup>4</sup>. Read sned for sued.  
 478, first line after the title. Read 56 b for 27 b.  
 481 b, third paragraph, sixth line. Read, 27.  
 500, 20, first line. Read **O** for **M.** English **N, O** should be **O, P**.  
 502 b, 34, first line. Read Decurtius for Decurtius.  
 506 b, 44, 400 a. Drop **Q**, etc. . Note to 401, drop Revue des Traditions, etc. .  
 513 a, seventh line from bottom. Read quam.  
 III, 6 a, 12<sup>1</sup>. Read Braidisbauks.  
 11, **M.** Say: Reminiscences by Thomas Carlyle, II, 171, 1881, Froude's Life of Carlyle, II, 416, 1882.  
 In line 2, read, **O** busk and go with me, me.  
 46 b, line 9. Read **S. S.** for **S. G.**  
 95 b, note †. Say: Jock o the Side, **B** 13, 14, **C** 10, III, 480, 482.

(The following are mostly trivial variations from the spelling of the text.)

- I**, 71 b, 51<sup>1</sup>. Oh, ed. 1802; **O**, ed. 1833.  
 80 b, 14<sup>1</sup>. Read f[e]ast.  
 132 a, 5<sup>1</sup>. Read father[s].  
 133 a, **M.** Read Deer.  
 137 b, **S 4<sup>2</sup>**. Read cam.  
 256 b, 3<sup>1</sup>. Read **O**. 4<sup>2</sup>. Read rocked.  
 302 a, **B<sup>1</sup>, 2<sup>1</sup>**. Read Whare.  
 321 b, 7<sup>4</sup>. Read down.  
 325 a, 3<sup>3</sup>. Read Heavn. 6<sup>2</sup>. Read danton.  
 331 a, **C 2<sup>4</sup>**. Read thrie. **D 2<sup>3</sup>**. Read nicht.  
 441 a, 1<sup>3</sup>. Read warsell. 4<sup>3</sup>. Read bloody.  
 468 a, 4<sup>1</sup>. Read stock. 10<sup>2</sup>. Read safty.  
 b 13<sup>2</sup>. MS. has bone. 16<sup>3</sup>. Read Beachen.

- 481 a, 31<sup>2</sup>. Read dazed.  
 500 a, 10<sup>4</sup>. Read down.  
 508 a, 7<sup>4</sup>. Read by.  
**II**, 32 a, **P 1<sup>4</sup>**. Read aboon.  
 70 a, 19<sup>4</sup>. Read cheik. 20<sup>2</sup>. Read smil'd.  
 b, 30<sup>4</sup>. Read time.  
 90 b, 26<sup>1</sup>. Read won, twice.  
 108 a, 2<sup>4</sup>. Read die. b, 11<sup>4</sup>. Read mony.  
 130 a, 3<sup>3</sup>. Read Gil. 4<sup>3</sup>. Read Jill.  
 131 a, 17<sup>3</sup>. Read han. b, 19<sup>3</sup>. Read ain.  
 152 a, 4<sup>3</sup>, 5<sup>1</sup>. Read grene.  
 153 b, 22<sup>3</sup>. Read grene.  
 161 a, 7<sup>1</sup>, 8<sup>1</sup>. Read tane.  
 192 a, 5<sup>4</sup>. Read An. 7<sup>3</sup>. Read askin.  
 193 b, 26<sup>1</sup>. Read bour.  
 240 a, note. Read Madden.  
 272 f. Read (ed. 1755): 1<sup>1</sup>. Gill Morice. 5<sup>2</sup>. said.  
 6<sup>3</sup>. red. 8<sup>3</sup>, 16<sup>3</sup>, 17<sup>3</sup>, 24<sup>3</sup>, 26<sup>3</sup>, 36<sup>3</sup>. guid grene wod.  
 9<sup>2</sup>, 18<sup>2</sup>. slive. 10<sup>2</sup>, 15<sup>2</sup>. Tho. 11<sup>1</sup>. nicht.  
 11<sup>2</sup>. near. 11<sup>3</sup>, 20<sup>2</sup>. coud. 12<sup>3</sup>. I's.  
 13<sup>3</sup>. whar he. 14<sup>2</sup>. woud. 15<sup>3</sup>. stracht.  
 17<sup>4</sup>. Even. 21<sup>4</sup>. welcom. 21<sup>4</sup>, 39<sup>4</sup>. me. 22<sup>2</sup>. lie.  
 22<sup>4</sup>. she. 23<sup>2</sup>. he. 24<sup>4</sup>. with. 26<sup>1</sup>. Gill.  
 26<sup>2</sup>. whistld. 26<sup>4</sup>. tarrys. 27<sup>2</sup>, 36<sup>2</sup>. miekle.  
 27<sup>2</sup>. cair. 28<sup>2</sup>. well. 29<sup>4</sup>, 31<sup>1</sup>, 31<sup>4</sup>, 33<sup>3</sup>, 34<sup>1</sup>. heid.  
 30<sup>3</sup>. bodic. 33<sup>4</sup>. town. 34<sup>4</sup>. there. 35<sup>3</sup>. ance.  
 37<sup>1</sup>. credle. 39<sup>2</sup>. die.  
 275 a, last line but three. Read Wi, pearce.  
 L. l. but one, naithing, heid. Last line, coud.  
 b, v. 3. day[s]. 7. been. 8. me.  
 15. teirs, wensom. 18. bluid. 22. comly.  
 25. driry.  
 321 b, note †. Read Balcanqual.  
 331 b, 3<sup>1</sup>. Read nurice.  
 343. Read (ed. 1755): 1<sup>4</sup>. favord. 5<sup>1</sup>. spack.  
 6<sup>3</sup>. bot. 7<sup>3</sup>. bin. 9<sup>1</sup>. coud. 9<sup>4</sup>, 14<sup>4</sup>. die.  
 352 b, 3<sup>3</sup>. Read pown.  
 363 b, 11<sup>1</sup>. Read ladie's.  
 364 a, 20<sup>1</sup>. Read ladye 's.  
 389 a, 8<sup>3</sup>. Read You'r.  
 390 b, 29<sup>2</sup>. Read hir. 5<sup>1</sup>. Read bouer.  
 391 a, 12<sup>1</sup>. Read Whan.  
 396 a, 1<sup>2</sup>. Read blithe.  
 404 b, 9<sup>4</sup>. Read Whan.  
 473 b, 17<sup>3</sup>. Read mony.  
 475 a, 11<sup>3</sup>. Read down, twice.  
 478. Read: 1<sup>2</sup>. on for an. 4<sup>1</sup>. sir. 6<sup>2</sup>. do.  
 14<sup>1</sup>. a[t] London. 15<sup>1</sup>. medans. 17<sup>1</sup>. leyne.  
 483, 1<sup>3</sup>. Read wel. 6<sup>4</sup>. Read beene.  
**III**, 2 a, note, line 5. Read Bennet.  
 5 a, **D 5<sup>2</sup>**. Read Lincoln. b, 10<sup>1</sup>. Read there.  
 8 b, 21<sup>1</sup>. Read betide.  
 253 b, **R**, v. 3. Read dochter.











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